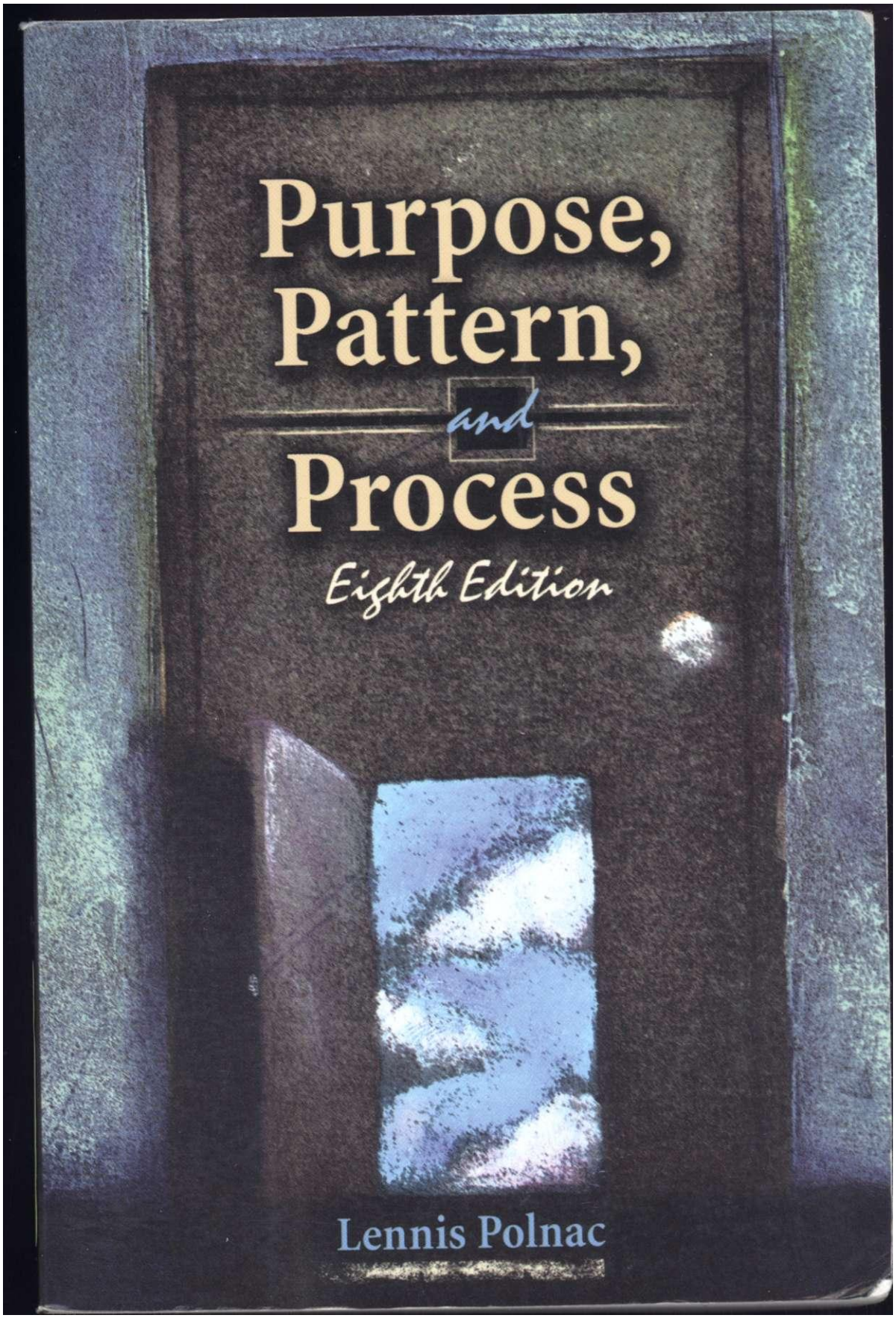

Purpose,
Pattern,
and
Process
Eighth Edition
Lennis Polnac

Credits

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Preface

This book explores the processes writers engage in when they write. In particular this explanation focuses on how the purpose of the writing and the patterns of organization used to develop the content affect how those writing processes work. An understanding of how purpose and pattern affect process allows students and other writers to develop a better understanding of the many different options available to them when they have to create documents of all sorts.

As in previous editions of this book, I have based the organization and much of the content on the theories developed by James Kinneavy in his groundbreaking work *A Theory of Discourse.* Kinneavy's theory is especially useful as a way of organizing a composition course. It gives students a comprehensive theoretical framework that allows them to explore a variety of different kinds of writing in a systematic way and to make informed decisions about their own writing.

The "Introduction" defines the basic terminology used in the book. In addition, it shows how the three concepts—purpose, pattern, and process—are interconnected.

Part I, "Purpose" (Chapters 1 through 4), covers four kinds of writing defined by the purposes of the message—expressive, literary, persuasive, and referential. Each chapter presents a further classification by discussing four perspectives of expressive writing, four approaches of literary writing, four appeals of persuasive writing, and four focuses of referential writing. Examples of each type of writing are analyzed for their distinctive characteristics.

Part II, "Pattern" (Chapters 5 through 8), covers the four basic patterns of organization—classification, description, narration, and evaluation. The chapters dealing with classification, description, and narration include a number of variations of the basic patterns. Three kinds of classification (organizing by categories) are included in Chapter 5: formal classification, comparison and contrast, and definition. In addition to physical descriptions (of people, of places, and of things), Chapter 6 includes two other methods of arranging parts within a whole: division and analysis. Finally, Chapter 7 on narration includes three alternative patterns of organization by time order: narration of event, narration of process, and cause and effect. These additional organizational patterns in Chapters 5, 6, and 7 provide writers with a variety of models for imitation and analysis. Furthermore, the four chapters that discuss the patterns of organiza-

tion (5-8) include examples of writing that combine each purpose with each pattern. The examples of the combinations are analyzed according to the characteristics of the purposes discussed in Chapters I -4 and the principles of organization presented in Chapters 5-8.

Part III, "Process" (Chapters 9 through 12), covers the process of writing by explaining four necessary activities—getting ideas, creating details, focusing writing, and refining the language. Each chapter provides suggestions for accomplishing those activities.

Part IV, "Selections for Further Reading and Analysis" (Chapters 13 through 22), provides forty selections that illustrate the principles discussed in the earlier parts of the book. Selections with similar content are grouped together.

1 would like to thank the many colleagues and students who, over the years, have contributed to the development of this work. In particular, I would like to thank Anita Howard, with whom I shared an office for many years, for her wise counsel about the ideas I ought to include in the book and for her practical advice about the words I ought to use to communicate those ideas; Tom Cameron and Lyman Grant for their clear, insightful guidance through some perplexing theoretical questions; and Deborah Green, my wife, for her untiring assistance, for her vital encouragement, and, most of all, for her infinite patience during the many revisions.

Lennis Polnac
Austin, Texas



Introduction

Writing is the natural, and no doubt inevitable, consequence of our ability as humans to speak and to use language. With the creation of writing, civilization began to develop more rapidly than it ever had before because people were able to gain access to more information. In fact, in many ways writing made progress possible. Before writing had been developed, information could only be transmitted orally, and the amount of knowledge that could be passed along from one person to another in that way was necessarily restricted by the limitations of human memory. Writing gave human beings a powerful tool. It allowed them to make use of the knowledge accumulated by previous generations as well as to benefit from the wisdom derived from other cultures. At the same time, writing made it possible for people to add to their store of knowledge systematically.

Now, as a result of this process of preserving and passing along information in written form, a vast body of data, which is still continuously expanding, can be found in libraries, museums, archives, and various other repositories of knowledge throughout the world. This enormous reservoir of the collected knowledge and wisdom of the ages, recorded in written form, makes up the fabric of our modern world and enables our various social institutions—business, industry, science, technology, government, education—to function and to progress continually.

The high level of technological development that we enjoy today is the result of the continuing increase in the amount of information available to our society, and at the base of it all is the written word.

Ironically, even though our world in the twenty-first century is more advanced technologically than it has been at any time in history, in some ways we seem to have devalued writing. Letter writing seems to be a lost art in the age of the telephone; time that people may once have devoted to reading is now spent watching movies and TV. Yet in other ways the ability to communicate clearly and effectively in writing continues to be an important, if not an essential, skill in our hi-tech world. As we become more and more dependent on computers, our ability to manipulate written language becomes ever more crucial. In many ways, communicating by e-mail, in chat rooms, and with faxes is

making writing more important than it has ever been. As a result, more than ever before, those who read well and write effectively will have a decided competitive advantage in today's society.

In this textbook we will look closely at how writing works by examining the processes that we all go through when we create written communications. Specifically, as the title of the book suggests, we will consider how the purpose of any piece of writing and its pattern of organization fit into the writing process and how an understanding of that process can help us write more effectively.

Any communication, whether it is written or oral, will have a purpose. It would be impossible to conceive of a message that did not have a purpose. Even though we may not always be aware of it, whenever we communicate, a purpose controls practically every aspect of writing: how the message is created, what details are included and excluded, and how those details are organized.

In addition to its purpose, any message we create will have a pattern of organization. When we generate details, we must arrange them in some way. That arrangement will depend on both the purpose of the message and the subject matter being addressed.

Finally, we can think of writing as a process, a series of activities we go through each time we create a message. These activities vary, depending on the personality, work habits, and experience of the writer. In general, however, the process involves selecting a topic, defining a purpose, generating details, and organizing them. An understanding of how this writing process works will enable any writer to have more control over the final product.

PURPOSE

Anytime we speak or write, that communication will have one of four purposes: to express the self, to entertain, to persuade, or to explain. Writing that reveals the self of the writer is expressive; writing that entertains is literary; writing that attempts to convince an audience is persuasive; writing that explains a topic is referential.

Each of the following examples illustrates one of these four purposes.

1. I hate cats. They're always in the way. Sometimes I'd like to get rid of every cat in the world. They're such slobs, always lying around. Good for nothings. Cats. You can have 'em.
2. The cat moved stealthily through the shadows, making no sound. It crouched, entirely immobile, its tail twitching rhythmically, watching a bird that cavorted in the grass, oblivious to the impending danger.
3. Cats are adorable, fluffy animals that make wonderful pets. They love to be rubbed and petted, and when you pet them, they make a purring sound to show their affection. Get a cat and you'll never be lonely or unloved again.

4. The cat is a domesticated carnivore that has been a popular pet for centuries. It is a curious, often affectionate animal, but somewhat independent. Although it is often kept to rid a house of mice, it will kill birds, snakes, and lizards as well.

You will notice that each example above, even though it addresses the same general topic, is different in content, organization, and style. The differences occur in part because each example has a different purpose. Example I is expressive; 2 is literary; 3 is persuasive; 4 is referential.

These four purposes can be explained in terms of the Communication Triangle (Fig. 1).

All written messages have four elements: a writer, a reader, a topic, and words. Each one of the four purposes emphasizes one of the elements of the Communication Triangle. Expressive writing emphasizes the writer. Literary writing emphasizes the words. Persuasive writing emphasizes the reader. Referential writing emphasizes the topic (the subject matter).

The purpose is like a *filter* through which every word to be included in the written communication must pass. Such elements as humor, imagery, objective words, jargon, emotional language, and slang are included in or excluded from any particular piece of writing depending on what purpose is at work. For example, when writing up the results of an experiment, a scientist would select language that is neutral as opposed to language that is emotionally charged. A writer creating a poem would probably select figurative imagery and avoid technical language. It is the purpose that controls a writer's choices about what kinds of words and devices of language to use in a composition.

DEFINITIONS

Writing that has any one of the four purposes will have distinctive characteristics that will be apparent in particular forms of discourse.

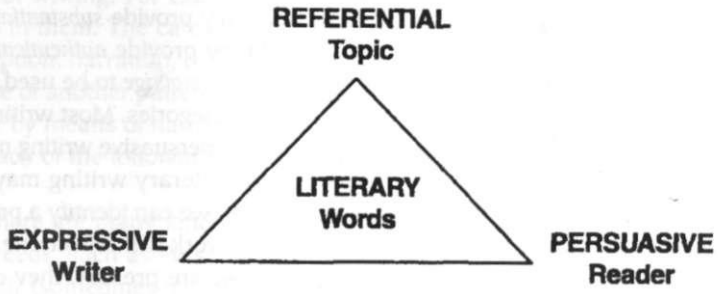


Figure 1 □ The Communication Triangle

Expressive Writing

Writing that has an expressive purpose is the most personal of all writing. It communicates an impression of what the writer is like. Expressive writing is about the writer, and it reveals how the writer looks at the world. Examples of expressive writing are diaries, journals, and personal letters.

Literary Writing

The literary purpose produces writing that is meant to be entertaining, or in some way pleasing to the reader. This kind of writing creates an aesthetic response in the reader because of the way the writer has structured the language. Short stories, novels, plays, poems, and humorous essays are examples of literary writing.

Persuasive Writing

Persuasion is an effort on the part of the writer to change the reader's mind about some issue and in some cases to move the reader to take some action based on a conviction of the Tightness of the writer's position. Some examples of persuasive writing are political pamphlets and advertisements.

Referential Writing

Referential writing has as its purpose to explain a topic. That focus on the subject matter creates a need for accuracy and clarity. As a result, writing that has a referential purpose will usually be somewhat more formal than writing that has one of the other purposes. Textbooks, news stories, and business letters are examples of referential writing.

CHARACTERISTICS AND COMBINATIONS

In Chapters 1, 2, 3, and 4 we will examine each of the four purposes in more detail by looking at four major characteristics of each. For each purpose we will discover how writers present the *main idea,* how they provide *substantiation* of the main idea by the elaboration of detail, how they provide *authentication* of those details, and how they make choices about the *language* to be used.

Not every piece of writing fits neatly into these categories. Most writing will have characteristics of more than one purpose. Some persuasive writing may be made up of parts that are purely referential; some literary writing may have some elements that are persuasive. Usually, however, we can identify a primary purpose. That is, most of the characteristics of the work will reflect one of the four purposes. If characteristics of another purpose are present, they can be regarded as secondary.

The term argument is often used when we talk about writing that has either a referential interpretive purpose or a persuasive rational appeal. Although

both forms involve argumentation, the requirements of authentication for each differ drastically. A persuasive claim cannot be proved in the same way that a referential thesis can be. For example, an argument that *too much stress can cause health problems* would be very different from an argument that *we should reduce stress in our lives.* The first, a referential thesis, would demand demonstrable evidence with a high probability of certainty to validate the assertion. Scientifically validated studies would be required. The second, a persuasive claim advocating that the audience take some action, would not require an argument that had a high level of certainty. Whatever the audience would accept in support of the argument would be enough. Although the evidence used to prove the referential thesis might be part of the persuasive argument, it would not be essential to success of that argument. For some audiences, the evidence that stress may cause health problems might not be important enough to convince them to reduce stress in their lives.

It is important **to** distinguish between referential arguments and persuasive arguments because the kind of information demanded for each is quite different. **We** lose precision and accuracy in our discussions when we fail to pay attention to those distinctions.

PATTERN

Whenever we create details, we arrange them in some way. Patterns of organization are ways of structuring our experiences and perceptions. They reflect the different ways we think about the world around us. We may classify, describe, narrate, or evaluate. With **classification** we organize by putting things into categories; with **description** we tell what something is like; with **narration** we record events; and with **evaluation** we make value judgements. Which of the four patterns we use in any given piece of writing is affected by the nature of the topic, by the purpose, and by the situational context.

Although generally one dominant pattern will be used to organize the entire work, several different patterns may be, and usually are, present in a single piece of writing. For example, narrations usually have some descriptive elements in them. The categories of a classification system may be developed by description, narration, or further classification. Evaluations necessarily involve the use of another pattern: the subject to be evaluated must be presented to the reader by means of narration, description, or classification.

Each of the following examples illustrates a different pattern. ,

I. There are many kinds of cats. Most people are familiar with the popular breeds, such as Persians, Himalayans, Siamese, and the American Shorthair (sometimes mistakenly referred to as "alley cats"). These breeds, and other less familiar kinds of cats, can be grouped into three general classes: longhairs, shorthairs, and Rex. The longhairs include the ever popular Per-

sians and Himalayans. Siamese and the American Shorthair, as well as other less well-known breeds like Burmese, Abyssinian, Russian Blue, and Manx, are included in the shorthair category. Finally, the Rex, a new breed, has hair that is somewhat short but which is also wavy.

2. Our cat has four white feet, but the rest of her fur is solid black. She is a small cat, dainty and retiring, shy around people she doesn't know. She has a small, squeaky voice.
3. The cat crept along the fence staring intently into the vines that grew along the edge of the yard. It could see something that I couldn't. Suddenly it froze, tensing its body and twitching its tail. Then it jumped forward and seemed to have trapped something with its paws. After a moment it began hopping around and slapping the undergrowth with its claws. Finally, it pounced at the bottom of the fence as the elusive prey apparently escaped under the fence.
4. Himalayans make great pets. They are playful and somewhat unpredictable. Their long fur is so soft that it feels like an expensive fur coat. The only drawback to Himalayans is that they leave that wonderfully soft fur on everything they touch.

In each example above, cats are presented in different ways because the writing is organized in a different way. Example 1 is organized by classification; example 2, by description; example 3, by narration; example 4, by evaluation.

The four basic patterns of organization are shown by the diagram below (Fig. 2).

We can think of the patterns of organization as different ways of seeing the subject matter depicted by the writer. Both description and classification represent the subject matter as a static reality, like a snapshot frozen in time. Narration creates a dynamic picture because the details presented change from one event to another. Evaluation is also dynamic because the judgments made are based on assumptions about how the subject being evaluated functions or behaves.

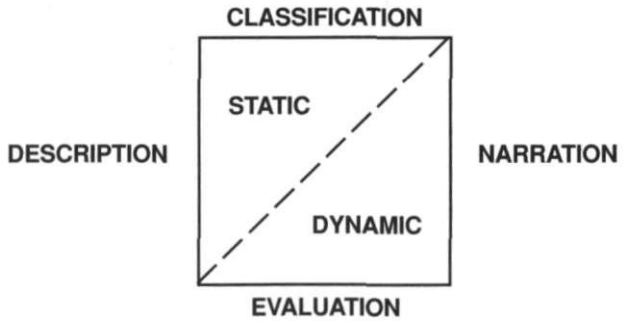


Figure 2 □ Patterns of Organization

DEFINITIONS

In addition to purpose, any piece of writing will also have a pattern, or patterns, of organization. These patterns help make writing understandable and predictable to the reader.

Classification

When we classify, we are organizing the details of our writing into general categories of things. Classification is the arrangement of the details of a subject into classes or kinds. The organizing principle for classification is the **relationship between categories in a system.**

Description

Description is an attempt to make the reader understand how some physical reality or concept is structured. The most obvious use of description is to show physical relationships in space. Space order shows how the different parts of the whole description are related to each other. The organizing principle for descriptions is the **relationship between parts within** the **whole.**

Narration

Narrations tell a story. All narrations show how events are related in time, so they are arranged in time order. One event follows another, and the resulting sequence of events can be seen as a whole narrative. The organizing principle for narration is the **relationship between events in time.**

Evaluation

When we use evaluation, we make judgments about the subject being evaluated. That is, we say that it is relatively good or bad, or something in between. The organizing principle is the **relationship between values and judgments.**

CHARACTERISTICS AND COMBINATIONS

For each purpose, any pattern of organization or combination of patterns may be used. For example, a paper with a persuasive purpose may achieve that purpose through the use of description, classification, narration, or evaluation. Remember that *all writing will have both purpose and pattern of organization.*

PROCESS

Writing is not always easy. In fact, it usually never is. In his poem "East Coker," T. S. Eliot observes that writing is "a raid on the inarticulate/with shabby equip-

ment always deteriorating. . . ." These images capture some of the inevitable struggle that most writers go through. At times it does seem that writing is almost like a battle between the writer and the language. We must drag each word, kicking and screaming, onto the page and try to make it fit. If the words don't work the way we want them to, we throw them out and find new ones.

When we sit down to write, each of us goes through a process, a certain way of generating ideas, arranging them, and putting them into written form. Although this writing process varies with each individual, some basic elements are always present. The process is recursive. That is, the various parts are repeated again and again so that the whole process moves from one element to another, back and forth. It looks something like the diagram in figure 3.

When we write, we have an idea we want to communicate to our readers, and that idea usually suggests a general purpose (either to express the self, to entertain, to persuade, or to explain a topic). We also define the purpose more specifically by creating a main idea, a specific statement of what the writing is about. (In expressive writing the main idea is a *self-definition;* in literary writing it is a *theme;* in persuasive writing it is a *claim;* and in referential writing it is a *thesis.)* The general purpose and the main idea, then, enable us to generate details that we put into writing. After, or even while, we generate the details, we begin to organize them by using one or a combination of the patterns—classification, description, narration, and evaluation.

This organizing process may make us generate details that we left out when we first began. And this additional organizing and inventing may actually cause us to change our purpose (the main idea or the general purpose or both) and that may in turn cause us to recognize that we need different details that must also be organized and reorganized. So we continually repeat the parts of the process—organizing, generating details, and reorganizing—until we feel that the paper is finished or until we run out of time and have to hand it in. If details are added, they may affect the organization or the purpose. If we move some material from one place to another, we may also change our purpose somewhat.

There are no rules governing this process. The parts of the process may occur in a different order, or there may be more or fewer of them, depending on

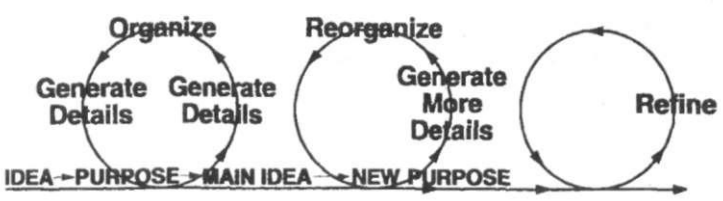


Figure 3 □ The Writing Process

the experience of the writer and the *nature* of the writing task. Writing a technical report, for example, would certainly involve a more complicated process than writing an interoffice memo.

The process may occur mostly on paper (or on screen) or almost entirely in the mind, depending on the personality of the writer. That is, some people put down everything they can think of and work through a great many drafts. Others may do most of the editing in their heads before they put a single word on paper. Most of us probably fall somewhere in between these two extremes. Though we alternate between thinking and writing, we will tend to follow all the steps of the process fairly completely.

In general, writers who are more aware of the process will have more control over their writing. As a result, a simple awareness of the steps of the process is a powerful tool.

DEFINITIONS

Even though the nature of the process (or, more accurately, processes) is unique to each individual, there are four discrete kinds of activities that most writers accomplish: getting ideas, generating details, focusing the details, and refining the content. These four activities may occur in any order, or even simultaneously; however, most writers tend to perform each of the four in the order outlined here.

Ideas

The writing process begins with ideas, and even though ideas are all around us, writers sometimes have difficulty coming up with one that is workable or shaping it so that it can be presented in written form.

Details

The details arise from the idea and are controlled by the general purpose and the main idea (specific purpose) of the work. In the initial stages of the process, the writer may generate content sporadically, almost at random, some of which may later be discarded. But it is often necessary to create more content than can actually be used in the final product.

Focus

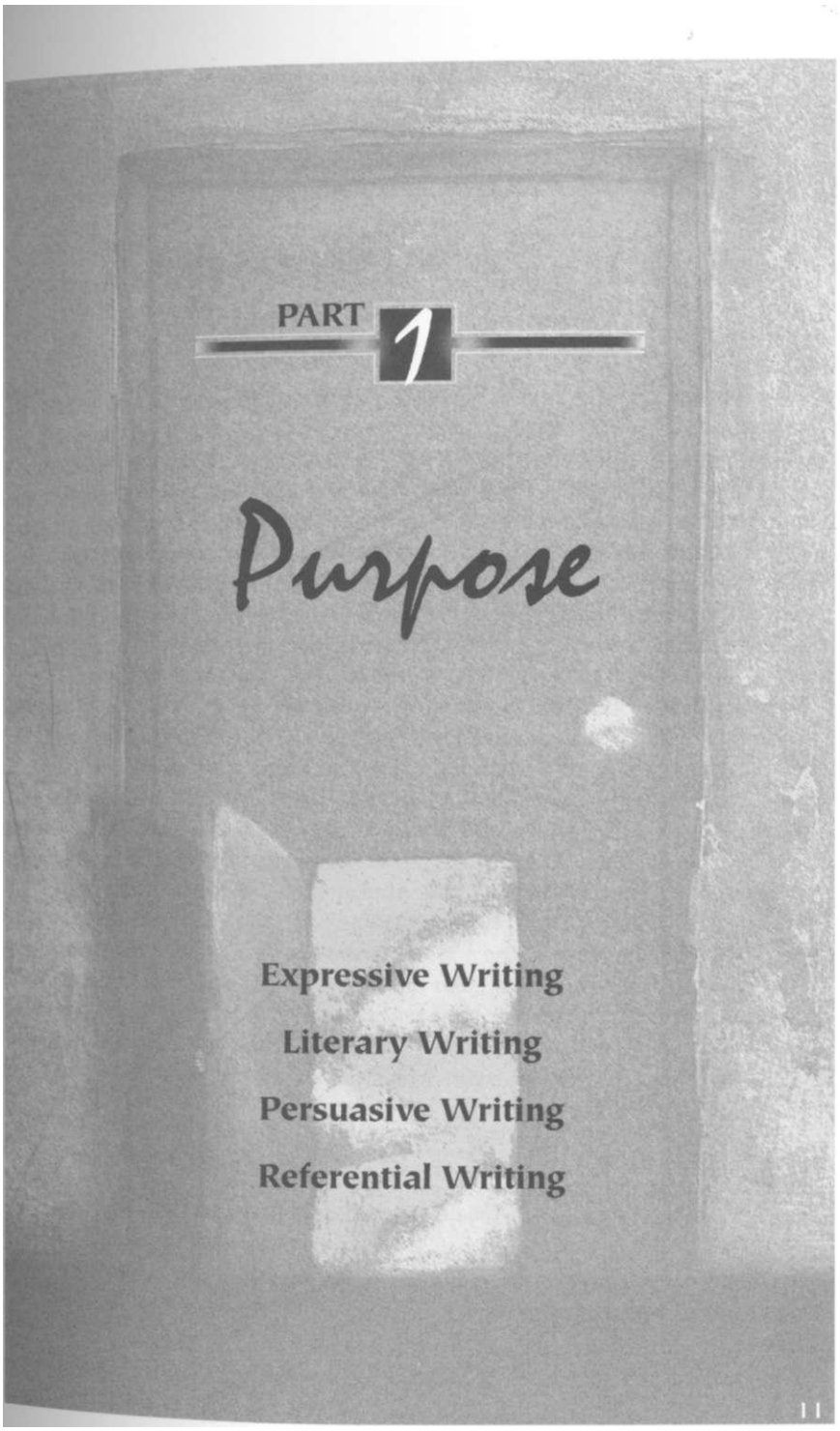
As more and more content is generated, the work will inevitably begin to have a focus. During that process of focusing, the writer will begin to settle on some patterns of development for the work. Some of those arise naturally from the nature of the topic. At other times, the writer will make conscious decisions to employ a particular method of development.

Refinement

Even though most writers are primarily interested in generating details and in organizing those details in each draft, they usually do some refining all along. For example, even in an initial draft many writers will tend to spell most words correctly, insert punctuation where they think it should go, and make decisions about style. Toward the end of the process, this kind of activity will increase.

CHARACTERISTICS AND COMBINATIONS

Even though the writing process as it has been presented here is dominantly recursive, it also has some linear aspects. That is, the process repeats itself while at the same time moving from beginning to end, from initial draft to final draft. It is helpful to be aware of both aspects.


PART 1
Purpose
Expressive Writing
Literary Writing
Persuasive Writing
Referential Writing



The desire to express ourselves with words seems to be an intrinsic part of human nature. Indeed, the urge to communicate who we are as individuals may be basic to the way we think. The noted psychologist Abraham Maslow has suggested that the highest of all human needs is the need for self-actualization, that is, understanding who we really are and acting on that understanding. Expressive writing would seem to be a manifestation of that need for self-actualization and, at least to some degree, a means of achieving it. Expressive writing allows us to engage in a process of self-exploration and self-discovery, to find out who we are and even, perhaps, who we are going to be.

The dominant feature of all expressive writing is that it reveals the writer's identity and individuality. Everything in an expressive work reflects those perceptions and attitudes unique to the person who created it. Each subject addressed is considered, not on its own terms, but rather in terms of how it fits into the writer's personal vision of things. What we see when we read expressive writing is, in essence, a depiction of the mind of the writer, a subjective representation of the world according to the creator of the message.

Examples of self-expression include not only writing by individuals—like diaries, autobiographies, and personal letters—but also documents that are more public and are often collective expressions of a group consciousness, like creeds, declarations, and manifestoes. No matter what forms self-expression may take, however, all of them have certain characteristics in common. In practically any example of expressive writing, we can see these same general features: self-definition, emotional responses, an expression of values, and subjective language.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

- A self-definition is formulated or suggested.
- Emotional responses are made.
- Values are expressed.
- Subjective language is used.

SELF-DEFINITION

Defining the *self* is an integral part of the ongoing process of expressing ourselves and trying to understand who we are. A self-definition in expressive writing may include one or more of the dimensions that make up the writer's identity. When any of those facets of the writer's personality are revealed, a self-definition is the result. No matter what the definition is, it reveals how the writer sees the self. We may define ourselves in any number of terms that are most significant to us at the time. For example, statements like

"I am an American,"
"I am an extrovert,"
"I am a woman,"
and
"I am a rebel"

reflect aspects of a self-definition.

There is no formula for defining the self. Creating a self-definition occurs naturally when we examine our thoughts and feelings. The simple revelation of the writer's thoughts and feelings may suggest a self-definition. Indeed, it would be impossible to record thoughts and feelings without, at least partially, defining the self as well. A self-definition is implied by what we choose to say, what thoughts and feelings we choose to reveal. For example, an essay that involves a discussion of "my education" would suggest that the writer thinks of himself or herself as a student. Such a discussion might, in fact, lead to a specific definition of the self, like "I am a student."

How we see ourselves, and define ourselves, is determined in part by past experiences, the culture we live in, the specific circumstance that produces the occasion for self-expression, and the many individual needs, desires, and fears that control our perceptions, attitudes, and beliefs.

In addition to our conception of ourselves at the present moment, we all have some vision of ourselves in the future—what kind of job we want to have, what kind of house we want to live in, what kind of car we want to drive, or what kind of clothes we want to wear. Such projections of ourselves into the future form a part of the idea of who we will be and who we want to be. The process of self-definition and the articulation of a value system may give rise to, and may actually shape, our goals—those things we want to accomplish either immediately or in the long term. For instance, someone who says, "I am a student," would value things associated with that self-definition. As a result, we wouldn't be at all surprised to hear a "student" say, "I'm going to stay in school until I get a degree," a statement of a goal reflecting the values of a person whose self-definition is "I am a student."

EMOTIONAL RESPONSES

Self-expression reveals the writer's emotions. These emotions are expressed with emotional words as well as exaggerated or imperative language such as exclamations, commands, or sweeping generalizations. Very often the personality of the writer or the situation being written about, or both, provokes an emotional response.

Emotional Language

The writer may reveal emotions directly by using words like *love, hate, hope,* or *fear*—words that express emotions. Through this language, the inner world of the writer is revealed to the reader.

In addition, the writer may use words that have strong connotations. Connotations are the associated, emotional meanings of words. (Denotations are the literal dictionary definitions.) Some words have positive connotations; that is, they create good feelings in most readers. Others, that have negative connotations, create unpleasant feelings in the reader. For instance, the words *thrifty, stingy,* and *economical,* although they have similar meanings, have very different connotations.

Exclamations

An exclamation is a sentence that expresses strong feeling, like "**I** love this place!" (These sentences are usually followed by an exclamation point.)

Commands

A command is an order or a direction like "Take this away." (Notice that there is an implied *you* at the beginning of the command, so that the sentence means, "You take this away.")

Sweeping Generalizations

Generalizations are statements that include a great many individual cases. A statement like "Everybody likes baseball" is a sweeping generalization because it doesn't allow for any exceptions. Obviously the statement can't be literally true, but in expressive writing such a statement may be an accurate reflection of the feelings of the writer. In additions to *everybody*, words such as *all, everything, everyone, none, no one,* and *nothing* may create sweeping generalizations.

EXPRESSION OF VALUES

The responses we have to events in the world around us shape and are shaped by what we value. Generally speaking, values are those principles, standards, or

qualities considered worthwhile or desirable by an individual or a society. We couldn't understand ourselves fully or express the true nature of our identities without understanding the values that influence us. Our values tell us who we are, affect how we see the world around us, and control how we respond to it.

When we say that something is good or bad, or use some synonym for degrees of *goodness* or *badness,* we are revealing values. Superlatives, words that end in *-est,* also indicate that a value judgment is being made, as in the statement, "That's the greatest book I've ever read." The writer's system of values, either stated explicitly or implied by the judgments made, is present in all expressive writing. Whether those values represent an individual response or the demands of the culture, they are a part of the writer's expression of the self. Values control self-definition.

Attempts at self-definition are invariably connected to a discussion of values and are frequently couched in the terminology of values. The self-defined student who values education highly might say something like "Getting an education is a great opportunity and opens many doors," thus revealing a part of the larger value system.

SUBJECTIVE LANGUAGE

The subjective nature of expressive writing can be seen in the writer's choice of words and phrases. This stylistic feature is part of the revelation of who the writer is.

One of the first things we notice when we read a piece of expressive writing is the first person pronouns (*I, me, my, mine, we, us, our, ours).* The use of these pronouns is consistent with the subjective nature of the self-expression. It would be hard to imagine a piece of expressive writing without these first person pronouns.

Since the self is the dominant element in expressive writing, most of the language used reflects the writer's personality. The writer is expressing his or her identity. The writer's own particular way of using language (called an *idiolect)* controls the selection of words. As a result, expressive writing may have informal features like slang expressions and a conversational style. These characteristics may appear because they are a part of the writer's personality; they honestly express the writer's identity.

Slang and Dialect

Slang expressions are those words and phrases that have special meanings in certain cultures and subcultures. For instance, someone may say that something is *cool,* referring not to its temperature, but to how desirable it is.

Dialect usually refers to regional or social variety in the use of certain forms of language, especially if they deviate from standard usage (although strictly speaking, standard usage is also a dialect). In personal writing, we tend to use

language that we are comfortable with, the language we used as children or the language we use in casual conversations with close friends and relatives, even though those forms may not conform to the rules of standard usage.

Conversational Style

A conversational style has a naturalness of tone and ease of expression that helps the writer to communicate emotional reactions. In other words, the conversational style sounds like conversation, as if the writer were speaking aloud spontaneously without thinking too much about such things as word choice, sentence construction, or the particulars of standard usage.

AN EXAMPLE

The following excerpt from John Graves' book entitled *Hard Scrabble* illustrates how the writer's value system and his emotional responses work to create a self-definition. Graves, in creating a definition of himself, also projects goals for the future. In this autobiographical work, Graves gives us a look at his farm in Somervell County, Texas where he has made a transition from urban to rural life. His record of that transition gives us a glimpse of Graves' identity as it has been shaped by the hard scrabble land of central Texas.

The Way

JOHN GRAVES

> Nothing else on the place generates quite as much friction with the order of things as goats do, though nearly all the Syndrome's activities generate some. Chickens are proverbially attractive to carnivores, but ours at present, a hen house and yard not having been built, are scrub games, true Darwinian fowl that roost here and there in the barn and get along without even being fed anything except what they can steal by pecking holes in sacks or can glean from larger animals' feed. Sneaking nests in cubbyholes, chasing grasshoppers far out into the pastures, they have managed to raise some chicks and to increase a little every year despite the good red-yolked *brown* eggs the children find by searching and bring to the house, and the young roosters we take for meat, and an occasional specimen grabbed and eaten by a gray fox that lives up the horse-trap's fenceline. I have intentions of doing battle with this fellow if I ever get the chance, but I rather like him too and somehow never have a gun around when I catch a glimpse of him. For that matter his toll is minimal; the games can fly like quail and even the cockerels I kill for the table have to be shot sportingly in the head from a distance, with a twenty-two. .. . They could probably cope with hawks too, for when buzzards fly over low they give the hollow hawk-warning call and dart for cover. One man

I used to know had a gamecock that would fly up in the air to meet and fight a diving hawk, which I daresay the hawk found disconcerting.... But sadly hawks are not much of a problem these days, DDT and other sweet agents of profit and progress having decimated their numbers in a brief few years, since in the late fifties I saw the great "hawk storm" on White Bluff. I miss them and am glad to see the few that still show up, nor would I shoot one now if he killed every chicken I have.

Deer love the winter grainfields and graze them hard at times. Here on the creek there aren't yet enough to worry much about, and an occasional loin or haunch of venison is recompense for what damage they do. But at the Soft Scrabble place a few miles south, near big ranches where the current deer explosion is centered, they are already making it nearly impossible to raise certain crops. Though I leased the tract for hunting to friends last winter to hold down depredations a bit, the hunters' light legal take affected them not at all, and at the height of the season a neighbor counted fifty in one bunch amid the ruined oats and vetch I had sowed to make spring hay. . . .

Rabbits have sometimes been rough on the vegetable garden's lettuce and things, but a good tight poultry-wire fence now keeps most of them out, and predators hold their numbers down, so that maybe by not shooting the gray up the fence I am just swapping an occasional fowl for lettuce and cabbage and greens. Coons, barred access to our garbage by dogs at the house, climb over the garden fence at the wild end, and for two or three years made it impossible to harvest any sweet corn—ripping it off the stalks just before it was prime, eating some ears and discarding others scornfully on the ground. I tried lanterns and ticking clocks and cans of urine and other 0. F.-recommended techniques but they did no good, and at last I put a sheepdog bitch down there one night, which led to a fine, squalling, barking battle at four in the morning, three grown coons and the bitch and the bitch's son Blue, and me dancing around in my shorts with a flashlight and a club.

But I don't really dislike coons that much—not at all, in fact—and when the big tough boar specimen that did not survive the battle had been buried shallowly amid my ravaged corn (where he would be, like Old Speck the erst-while goat-killing dog, a fertility in the soil, a dying and reborn god), I found by accident what seems to be a peaceful solution for the problem. As the smell of coonish mortality seeps gently roundabout in that area of the garden, it serves as a reminder to other trespassing coons of their own mortality. Like their human brethren they appear not to care for such reminders and thence-forth stay away, at least till the smell dies out. Nor do you have to resort to further coon-murder to get hold of a corpse to bury; a stretch of morning highway will often yield one or two, freshly slaughtered by last night's passing cars.

(There is perhaps a problem about what to say to acquaintances who may come along and catch you scavenging dead things from the roadside, but an 0. F. learns furtive swooping skill in such activity, and a certain amount of shamelessness. He finds it possible to feel not only unashamed but proud of something like a heaped pickup-load of chicken poot....)

> The Way's real Sunday punch at vegetable gardens, though, is delivered by bugs. Squash bugs, stink bugs, cabbage loopers, hornworms, cutworms, army worms, nematodes, grasshoppers, crickets, cucumber beetles of two sorts, aphids of a dozen, leafhoppers, corn earworms, pill bugs, Colorado potato beetles, root maggots, and any number of other such skillful and hungry destroyers . . . All true O.F.s distrust poisons, and hence from year to year we base new hopes on Rodalian "organic" approaches and concoctions—ladybugs and mantids, fireplace ashes, garlic-and-pepper water, companionate plantings, compost and mulch and garbage and manure to firm up the plants' resistance, mineral oil, salt water, beer.. . . Some work surprisingly well at times, and at other times none seem to do much, and impurity invades the 0. F. and maybe he guiltily slathers some poison around, but even then of nonresidual sorts, preferably the old botanicals like rotenone and nicotine and sabadilla dust. Or maybe at such times he just lets the bugs take over, or replants enough stuff for them and him both.

This excerpt shows how an expressive purpose reveals the author's value system and how that value system is connected to the author's emotional reactions and a self-definition. Graves reveals a value system based on minimum human impact on nature. Emotional responses like "I rather like him [the fox] too" and the implicit self-definition / *am a nature lover* are closely associated with his value system.

FOUR KINDS OF EXPRESSIVE WRITING

All expressive writing has the general characteristics discussed above, but can be further divided into four groups, each with characteristics different from the others. Each one creates a different perspective on the process of self-expression. They can be called personal, autobiographical, ritual, and interpersonal.

THE PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE

Personal self-expression, which includes diaries and journals, is the least restrictive and perhaps the most characteristically expressive of all the forms of expressive writing. It has four identifying features.

- Immediate impressions and perceptions are recorded.
- Matters of importance to the writer are dealt with.
- The nature of the self is explored.
- Associations are made and/or episodes are recounted.

Immediate Impressions and Perceptions

Diaries and journals are usually records of the daily experiences of the writer. As a result, they reflect a sense of immediacy more than the other forms of self-expression. The writer records impressions and perceptions of ordinary, everyday things and common events.

Matters of Importance

The writer deals with ideas and beliefs he or she thinks are of the utmost importance. Things that may, upon reflection, seem trivial, nevertheless seem important at the moment they are recorded. If the writer considers something to be important, then it is important. Each individual's value system determines what is important for that person.

Exploration of the Self

In personal writing, the general characteristic of giving a self-definition usually involves an examination of motives and desires, often explained in terms of values. An understanding of the values that underlie motives and goals is an essential part of self-exploration. That kind of understanding can provide important clues for understanding actions, thoughts, and emotional responses.

Associations and Episodes

Because personal writing tends to focus on recent experiences, it follows a pattern of development that reflects the working of the writer's consciousness. Our mental processes usually follow a stream of consciousness—thoughts, impressions, memories, and ideas connected by personal associations. When this process is put down in writing, as it is in a diary or a journal, the result is usually associative. That is, one idea suggests another. Even when a narrative is recorded, it may well be in the form of a disconnected series of episodes.

AN EXAMPLE

From 1660 to 1669 Samuel Pepys kept a secret diary in a shorthand he devised. In his diary he recorded many of the events of his life. Now it is one of the most famous diaries in English literature because of the candor with which it reveals life in seventeenth-century England. The following excerpts give an idea of its content and illustrate the characteristics of personal self-expression.

Diary

SAMUEL PEPYS

July 1, 1660 (Lord's day.)—Infinite business, my heart and head full. Met with Purser Washington, with whom and a lady, a friend of his, I dined at the Bell Tavern in King Street, but the rogue had no more manners than to invite me, and to let me pay my club. This morning come home my fine camlet cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet.

October 13, 1660.—I went to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross. Setting up shelves in my study.

January 1, 1662.—Waking this morning out of my sleep on a sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and neck, which waked her with pain, at which I was sorry, and to sleep again. . . .

October 2,1662.—At night, hearing that there was a play at the Cockpit, and my Lord Sandwich, who come to town last night, at it, I do go thither, and by very great fortune did follow four or five gentlemen who were carried to a little private door in a wall, and so crept through a narrow place, and come into one of the boxes next the King's, but so as I could not see the King or Queen, but many of the fine ladies, who yet are not really so handsome generally as I used to take them to be, but that they are finely dressed. Then we saw The ***Cardinall,*** a tragedy I had never seen before, nor is there any great matter in it. That company that come in with me into the box were all Frenchmen, that could speak no English; but, Lord! what sport they made to ask a pretty lady that they got among them, that understood both French and English, to make her tell them what the actors said.

January 6, 1664 (Twelfth Day.)—This morning I began a practice, which I find, by the ease I do it with, that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razer: which pleases me mightily.

August 7, 1664 (Lord's Day.)—My wife telling me sad stories of the ill, improvident, disquiet, and sluttish manner, that my father and mother and Pall do live in the country, which troubles me mightily, and I must seek to remedy it....

October 16, 1665.—. . . God knows what will become of all the King's matters in a little time, for he runs in debt every day, and nothing to pay them looked after. Thence I walked to the Tower; but, Lord! how empty the streets are and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets full of sores; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, everybody talking of his dead, and

that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week; God send it!. . .

September 2, 1666 (Lord's day.)—Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and through it to be on the backside of Marke-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the tower; and there got up upon one of the high places . . . and there I did see the houses at the end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and Sarah on the bridge. So now with my heart full of trouble, to the lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. . . .

September 5, 1666.—I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our land. I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2350, W. Hewer and Jane down to Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole city almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all; which troubled me, because of discourse now begun, that there is plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask anybody how it was with us, till I come and saw it not burned. But going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well as at Marke Lane end as ours; it having only burned the dial of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched.

I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; everywhere great fires, oil-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afeard to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. . ..

September 17, 1666.—Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same again, if God should reduce us to it.. ..

May 31, 1669.—. . . And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be any thing, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany by being blind, the good God prepare me!

You can see in these excerpts that Pepys communicates both the insignificant and the momentous happenings of his daily life. He selects those details that are important to him. Such apparently trivial incidents as beginning the practice of shaving himself (January 6, 1664), accidentally hitting his wife in the head (August 7, 1664), and going to the theater (October 2, 1662) are recorded along with accounts of such historically significant events as a hanging (October 13, 1660), the plague (October 16, 1665) and the great fire of London (September 2, 5, & 1 7, 1666). But at the particular time they occurred, even those seemingly inconsequential details were important enough to Pepys for him to record them.

Many of those details of daily life reflect values and goals. Some of the passages can be regarded as attempts at self-exploration, self-definition, and a statement of goals for the future. Notice particularly the entry of February 25, 1667 in which he expresses his love and admiration for his wife. Also, in the last entry (May 31, 1669), he reflects on his journal and his failing eyesight.

Throughout the diary, the entries illustrate the associative and episodic structure of personal self-expression. He recounts three separate narratives on July 1, 1660. On October 13, 1660 he comments on the apparently trivial event

of setting up shelves in his study after he has recorded a rather unsettling description of the hanging of Major General Harrison.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PERSPECTIVE

Autobiographical writing is seen in autobiographies, memoirs, and reminiscences. Such writing results from a consideration of and a reflection on major events in the life of the writer. Although the content is much like personal writing, the events are given more order. The presentation is not as random as it is in journals and diaries. The following specific characteristics are apparent.

- Experiences from the past are recounted.
- Significant events in the life of the writer are explored.
- An effort is made to explain the writer's personality or character.
- The writer's past actions are rationalized or justified.

Experiences from the Past

The writer of autobiography may look to the distant past as well as to the immediate past. An adult may relate events from childhood. An understanding of the self, as it relates to a person's formative years, provides a basis for explaining recent actions and current values.

Significant Events

In looking back over past events, the writer of autobiography will select those events that are the most significant, those that, for some reason (perhaps because of subsequent events), retain an importance in the writer's memory. These memories may be focused on significant places or important people, for example.

Explanation of the Writer's Personality

The writer of autobiography may make an attempt to explain his or her identity and perhaps tell how that identity developed as a result of significant events. The events and experiences of the past form a pattern that adds up to the present personality.

Rationalization of Actions

Since the gap between the time when the events occur and the time when they are recorded is greater in autobiographical self-expression than it is in personal writing, the goals and values of the writer may have changed. Consequently, there is an effort to make the past actions fit into the present value system. When experiences from the past are recalled, they may be somewhat distorted by time and changed by the process of recording them.

AN EXAMPLE

In the following excerpt from Book I of *Confessions* written by Jean Jacques Rousseau in I 783, we can see how a significant event from Rousseau's childhood is explained and rationalized in light of his values as an adult. Through his recollection of the event, we get a better understanding of Rousseau's personality. The characteristics of autobiographical self-expression are clearly illustrated in the selection.

The End of Childhood

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

One day I was learning my lesson by myself in the room next to the kitchen. The servant had put Mademoiselle Lambercier's combs in front of the fireplace to dry. When she came back to fetch them, she found one with a whole row of teeth broken. Who was to blame for the damage? No one except myself had entered the room. On being questioned, I denied that I had touched the comb. M. and Mademoiselle Lambercier both began to admonish, to press, and to threaten me; I obstinately persisted in my denial; but the evidence was too strong, and outweighed all my protestations, although it was the first time that I had been found to lie so boldly. The matter was regarded as serious, as in fact it deserved to be. The mischievousness, the falsehood, the obstinacy appeared equally deserving of punishment; but this time it was not by Mademoiselle Lambercier that chastisement was inflicted. My uncle Bernard was written to and he came. My poor cousin was accused of another equally grave offence; we were involved in the same punishment. It was terrible. Had they wished to look for the remedy in the evil itself and to deaden forever my depraved senses, they could not have set to work better, and for a long time my senses left me undisturbed.

They could not draw from me the desired confession. Although I was several times brought up before them and reduced to a pitiable condition, I remained unshaken. I would have endured death, and made up my mind to do so. Force was obliged to yield to the diabolical obstinacy of a child—as they called my firmness. At last I emerged from this cruel trial, utterly broken, but triumphant.

It is now nearly fifty years since this incident took place, and I have no fear of being punished again for the same thing. Well, then, I declare in the sight of heaven that I was innocent of the offence, that I neither broke nor touched the comb, that I never went near the fireplace, and had never even thought of doing so. It would be useless to ask me how the damage was done; I do not know, and I cannot understand; all that I know for certain is, that I had nothing to do with it.

Imagine a child, shy and obedient in ordinary life, but fiery, proud, and unruly in his passions: a child who had always been led by the voice of reason and always treated with gentleness, justice, and consideration, who had not

even a notion of injustice, and who for the first time becomes acquainted with so terrible an example of it on the part of the very people whom he most loves and respects! What an upset of ideas! what a disturbance of feelings! what revolution in his heart, in his brain, in the whole of his little intellectual and moral being! Imagine all this, I say, if possible. As for myself, I feel incapable of disentangling and following up the least trace of what then took place within me.

I had not sense enough to feel how much appearances were against me, and to put myself in the place of others. I kept to my own place, and all that I felt was the harshness of a frightful punishment for an offence which I had not committed. The bodily pain, although, severe, I felt but little; all I felt was indignation, rage, despair. My cousin, whose case was almost the same, and who had been punished for an involuntary mistake as if it had been a premeditated act, following my example, flew into a rage, and worked himself up to the same pitch of excitement as myself. Both in the same bed, we embraced each other with convulsive transports: we felt suffocated; and when at length our young hearts, somewhat relieved, were able to vent their wrath, we sat upright in bed and began to shout, times without number, with all our might: Carnifex! carnifex! carnifex!

While I write these words, I feel that my pulse beats faster; those moments will always be present to me though I should live a hundred thousand years. That first feeling of violence and injustice has remained so deeply graven on my soul, that all the ideas connected with it bring back to me my first emotion; and this feeling, which, in its origin, had reference only to myself, has become so strong in itself and so completely detached from all personal interest, that, when I see or hear of any act of injustice— whoever is the victim of it, and wherever it is committed—my heart kindles with rage, as if the effect of it recoiled upon myself. When I read of the cruelties of a ferocious tyrant, the crafty atrocities of a rascally priest, I would gladly set out to plunge a dagger into the heart of such wretches, although I had to die for it a hundred times. I have often put myself in a perspiration, pursuing or stoning a cock, a cow, a dog, or any animal which I saw tormenting another merely because it felt itself the stronger. This impulse may be natural to me, and I believe that it is; but the profound impression left upon me by the first injustice I suffered was too long and too strongly connected with it, not to have greatly strengthened it.

With the above incident the tranquillity of my childish life was over. From that moment I ceased to enjoy a pure happiness, and even at the present day I feel that the recollection of the charms of my childhood ceases there.

In this selection Rousseau looks at an event from his past—an unfair punishment for a misdeed he was wrongly accused of. It is an event that affected him dramatically and changed him significantly, so much so that he says that

with that event "the recollection of the charms" of his "childhood" cease. The significance of the event is understood retrospectively.

THE RITUAL PERSPECTIVE

Ritual self-expression includes not only documents that are individual and personal (e.g. wills and prayers), but also writing that is the collective expression of a group (e.g. creeds, declarations, and manifestoes). All self-expression with a ritual perspective has the following characteristics.

- The self is presented in terms of an agreed upon value system.
- A repetitive or parallel structure is used.
- The importance of the document is emphasized.
- Traditional *language* and/or traditional forms are used.

An Agreed Upon Value System

The content of ritual self-expression conforms to whatever set of values the writer has adopted. Those values usually tend to reflect a value system agreed upon by a culture or a society.

The following example, "The Apostle's Creed," illustrates such a set of values, values and beliefs found in the doctrine of the Catholic Church. The document, many centuries old, is a collective affirmation of the traditions of the Christian faith.

> I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and earth; And in Jesus Christ, His only son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into Heaven, sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and Life everlasting.

Repetitive or Parallel Structure

Repetitive or parallel writing structures very often reflect and underscore the group's value system. Repetitive words, phrases, and sentence patterns reveal the ritual nature of the writing and emphasize what the writer considers to be important. Repeated words or phrases focus the reader's attention on key elements of that value system. Notice the repetition of the word "I believe" in the example above.

Importance of the Document

Ritual self-expression is most often solemn. This tone emphasizes the importance of the document to the group and to the culture as a whole. The subject matter of such writings has great significance to the people who preserve the traditions on which the works are based.

Traditional Language and Traditional Forms

Certain words and phrases that have special meanings are used. This traditional language makes us aware that the document itself is important. Works of this kind use language that has appeared over and over in similar documents previously and that reflects the values of the traditions that have produced those works.

AN EXAMPLE

In Franklin's will we can see that the distribution of his estate reveals not only his loyalty to his family and friends but also his feeling of responsibility to certain institutions that exist for the public good.

Wills, even though they tend to be highly formalized, reveal a set of values at the core of a person's belief system. Benjamin Franklin's will gives us an intriguing look at the mind of one of the most original thinkers in Revolutionary America.

The Last Will and Testament of Benjamin Franklin

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I, Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, printer, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Court of France, now President of the State of Pennsylvania, do make and declare my last will and testament as follows:

To my son, William Franklin, late Governor of the Jerseys, I give and devise all the lands I hold or have a right to, in the province of Nova Scotia, to hold to him, his heirs, and assigns forever. I also give to him all my books and papers, which he has in his possession, and all debts standing against him on my account books, willing that no payment for, nor restitution of, the same be required of him, by my executors. The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavoured to deprive me of.

Having since my return from France demolished the three houses in Market Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, fronting my dwelling-house, and

erected two new and larger ones on the ground, and having also erected another house on the lot which formerly was the passage to my dwelling, and also a printing-office between my dwelling and the front houses; now I do give and devise my said dwelling-house, wherein I now live, my said three new houses, my printing-office and the lots of ground thereto belonging; also my small lot and house in Sixth Street, which I bought of the widow Henmarsh; also my pasture-ground which I have in Hickory Lane, with the buildings thereon; also my house and lot on the North side of Market Street, now occupied by Mary Jacobs, together with two houses and lots behind the same, and fronting on Pewter-Platter Alley; also my lot of ground in Arch Street, opposite the church-burying ground, with the buildings thereon erected; also all my silver plate, pictures, and household goods, of every kind, now in my said dwelling-place, to my daughter, Sarah Bache, and to her husband, Richard Bache, to hold to them for and during their natural lives, and the life of the longest liver of them, and from and after the decease of the survivor of them, I do give, devise, and bequeath to all children already born, or to be born of my said daughter, and to their heirs and assigns forever, as tenants in common, and not as joint tenants.

And, if any or either of them shall happen to die under age, and without issue, the part and share of him, her, or them, so dying, shall go to and be equally divided among the survivors or survivor of them. But my intention is, that, if any or either of them should happen to die under age, leaving issue, such issue shall inherit the part and share that would have passed to his, her, or their parent, had he, she, or they been living. And, as some of my said devisees may, at the death of the survivor of their father or mother, be of age, and others of them under age, so as that all of them may not be of capacity to make division, I in that case request and authorize the judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature of Pennsylvania for the time being, or any three of them, not personally interested, to appoint by writing, under their hands and seals, three honest, intelligent, impartial men to make the said division, and to assign and allot to each of my devisees their respective share, which division, so made and committed to writing under the hands and seals of the said three men, or any two of them, and confirmed by the said judges, I do hereby declare shall be binding on, and conclusive between the said devisees.

All the lands near the Ohio, and the lots near the centre of Philadelphia, which I lately purchased of the State, I give to my son-in-law, Richard Bache, his heirs and assigns forever; I also give him the bond I have against him, of two thousand and one hundred and seventy-two pounds, five shillings, together with the interest that shall or may accrue thereon, and direct the same to be delivered up to him by my executors, canceled, requesting that, in consideration thereof, he would immediately after my decease manumit and set free his Negro man Bob. I leave to him, also, the money due to me from the State of Virginia for types. I also give to him the bond of William Goddard and his sister, and the counter bond of the late Robert Grace, and the bond and judgment of Francis Childs, if not recovered before my decease, or any other

bonds, except the bond due from——Killian, of Delaware State, which I give to my grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache. I also discharge him, my said son-in-law, from all claim and rent of moneys due to me, on book account or otherwise. I also give him all my musical instruments.

The king of France's picture, set with four hundred and eight diamonds, I give to my daughter, Sarah Bache, requesting , however, that she would not form any of those diamonds into ornaments either for herself or daughters, and thereby introduce or countenance the expensive, vain, and useless fashion of wearing jewels in this country; and those immediately connected with the picture may be preserved with the same.

I give and devise to my dear sister, Jane Mecom, a house and lot I have in Unity Street, Boston, nor or late under the care of Mr. Jonathan Williams, to her and to her heirs and assigns for ever. I also give her the yearly sum of fifty pounds sterling, during life, to commence at my death, and to be paid to her annually out of the interests or dividends arising on twelve shares which I have since my arrival at Philadelphia purchased in the Bank of North America, and, at her decease, I give the said twelve shares in the bank to my daughter, Sarah Bache, and her husband, Richard Bache. But it is my express will and desire that, after the payment of the above fifty pounds sterling annually to my said sister, my said daughter be allowed to apply the residue of the interest or dividends on those shares to her sole and separate use, during the life of my said sister, and afterwards the whole of the interest or dividends thereof as her private pocket money. I give the right I have to take up to three thousand acres of land in the State of Georgia, granted to me by the government of that State, to my grandson, William Temple Franklin, his heirs and assigns forever. I also give to my grandson, William Temple Franklin, the bond and judgment I have against him of four thousand pounds sterling, my right to the same to cease upon the day of his marriage; and if he dies unmarried, my will is, that the same be recovered and divided among my other grandchildren, the children of my daughter, Sarah Bache, in such manner and form as I have herein before given to them the other parts of my estate.

The philosophical instruments I have in Philadelphia I give to my ingenious friend, Francis Hopkinson.

To the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of my brother, Samuel Franklin, that may be living at the time of my decease, I give fifty pounds sterling, to be equally divided among them. To the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of my sister, Anne Harris, that may be living at the time of my decease, I give fifty pounds sterling to be equally divided among them. To the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of my brother James Franklin, that may be living at the time of my decease, I give fifty pounds sterling to be equally divided among them. To the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of my sister, Sarah Davenport, that may be living at the time of my decease, I give fifty pounds sterling to be equally divided among them. To the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of my sister, Lydia Scott, that may be living at the time of my decease, I give

fifty pounds sterling to be equally divided among them. To the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of my sister, Jane Mecom, that may be living at the time of my decease, I give fifty pounds sterling to be equally divided among them.

I give to my grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, all the types and printing materials, which I now have in Philadelphia, with the complete letter foundry, which, in the whole, I suppose to be worth near one thousand pounds; but if he should die under age, then I do order the same to be sold by my executors, the survivors or survivor of them, and the moneys be equally divided among all the rest of my said daughter's children, or their representatives, each one on coming of age to take his or her share, and the children of such of them as may die under age to represent and to take the share and proportion of, the parent so dying, each one to receive his or her part of such share as they come of age.

With regard to my books, those I had in France and those I left in Philadelphia, being now assembled together here, and a catalogue made of them, it is my intention to dispose of them as follows: My "History of the Academy of Sciences," in sixty or seventy volumes quarto, I give to the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, of which I have the honour to be President. My collection in folio of "Les Arts et les Metiers," I give to the American Philosophical Society, established in New England, of which I am a member. My quarto edition of the same, "Arts et Metiers," I give to the Library Company of Philadelphia. Such and so many of my books as I shall mark on my said catalogue with the name of my grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, I do hereby give to him; and such and so many of my books as I shall mark on the said catalogue with the name of my grandson, William Bache, I do hereby give to him; and such as shall be marked with the name of Jonathan Williams, I hereby give to my cousin of that name. The residue and remainder of all my books, manuscripts, and papers, I do give to my grandson, William Temple Franklin. My share in the Library Company of Philadelphia, I give to my grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, confiding that he will permit his brothers and sisters to share in the use of it.

I was born in Boston, New England, and owe my first instructions in literature to the free grammar schools established there. I therefore give one hundred pounds sterling to my executors, to be by them, the survivors or survivor of them, paid over to the managers or directors of the free schools in my native town of Boston, to be by them, or by those person or persons, who shall have the superintendance and management of the said schools, put out to interest, and so continued at interest forever, which interest annually shall be laid out in silver medals, and given as honorary rewards annually by the directors of the said free schools belonging to the said town, in such manner as to the discretion of the selectmen of the said town shall seem meet. Out of the salary that may remain due to me as President of the State, I do give the sum of two thousand pounds sterling to my executors, to be by them, the survivors or survivor of them, paid over to such person or persons

as the legislature of this State by an act of Assembly shall appoint to receive the same in trust, to be employed for making the river Schuylkill navigable.

And what money of mine shall, at the time of my decease, remain in the hands of my bankers, Messrs. Ferdinand Grand and Son, at Paris, or Messrs. Smith, Wright, and Gray, of London, I will that, after my debts are paid and deducted, with the money legacies of this my will, the same be divided into four equal parts, two of which I give to my dear daughter, Sarah Bache, one to her son Benjamin, and one to my grandson, William Temple Franklin.

During the number of years I was in business as a stationer, printer, and postmaster, a great many small sums became due for books, advertisements, postage of letters, and other matters, which were not collected when, in 1757,1 was sent by the Assembly to England as their agent, and by subsequent appointments continued there till 1775, when on my return, I was immediately engaged in the affairs of Congress, and sent to France in 1776, where I remained nine years, not returning till 1785, and the said debts, not being demanded in such a length of time, are become in a manner obsolete, yet are nevertheless justly due. These, as they are stated in my great folio ledger E, I bequeath to the contributors to the Pennsylvania Hospital, hoping that those debtors, and the descendants of such as are deceased, who now, as I find, make some difficulty of satisfying such antiquated demands as just debts, may, however, be induced to pay or give them as charity to that excellent institution. I am sensible that much must inevitably be lost, but I hope something considerable may be recovered. It is possible, too, that some of the parties charged may have existing old, unsettled accounts against me; in which case the managers of the said hospital will allow and deduct the amount, or pay the balance if they find it against me.

My debts and legacies being all satisfied and paid, the rest and residue of all my estate, real and personal, not herein expressly disposed of, I do give and bequeath to my son and daughter, Richard and Sarah Bache.

I request my friends, Henry Hill, Esquire, John Jay, Esquire, Francis Hopkinson, Esquire, and Mr. Edward Duffield, of Benfield, in Philadelphia County, to be the executors of this my last will and testament; and I hereby nominate and appoint them for that purpose.

I would have my body buried with as little expense or ceremony as may be. I revoke all former wills by me made, declaring this only to be my last.

In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this seventeenth day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight.

B. Franklin

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the above named Benjamin Franklin, for and as his last will and testament, in the presence of us.

Abraham Shoemaker, John Jones, George Moore.



Franklin defines himself in several ways at the beginning of his will, a printer, as a diplomat, and as a politician. His values are revealed both by possessions and by the people he leaves them to. The language of the do< ment reflects the traditional wording of wills, a repetitive form indicating *h* the decedent's estate should be handled. Because it is a legal document, the v is of obvious importance.

THE INTERPERSONAL PERSPECTIVE

Although, at first glance, *interpersonal self-expression* might seem to be a contt diction in terms, it is an appropriate name for personal correspondence **ai** friendly letters because this kind of writing involves a relationship between tv people, and while the message is addressed to another person, it is, at the sar time, a revelation of the writer's *self.* It is because of the close relationship b tween the two people involved that such writing tends to be expressive. Tl writer feels free to open up to the other person. Interpersonal self-expressic has the following characteristics.

- Matters of mutual interest to the writer and reader are addressed.
- An ongoing relationship is revealed.
- A level of intimacy is established or maintained between the writer ar reader.
- A personal or social obligation is fulfilled.

Matters of Mutual Interest

The content of interpersonal writing focuses on topics that the writer an reader have in common. A bond between the two is created by shared value or shared experiences. The interpersonal communication itself intensifies th bond by contributing a new set of shared experiences and by reinforcing th values the correspondents have in common.

Ongoing Relationship

Since the communication in friendly letters usually occurs because the tw< people involved are living apart and perhaps because they have been separatee for a period of time, the content of such writing may involve asking and an swering questions. There is an implicit assumption that the correspondence wil be ongoing and that the questions will probably be answered at sometime ir the future. Even if no questions are asked, there is an implicit expectation of *i* continuing dialogue.

Level of Intimacy

Depending on the relationship between the writer and the reader, a certain level of intimacy is established or maintained. Because of this intimacy, the writer feels comfortable sharing emotional responses with the reader. At times, if the people involved are intimate enough, they share a private language known only to the two of them.

Personal or Social Obligation

Letters between two friends may fulfill a social obligation between them. Expectations are created and fulfilled by the correspondence. Just as a conversation between two people assumes certain rules of etiquette, so does interpersonal correspondence.

AN EXAMPLE

The following personal letter reveals Georgia O'Keeffe's spontaneous emotional feelings and illustrates how interpersonal self-expression involves a sharing of those feelings.

Letter to Anita Pollitzer

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

[Canyon, Texas, 11 September 1916]

Tonight I walked into the sunset—to mail some letters—the whole sky—and there is so much of it out here—was just blazing—and grey blue clouds were rioting all through the hotness of it—and the ugly little buildings and windmills looked great against it.

But some way or other I didn't seem to like the redness much so after I mailed the letters I walked home—and kept on walking—

The Eastern sky was all grey blue—bunches of clouds—different kinds of clouds—sticking around everywhere and the whole thing—lit up—first in one place—then in another with flashes of lightning—sometimes just sheet lightning—and sometimes sheet lightning with a sharp bright zigzag flashing across it—.

I walked out past the last house—past the last locust tree—and sat on the fence for a long time—looking—just looking at the lightning—you see there was nothing but sky and flat prairie land—land that seems more like the ocean than anything else I know—There was a wonderful moon—

Well I just sat there and had a great time all by myself—Not even many night noises—just the wind—

I wondered what you are doing—

> It is absurd the way I love this country—Then when I came back—it was funny—roads just shoot across blocks anywhere—all the houses looked alike—and I almost got lost—I had to laugh at myself—I couldnt tell which house was home—
>
> I am loving the plains more than ever it seems—and the SKY—Anita you have never seen SKY—it is wonderful—
>
> Pat.

In this letter, Georgia O'Keeffe is writing about herself. The main idea is a implied self-definition: *I am a lover of the plains.* She uses intimate personal language and she reveals an emotional response of becoming aware of how she is "loving the plains." She reveals an ongoing relationship when she says, "I wondered what you are doing." She assumes that what interests her, her emotional response to the plains and her aesthetic values, will also interest Anita Pollitzer.

COMBINATIONS

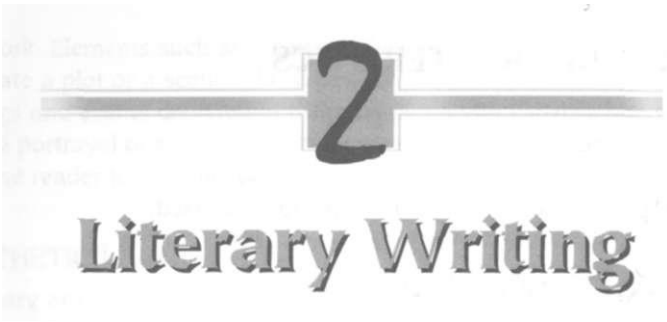
The different kinds of self-expression blend together rather easily. In a diary, elements of autobiography may appear. In friendly letters, the writer may communicate the kinds of minor details of life that we see in diaries and journals. "The Way" by John Graves, although primarily autobiographical, exhibits some characteristics of personal self-expression as well.

WRITING STRATEGIES

If your purpose is expressive, all you have to do is write whatever you want to write. Sometimes that's harder to do than you would think. To begin, write down whatever comes into your head. Get words down on paper in whatever order they come to you. You can arrange them later. Think of expressive writing as a sort of laboratory where you can experiment with language. You have the freedom to say whatever you want to say.

As you think about your topic, consider the following questions.

- How do you feel about the topic—what emotions does it arouse?
- How does it affect you?
- How does it make you feel when you think about it?
- What do you want to do when you think about it?
- What events in your life do you associate with your topic?
- Why do you think you feel the way you do?
- How does it relate to your value system?
- How does it affect your goals for the future?



2 Literary Writing

From the myths and songs in primal cultures to modern poetry and fiction, artists have created structures with language that please and delight their audiences. All literary works, no matter how different they may seem, have one thing in common: the writer has deliberately arranged the words so that the effect produced in the reader or audience is one of pleasure.

In this respect, literature is like other art forms. They all please us, or at least have as their purpose to please. One of the outcomes of the aesthetic pleasure that art gives us is this: a work of art will bear repetition. We listen to music we like over and over. We may go back to see again a movie we especially enjoyed. We hang paintings or posters on our walls and look at them, or at least see them, almost everyday. So it is with literary writing. We may reread a poem or a story many times and get just as much pleasure from it each time.

It is the arrangement of words in literary writing that appeals to our aesthetic sensibilities. The literary structures created by the various combinations of words and images please us when we read them. Even if the images themselves may not be appealing, as in the case of horror stories, the structuring of them in a dramatic form may produce enjoyment in many readers.

Literature is most commonly classified by genre: poetry, drama, the short story, and the novel. A major distinction is usually made between poetry and prose. Poetry is traditionally defined as a rhythmical use of language. Everyone is familiar with the rhythms and rhymes of traditional verse, a regular repetition of stresses and sounds. Prose, on the other hand, more closely resembles the patterns of ordinary, everyday speech and is the kind of language used in fiction. In modern literature, however, the distinction between prose and poetry has diminished. Modern poetry relies less on strict metrical rhythms and modern fiction has become increasingly poetic. Some nonfiction may be literary if its purpose is to entertain. Humorous essays are clearly literary.

No matter what form it takes, literary writing has as its purpose to create an aesthetically pleasing effect with language. To produce this effect a literary work will have theme, tension, verisimilitude, and aesthetic language.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

- Theme and artistic unity are apparent.
- Tension is created.
- Verisimilitude is present.
- Language that creates an aesthetic response is used.

THEME AND ARTISTIC UNITY

In a work called *Poetics,* the Greek philosopher Aristotle said that a literary work must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Although it may seem to be a statement of the obvious, it nevertheless describes an important feature of literary art. This statement means that a literary work is unified, that the ending of the work comes inevitably out of what has come before. Each part of the work is connected to every other part. The recognition of that interconnectedness of the events is called unity of plot. In addition to plot, time and place have also been traditionally regarded as unities, especially in drama.

In modern literature, we usually recognize other elements that unify a work, such as characterization, style, symbolism, and theme. When we talk about the *theme* of a literary work, we are recognizing the unity of the work that allows us to identify a theme. For instance, a theme commonly developed in Renaissance poetry is that art is timeless and immortal. A theme expresses in a single statement the combined effect that all elements in a literary work produce.

TENSION

The structure of literary writing creates tension. Some elements, such as dramatic action, create tension through conflict. A character in a story may be involved in either physical, social, or psychological conflict. A physical conflict is usually external, with one character pitted against another character or against the forces of nature. A social conflict occurs when a character is at odds with the conventions or mores of society. Psychological conflict is internal, caused by a dilemma in the mind of the character.

Tension is also created when two contrasting elements are juxtaposed, when two things that are different are put side by side. For instance, when two characters who are very different from each other are put into a plot together, they serve to create such a contrast. Even if no overt physical conflict is developed, the difference between the two characters creates tension.

VERISIMILITUDE

The author of a literary work presents events or scenes by using a variety of literary devices that shape the reader's perception of the experiences recorded in

the work. Elements such as a setting, dialogue, and characterization are used to create a plot or a scene. These devices allow the reader to identify with the settings and events depicted in the work. A graphic description of the setting, a vivid portrayal of a character, or a conversation between characters will enable the reader to become a part of the imaginative world of the writer.

AESTHETIC LANGUAGE

A literary artist deliberately selects words that have an aesthetic effect on the reader. This is the hallmark of literary writing and is especially apparent in the author's use of imagery, symbolism, connotations, rhythm, and sound patterns.

Imagery

Imagery involves choosing a word or phrase that engages the senses. When we read an image in a work of literature, that image involves us in the work in a way that is different from our objective understanding of the meaning of the word or words used to create the image. Images are of two types: literal and figurative.

Literal Images

As the word implies, these images mean exactly what they say. In literary writing, however, the writer presents them to the reader in an unusual way. They are graphic and vivid and take advantage of the connotations of the words used to create them. Instead of saying, "I saw a beautiful sunset," the literary artist might say something like, "I saw a brilliant orange sunset streaked with clouds of rose and plum." Instead of saying, "I touched a tree," the literary artist might say, "I rubbed the rough bark of the tree, fingering the tiny bits of it that crumbled in my hand and inhaling its pungent aroma." Notice that even though the images are literal, the second wording is more concrete and vivid. The images of the second version in each case engage our senses with more specific detail and take advantage of the connotative meanings of the words.

Figurative Images

Figurative language is a prominent feature of much literary writing, although literary works certainly can be written without using any figures of speech at all. Still, the use of figurative language is one of those features that tells us that we may be looking at a work which is primarily literary. In contrast to literal images, figurative images can be thought of as non-literal images because the impressions they present to the reader are not intended to be realistic. The three most commonly used figurative images (figures of speech) are the simile, the metaphor, and personification.

A simile is a comparison between two different objects or concepts using the word *like* or *as*. Look at the following example:

The clouds look like fluffy balls of cotton.

The comparison is figurative, not literal. Clouds and cotton balls are not in the same class of things, but the comparison seems appropriate because it calls our attention to the similarity in the appearance of the two things and deepens our response by allowing us to associate the image of clouds with the sense of touch, the feel of cotton balls.

The comparison made in the metaphor is more direct, as in the following example:

Look at those fluffy balls of cotton floating in the sky.

The effect of the metaphor is more startling than the effect of the simile, but the comparison is the same.

Personification gives human characteristics to animals, plants, objects, or abstractions, as in the following example:

The clouds are smiling at us.

Clouds don't smile; people do. The comparison is figurative.

Symbolism

A symbol is an object, a person, a place, or an action that stands for something else in addition to its literal meaning in the literary work. In other words, the symbol suggests a meaning beyond itself. There are universal symbols and symbols that are particular to the literary work itself. A universal symbol has the same meaning in a number of different literary works because of some qualities inherent in the symbol itself. For instance, the ocean is often used as a symbol of time or eternity.

In literature almost anything can be a symbol, depending on how it is used in the work. John Keats, in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn," used the image of an urn with figures depicted on it to symbolize the timelessness of art.

Connotative Language

As we saw in Chapter I, connotations are the associated, emotional meanings of words. (Denotations are the literal dictionary meanings.) Authors of literary works are very sensitive to the connotations of words and deliberately select language that will have an emotional effect on the reader.

Rhythm and Sound Patterns

Literary works, particularly poems, are characterized by the use of sound patterns and rhythms that help create mood and tone. The following excerpt from John Keats' "La Belle Dame sans Merci" illustrates how rhythm and rhyme help create a feeling of sadness and despondency.

> O what can ail thee, knight at arms,
> Alone and palely loitering?
> The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
> And no birds sing.

Although the regular pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables creates an even emotional tone throughout the stanza, the shortened last line makes the mood suddenly somber. Coupled with the words "alone," "palely," and "wither'd," this use *of* rhythm creates the impression of a plaintive, mournful scene.

The rhyme scheme follows the traditional structure of the ballad stanza, the second and fourth lines rhyming. The repetition of the sound *-ing* focuses our attention on the words "loitering" (suggesting passivity) and "sing" (suggesting activity). The last line, however, tells us that the activity of singing is absent and this reinforces the dominant impression of sadness.

AN EXAMPLE

The following excerpt from |ohn Gardner's novel entitled *October Light* illustrates how the literary narrative creates tension and interest through conflict as well as through imagery, both literal and figurative.

An Interlude

JOHN GARDNER

> While his great-aunt Estelle was thinking of Notre Dame, Terence Parks stood in the old man's sitting room-bedroom, turning the French horn around and around, emptying water from the tubing. He was as shy a boy as ever lived, as shy as the girl seated now on the sagging, old fashioned bed with her hands on the flute in her lap. She, Margie Phelps, gazed steadily at the floor, her silver-blonde hair falling straight past her shoulders, soft as flax. Her face was serious, though she was prepared to smile if he should wish her to. She wore a drab green dress that was long and (he could not know) expensive, striped kneesox, and fashionably clunky shoes. As for Terence, he had brown hair that curled below his ears, glasses without which he was utterly helpless, and a small chin. He had, at least in his own opinion, nothing to recommend

him, not even a sense of humor. He therefore dressed, always, with the greatest care—dark blue shirts, never with a shirttail hanging out, black trousers, black shoes and belt. He fitted the mouthpiece back into the horn and glanced at Margie. He had had for some time a great, heart-slaughtering crush on her, though he hadn't told her that, or anyone else. In his secret distress, he was like the only Martian in the world. As if she'd known he would do it, Margie looked up for an instant at exactly the moment he glanced at her, and immediately—blushing—both of them looked down.

He set his horn down carefully on the chair and went over to the window at the foot of the bed to look out. A noisy, blustering wind had come up, pushing large clouds across the sky, a silver-toothed wolf pack moving against the moon, quickly consuming it, throwing the hickory tree, the barn and barnyard into darkness. He could hear what sounded like a gate creaking, metal against metal.

"Is it raining yet?" she asked, her voice almost inaudible.

As she came up timidly behind him, Terence moved over a little to give her room at the window.

Her hand on the windowsill was white, almost blue. He could easily reach over and touch it. In the living room behind them—the door was part way open—the grown-ups were laughing and talking, DeWitt Thomas still picking his guitar and singing. You couldn't hear the words. He looked again at her hand, then at the side of her face, then quickly back out at the night.

"Rain scares me," she said. Though her face turned only a little, he could feel her watching him.

The moon reappeared, the black clouds sweeping along like objects in a flood. Terence put his hand on the windowsill near hers, as if accidentally. He listened for the sound of someone coming into the room and realized only now that the door to his left went to the back entryway and, beyond that, the kitchen. He felt panic, thinking they might go out that door unmissed. Something white blew across the yard, moving slowly, like a form in a dream.

"What's that?" she asked, startled, and put her hand on his. Her head came slightly closer and, despite the violence of the storm in his chest, he smelled her hair.

"Fertilizer bag, I think," he said.

"What?" she said.

He said it again, this time loud enough to hear. She did not draw her hand away, though the touch was light, as if at the slightest sign she would quickly remove it. His mind raced almost as fast as his heart, and he pressed closer to the window, pretending to follow the white thing's ghostly flight. Again he smelled her hair, and now her breath—a warm scent of apple.

As for Dr. Phelps' granddaughter Margie, her heart thudded and her brain tingled; she half believed she might faint. Her friend Jennifer at school had told her weeks ago that Terry Parks had a crush on her, and she hadn't doubted it, though it seemed to her a miracle. When he played his French horn in the school orchestra or at the Sage City Symphony, his playing gave

her goosebumps, and when they had answering parts in the woodwind quintet, she blushed. Finding him here at the Pages tonight had been a kind of confirmation of the miracle, and when the grown-ups had suggested that the two of them might play duets together, and had sent them here, so that the adults could talk . . .

Now another cloud, larger than those before it, was swallowing the moon. The noise of the wind half frightened, half thrilled her. The barn stood out stark, sharply outlined. The white thing—fertilizer bag, that was right- was snagged in a fence, gray as bone, suddenly inert.

He moved his hand a little, closing it on hers. She drew her breath in sharply. Was someone coming?

"You kids want baked apples?" Virginia Hicks called from the doorway behind them.

They parted hands quickly and whirled around, frightened and confused.

"I'll leave them here on the bedside table," Virginia said, smiling. She seemed to have seen nothing. "You two make beautiful music together," she said, and smiled again, with a wave of her cigarette.

Neither of them spoke, heads spinning, smiling at the floor. Virginia left them.

Something thudded hard against the house, a small limb, perhaps, but no window broke, the walls did not sway, and so they laughed, embarrassed by their momentary fear. As they laughed they walked toward the bedside table where the baked apples stood oozing juice.

"Mmm, baked apples," Margie said softly. She picked up her plate and seated herself primly on the bedside, eyes cast down. Terence came and sat beside her.

"Listen to that wind," he said. The night howled and thudded like an orchestra gone wrong, dissonant and senseless, dangerous, but Margie was happy, for once in her life utterly without fear, except of him. She laid her hand casually on the cover beside her, conscious of the laughter and talk in the next room and also now a sound like arguing, coming from upstairs. She glanced at Terence and smiled. Smiling back, secretive and careful, he put his hand over hers.

Even though this excerpt was taken from a longer work, it has a unity that allows us to think of it as complete. Indeed, within the structure of the novel, it is almost an aside that has little to do with the movement of the plot of the novel as a whole. This beautifully written little scene illustrates all the general characteristics of literary writing outlined above.

Gardner creates verisimilitude through the physical descriptions of the two characters, Terence and Margie, and through the description of the setting. With the characterizations and the creation of a realistic setting the author gives us the feeling that the characters are real and that the events depicted

actually happened. We develop some sympathy for Terence and Margie. We willingly involve ourselves as readers in the fiction that the author has created and participate in the events along with the characters. The dialogue also helps us to feel the reality of the scene.

The tension developed in this narrative derives from the characters and the circumstances they find themselves in. Their shyness creates some tension since they are thrown together in a bedroom. Since neither one of them has ever expressed the feelings they have for the other, the internal conflict builds as the plot moves forward. Tension is also increased because the two of them feel isolated: the adults are in the other room and the storm is going on outside.

This episode has artistic unity. Each element—characterization, setting, dialogue, figurative language, and symbolism—move the plot along towards its inevitable conclusion. Gardner's use of language that evokes an aesthetic response is particularly effective. The description of the clouds as "a silver-toothed wolf pack" is a threatening image that increases the tension of the plot. The symbolism of the storm is effective because it suggests not only turmoil and disorder outside the house, but also reflects the internal conflict, especially in Terence when we are made aware of "the violence of the storm in his chest.

FOUR KINDS OF LITERARY WRITING

We can divide literary writing into four categories, regardless of the genre. These categories reflect four different approaches to a literary work. These approaches embody the theoretical principles a writer uses to select and organize the content of the work. (Writers may or may not realize that they are using a particular approach.) Some writers consciously adhere to a theory, deliberately following its principles of construction; others simply follow the prevailing literary conventions or imitate what other writers have done without ever consciously adopting a unified, consistent theory. The four approaches to literary writing—expressive, imitative, objective, and pragmatic—address different aspects of the question, "What is literature?"

THE EXPRESSIVE APPROACH

As the name suggests, the expressive approach produces a highly personal kind of literature, similar in some ways to the expressive writing discussed in Chapter I. The expressive approach became important in England in the nineteenth century when a group of writers that we now call Romantics began to emphasize the importance of recording their emotional responses in the poetry they wrote. The following characteristics are usually found in literature that has been written according to an expressive approach.

- Personal experiences are recorded.
- Personal images and/or symbols are used.
- First person pronouns are used.
- Emotional reactions are expressed.

Personal Experiences

The writer creates the literary work out of personal experiences. Those events that are most memorable to the writer are transformed into literary language.

Personal Images and/or Symbols

The imagery and/or symbolism found in a literary work using the expressive theory of art are based on the personal experience of the writer. These personal images and symbols have meaning to the writer even though they may be almost incomprehensible to the reader.

First Person Pronouns

Almost invariably, works using the expressive theory are written in the first person. The use of first person pronouns is the natural result of the personal focus of the expressive theory of art.

Emotional Reactions

The words the writer uses express emotional reactions to the experiences recorded. As a result, such writing may seem similar to expressive writing.

AN EXAMPLE

John Keats was one of those nineteenth-century English Romantics who saw poetry as an expression of emotion. The following sonnet records Keats's reactions when, at the age of twenty-one, he read George Chapman's translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. (Chapman's translation was published between 1598 and 1616.)

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

JOHN KEATS

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

In this poem, Keats uses a traditional poetic form, the Italian sonnet (rhyme scheme abba,abba,cdc,dcd). Usually a kind of poem associated with themes of romantic love, Keats has transformed this sonnet into an expression of his own love of poetry. Through his use of first person pronouns and in his recounting of his personal experience with literature, we feel the presence of the poet. He expresses his emotional reaction in his use of the word "felt" and in his sense of wonder when he compares himself to a "watcher of the skies" who discovers a "new planet." He also expresses an emotional response when he refers to the "wild surmise" of those who discovered the Pacific Ocean. (Keats mistakenly thought that Cortez discovered the Pacific. It was actually Balboa. Obviously, accuracy is not a necessary characteristic of literary writing.)

THE IMITATIVE APPROACH

The writer using an imitative approach attempts to imitate or mirror reality. A preponderance of the works of modern fiction use the conventions of realism and so reflect the imitative approach. The following characteristics are apparent.

- Real life situations are presented.
- Realistic language is used.
- Realistic, often ordinary, people are depicted.
- Realistic settings are described.

Real Life Situations

Situations that have the feel of reality are presented to the reader. The writer attempts to present the events of the plot in a way that seems to be consistent with similar events that take place in everyday life and so creates an impression of reality.

Realistic Language

Characters in a literary work that has an imitative approach will use language that seems appropriate to that character. In other words, the words used fit with the way we might expect the character to speak if we were to really meet him or her. Even though the dialogue in a literary work may not be exactly the way people say things, it does give the reader the *impression* that the characters are real.

Ordinary People

The characters are like those we might expect to meet in real life. The physical descriptions of the characters add to an overall impression of reality. Further, the writer may make the reader aware of the thoughts of the characters.

Realistic Settings

Settings are described in some detail with an eye toward accurately recreating the place where the action occurs. These descriptions reinforce the impression that the characters are like those we would expect to meet in our everyday existence and that the events narrated are probable.

AN EXAMPLE

Frank Norris was an early twentieth-century American writer whose novels were influenced by naturalism, a literary movement that, among other things, emphasized an accurate portrayal of human beings and the environmental forces that shape them. The following excerpt illustrates an attention to an imitative presentation, writing that imitates life.

Spring Plowing

FRANK NORRIS

> The plowing, now in full swing, enveloped him in a vague, slow-moving whirl of things. Underneath him was the jarring, jolting, trembling machine; not a clod was turned, not an obstacle encountered, that he did not receive the swift impression of it through all his body; the very friction of the damp soil, sliding incessantly from the shiny surface of the plowshares, seemed to reproduce itself in his finger-tips and along the back of his head. He heard the horse-hoofs by the myriads crushing down easily, deeply, into the loam, the prolonged clinking of trace-chains, the working of the smooth brown flanks in the harness, the clatter of wooden hames, the champing of bits, the click of iron shoes against pebbles, the brittle stubble of the surface ground crackling and snapping as the furrows turned, the sonorous, steady breaths wrenched

> from the deep, laboring chests, strap-bound, shining with sweat, and all along the line the voices of the men talking to the horses. Everywhere there were visions of glossy brown backs, straining, heaving, swollen with muscle; harness streaked with specks of froth, broad, cup-shaped hoofs, heavy with brown loam, men's faces red with tan, blue overalls spotted with axle-grease; muscled hands, the knuckles whitened in their grip on the reins, and through it all the ammoniacal smell of the horses, the bitter reek of perspiration of beasts and men, the aroma of warm leather, the scent of dead stubble—and stronger and more penetrating than everything else, the heavy, enervating odour of the upturned, living earth.

Norris' description focuses on details that create a vivid impression of the actions associated with plowing a field using a hand plow and horses. Norris engages each of our senses in turn. With the man we feel "the jarring, jolting, trembling machine" and "the friction of the damp soil." We hear the sound of the horse-hoofs "crushing down . . . into the loam . . . the clinking of trace-chains . . . the click of iron shoes," and "the voices of the men." We see the "glossy brown backs" of the horse, "men's faces red with tan," and "knuckles whitened in their grip of the reins...." We smell "the ammoniacal smell of the horses . . . the aroma of warm leather," and the "odour of the upturned, living earth." These images make the scene seem real.

THE OBJECTIVE APPROACH

A writer who is influenced by the objective approach sees literature as existing for its own sake. You may have heard the phrase "Art for Art's Sake" used to characterize this theory. Edgar Allan Poe made reference to it when he spoke of the dignity and nobility of a "poem per se—[a] poem which is a poem and nothing more—[a] poem written solely for the poem's sake." In England during the last part of the nineteenth century, Oscar Wilde reflected the influence of this aesthetic theory in his brilliantly witty dramas. In twentieth-century American poetry a group of poets called the Imagists are a notable example of the influence of this approach. The objective approach has four characteristics.

- The focus on the experience depicted is sharp and limited.
- Structural unity is emphasized.
- The sound and/or appearance of words is emphasized.
- Exact images are used.

Sharp and Limited Focus

The writer operating from the objective approach tends to focus on limited areas of experience or on a small parts of a setting using sharp, precise images. There is a concentration of focus. Rather than offering complete explanations, the work may suggest or intimate.

Structural Unity

Everything in the work is unified. The writer strives to use words and images that contribute to the overall aesthetic effect of the work. Often the unity is created by the imagery used or by symbolism.

Emphasis on Sound and/or Appearance of Words

The writer pays special attention to each word, not only to its denotative and connotative meanings, but also to its sound and perhaps even its appearance on the page. Rhythms are often used to create a certain mood.

Exact Images

The writer using an objective approach strives for concreteness and exactness. All the images presented support the aesthetic whole.

AN EXAMPLE

Haiku is a traditional Japanese form of poetry having three lines and a set number of syllables—5, 7, 5. Many haiku incorporate references to a season of the year, and all haiku please the reader because they contain evocative imagery. Here are four examples.

Four Haiku

Music from a flute
Asks me to stop and listen
To the soft spring rain.

II

Silver clouds touch earth—
My summer-tired feet and eyes
Must know more than dirt.

Rabbit disappears
Hiding among brittle weeds:
Small clouds drift away.

IV

A tree stands cold, still,
Reaches upward for the sky—
I know only now.

These four haiku illustrate how poetry can create a complex set of meanings through a compressed structure. The connotations of the images produce many connections with other images in each of the poems.

In the first haiku, for instance, the image of music is associated with the flute and also, by implication, with the sound of the rain. The music "asks" the poet to "stop and listen." We become aware of both action (listening) and inaction (stopping). In the same moment of realization we discover that the sound of "the soft spring rain" has an aesthetic quality and that is something to be appreciated as we would enjoy hearing the music "from a flute."

In the second poem "silver clouds" exist in contrast to the heat and the "dirt" of summer. And yet the contrast is overcome because the clouds "touch the earth" forming a kind of bond between clouds and earth. The poet is allowed to transcend the oppressiveness of the summer.

The third haiku presents us first with the image of a rabbit disappearing and "hiding among the brittle weeds." The disappearance of the rabbit is somehow connected to the drifting away of the small clouds. The image of "brittle weeds" reinforces the impression that the situation is transitory, and may suggest the coming of autumn, the season of transition from summer to winter.

In the last haiku the impression of yet a fourth season, winter, is suggested by the word "cold." The tension between earth and sky is emphasized by the image of the tree reaching "upward for the sky." Confronted by the stark reality of the barren tree, the poet is struck by the importance of being aware of the present moment.

THE PRAGMATIC APPROACH

The pragmatic approach (also known as the didactic theory) is generally discounted in modern literature; nonetheless, modern literary criticism recognizes its existence by acknowledging the tendency of literature to focus on theme. Certainly, the theory has been important in the history of literature. Aesop's

fables are a notable example. Allegories, like John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress,* are frequently didactic. The characteristics of this approach are these.

- A lesson is taught or a theme is drawn from the experiences reported.
- The experience presented is related to the theme.
- A value system is adopted and/or rejected.
- Harmony is achieved.

A Lesson or Theme

The lesson in a pragmatic literary work may actually be appended to the story or poem in the form of a moral which confirms or rejects social mores. In *Paradise Lost* John Milton says that his purpose in writing the poem is to "justify the ways of God to man." Such a statement reflects the universal scope of the work and reinforces many of the religious tenets of Milton's society.

Relation of Experience to Theme

The theme is often presented by references to moral principles or codes of behavior. If characters are involved, it is through the action of the characters that the writer shapes our attitudes.

A Value System Is Adopted

The lesson or moral of a pragmatic work of literature reflects a referenced value system. Part of the intent of the work is to give support to the values expressed in the work. Satire, making fun of some set of values, is often used to debunk something, frequently some custom or social institution that the writer finds offensive or ridiculous.

Harmony

Harmony means that in the resolution of the narrative, order is restored or maintained. Even though harmony may be disrupted, the ultimate conclusion of works based on a pragmatic theory is a restoration or maintenance of a world consistent with the lesson being taught.

AN EXAMPLE

Written in 1838, the following poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow reflects the poetic values of his age. By following a pragmatic approach, he was able to express in his poetry what Americans wanted and yearned for. He delivered moral statements and uplifting sentiments exalting the work ethic and family relationships.

A Psalm of Life: What the Heart of the Young Man Said to the Psalmist

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returneth,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like, dumb, driven cattle!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

The poem's title makes its didactic purpose evident. Longfellow intends to give the reader some moral lesson. His attention to the reader is evident throughout the poem by his use of first person plural pronouns *(we, us, our)* and the imperative mood (use of commands). Many of the 1 ines in the poem sound like proverbs or bits of advice given to the reader; indeed they sound like the advice a parent might give to a child. In addition, the values expressed in the poem, extolling the work ethic, were values held by many people in American society at the time the poem was written. Those values represent a connection to a widely held cultural myth.

COMBINATIONS

Finding a work of literature that embodies only one of the approaches is rare. For example, even a highly expressive work may reveal a realistic view of the world and draw our attention to concrete images.

WRITING STRATEGIES

If you plan to write a literary piece, there are some things to consider before you begin. Go through your memories, your childhood and adolescence, people you remember. Try to recall an outstanding event and think it through—when it began, what happened, how it ended. Or if you prefer, invent something entirely out of your imagination.

As you think about your literary project, consider these questions.

- What is your story about?
- What are the major events?
- Who are the characters in the story?
- What do the characters look like?
- What conflict is occurring?
- When does the moment of crisis occur?
- How is the conflict resolved?
- Where does the conflict take place?
- What are the physical details of the setting?
- Over what period of time does the story take place?



Persuasive Writing

We encounter persuasion every day. It would be difficult to imagine living in the modern world without coming into contact with attempts to persuade us. We see and hear communication intended to affect or to change our opinions everywhere we turn—on billboards by the side of the road, in magazines, in newspapers, and in conversations with friends, acquaintances, or even total strangers. We are exposed to persuasion probably more than to communications that have any of the other purposes. Someone always seems ready to sell us something or impose an opinion on us.

In persuasion, the writer attempts to change the reader's attitudes or beliefs and may even try to move the reader to some action based on that change in beliefs. The basis of that attempt is called an issue and is a reflection of attitudes and opinions. An issue is a point of disagreement, a statement of the opposing points of view, a debatable proposition. An issue usually embodies a matter of public concern, a matter of discussion, debate, or dispute.

Such an issue may be expressed in terms of that disagreement, that is, whether or not some position should be adopted or followed. Issues involve those matters that cannot be resolved by the application of scientific logic. They deal with attitudes and opinions, questions of morality, ethics, and values. Examples of persuasive issues include the following: whether or not abortion ought to be legal, whether or not nuclear reactors ought to be built, what U.S. foreign policy should be. Many questions like these are decided by the government or by other social institutions through a process that involves consideration of the arguments on all sides of the issue.

Persuasion deals with attitudes and opinions, questions that cannot be settled with the same degree of certainty that topics addressed in referential writing can. Nevertheless, many of the issues considered in persuasive writing are extremely important and deserve careful consideration. In fact, persuasion is often the only tool, short of physical force, that we have available to influence and change people's behavior.

In persuasion the argument consists of a claim defending a position on some issue (a debatable proposition). The claim is supported by substantiating details and by appeals to the reader. The argument is authenticated by a war-

rant (a general belief that the reader will accept) and is presented with language appropriate to the reader, language the reader can relate to.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

- A claim is made.
- Support for the claim is offered.
- A warrant (a general belief) is present.
- Reader-oriented language is used.

CLAIM

A claim is an assertion about the Tightness of the writer's position on the issue. In effect, a claim (usually stated as a general statement and sometimes called a thesis statement) is what the writer wants the reader to accept. For example, a claim derived from the issue of whether or not nuclear power plants ought to be built would be either that *the building of nuclear power plants ought to be continued* or *the building of nuclear power plants ought to be stopped.* These two assertions represent opposing claims made about the issue.

SUPPORT AND GROUNDS

Direct support is an assertion that is made to convince the audience that the claim is a sound one. For instance, the claim that *the building of nuclear power plants ought to be stopped* could be supported by the assertion that *they are dangerous and represent a threat to the environment and to human beings.* Such assertions provide the reasons that directly support the argument.

In addition, the argument must *have grounds,* the underlying foundation for the argument. Depending on the claim and the kind of argument, the grounds may be such things as experimental data, common knowledge, observations, or statistics.

Other support comes in the form of personal experience, slogans, or other devices that appeal to the audience. These *motivational supports,* in the form of appeals, are discussed later.

WARRANT AND BACKING

Warrants are those beliefs that give authenticity to the support and make it relevant to the claim. A warrant is a general belief or principle that most people take for granted. Warrants are often expressed as cultural or social myths.

A social or cultural myth is a value system accepted by a majority of people in a society or culture. If a particular belief is not accepted in a culture, some arguments cannot be made. For instance, in some cultures, throughout history and even in modern times, an argument to support the claim "women should

have an education" could not be made because the warrant "all people are created equal" is not part of the belief system of the culture.

A successful persuasive writer shows an understanding of the myths present in a culture. The advertising industry is very sensitive to these myths and uses them to sell products. Changes in public values are reflected almost immediately in advertising.

Warrants are not self-evident, so they may require additional backing to make them acceptable to the audience. Usually such backing establishes a broader context for the principles expressed by the warrant.

READER-ORIENTED LANGUAGE

The writer of persuasion usually has a specific audience in mind, so he or she uses language appropriate to that reader. By using language that the reader finds familiar, the writer has an easier time getting the reader to agree with the claim, so any kind of language that promotes that end is used. As a result, the writer may use everyday speech, slang, jargon, or Standard Edited American English, if that is what the reader expects and will accept. The language is also appropriate to the situational context, that is, the occasion for the writing. A situational context tells the writer what kind of audience is being addressed and, as a result, it influences the kind of language used.

The writer may also personalize the language by using second person pronouns *(you,your, yours)* or imperative sentences (commands) to draw the reader into the argument and gain identification with the reader. It is important for the writer to know who the reader is.

AN EXAMPLE

The following article by Anna Quindlen illustrates the characteristics of persuasive writing.

Death Penalty's False Promise: An Eye for an Eye

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ANNA QUINDLEN

Ted Bundy and I go back a long way, to a time when there was a series of unsolved murders in Washington State known only as the Ted murders. Like a lot of other reporters, I'm something of a crime buff. But the Washington Ted murders—and the ones that followed in Utah, Colorado and finally in Florida, where Ted Bundy was convicted and sentenced to die—fascinated me because I could see myself as one of the victims. I looked at the studio photographs of young women with long hair, pierced ears, easy smiles, and I read

the descriptions: polite, friendly, quick to help, eager to please. I thought about being approached by a handsome young man asking for help, and I knew if I had been in the wrong place at the wrong time I would have been a goner.

By the time Ted finished up in Florida, law enforcement authorities suspected he had murdered dozens of young women. He and the death penalty seemed made for each other.

The death penalty and I, on the other hand, seem to have nothing in common. But Ted Bundy had made me think about it all over again, now that the outlines of my 60s liberalism have been filled in with a decade as a reporter covering some of the worst back alleys in New York City and three years a mother who, like most, would lay down her life for her kids.

Simply put, I am opposed to the death penalty. I would tell that to any judge or lawyer undertaking the voir dire of jury candidates in a state in which the death penalty can be imposed. That is why I would be excused from such a jury. In a rational, completely cerebral way, I think the killing of one human being as punishment for the killing of another makes no sense and is inherently immoral.

But whenever my response to an important subject is rational and completely cerebral, I know there is something wrong with it—and so it is here. I have always been governed by my gut, and my gut says I am hypocritical about the death penalty. That is, I do not in theory think that Ted Bundy, or others like him, should be put to death. But if my daughter had been the one clubbed to death as she slept in a Tallahassee sorority house, and if the bite mark left in her buttocks had been one of the prime pieces of evidence against the young man charged with her murder, I would with the greatest pleasure kill him myself.

The State of Florida will not permit the parents of Bundy's victims to do that, and in a way, that is the problem with an emotional response to capital punishment. The only reason for a death penalty is to exact retribution. Is there anyone who really thinks that it is a deterrent, that there are considerable numbers of criminals out there who think twice about committing crimes because of the sentence involved? The ones I have met in the course of my professional duties have either sneered at the justice system, where they can exchange one charge for another with more ease than they could return a shirt to a clothing store, or they have simply believed that it is the other guy who will get caught, get convicted, get the stiffest sentence. Of course, the death penalty would act as a deterrent by eliminating recidivism, but then so would life without parole, albeit at greater taxpayer expense.

I don't believe that deterrence is what most proponents seek from the death penalty anyhow. Our most profound emotional response is to want criminals to suffer as their victims did. When a man is accused of throwing a child from a high-rise terrace, my emotional—some might say hysterical—response is that he should be given an opportunity to see how endless the seconds are from the 31st story to the ground. In a civilized society that will

never happen. And so what many people want from the death penalty, they will never get.

Death is death, you may say, and you would be right. But anyone who has seen someone die suddenly of a heart attack and someone else slip slowly into the clutches of cancer knows that there are gradations of dying.

I watched a television re-enactment one night of an execution by lethal injection. It was well done; it was horrible. The methodical approach, people standing around the gurney waiting, made it more awful. One moment there was a man in a prone position; the next moment that man was gone. On another night I watched a television movie about a little boy named Adam Walsh, who disappeared from a shopping center in Florida. There was a re-enactment of Adam's parents coming to New York, where they appeared on morning talk shows begging for their son's return, and in their hotel room, where they received a call from the police saying that Adam had been found: not all of Adam, actually, just his severed head, discovered in the waters of a Florida canal. There was nothing anyone could do that is bad enough for an adult who took a 6-year-old boy away from his parents, perhaps tortured, then murdered him and cut off his head. Nothing at all. Lethal injection? The electric chair? Bah.

And so I come back to the position that the death penalty is wrong, not only because it consists of stooping to the level of the killers, but also because it is not what it seems. Just before Ted Bundy's most recent execution date was postponed, pending further appeals, the father of his last known victim, a 12-year-old girl, said what almost every father in his situation must feel. "I wish they'd bring him back to Lake City," said Tom Leach of the town where Kimberly Leach had lived and died, "and let us all have at him." But the death penalty does not let us all have at him in the way Mr. Leach seems to mean. What he wants is for something as horrifying as what happened to his child to happen to Ted Bundy. And that is impossible.

In this essay Anna Quindlen defends the claim that we should not practice capital punishment. She states her argument explicitly at the beginning of the last paragraph: "the death penalty is wrong, not only because it consists of stooping to the level of the killers, but also because it is not what it seems." That argument is initially suggested to the reader by the title "Death Penalty's False Promise."

Throughout the work she cleverly supports the claim with examples and her own personal experiences. The warrant that makes her support credible is that our society is civilized and that a civilized society cannot exact the retribution that our emotions tell us that criminals who are convicted of horrible crimes deserve.

FOUR KINDS OF PERSUASIVE WRITING

The success of persuasive writing depends on whether or not the reader accepts the writer's position. As we have seen, the initial support for the claim comes in the form of direct support, an assertion that explains why the writer is making the claim. In addition, to gain that acceptance, the writer of persuasion may use any of four appeals. Each of these four appeals (personal, emotional, rational, and stylistic) focuses on a different aspect of the problem of persuasion.

THE PERSONAL APPEAL

Personal appeal focuses on the credibility of the writer. A positive image of the writer is put forth. If the writer can be presented in a favorable light, then the audience is more likely to accept the argument. The following characteristics can be found in writing using the personal appeal.

- The writer's identification with the reader is shown.
- The writer is presented as an expert on the issue.
- The writer's good intentions are revealed.
- The writer's honesty is asserted.

Reader Identification

The persuasive writer using a personal appeal appears to be part of the same group as the reader, using the same language and sharing the same values. The writer may use slang and jargon that the audience would use or accept. If the writer is successful at establishing this identification with the reader, then the task of persuasion is much easier.

Expertness

The writer appears to know what he or she is talking about. If the writer is accepted as an expert, the reader is more likely to believe any statements the writer makes. Three ways of making the writer appear to be an expert are by referring to personal experience, by citing some authority, and by endorsements.

Sometimes writers tell us about *their own experiences* as evidence of their expertise. The writer says "I've been there; I know what it's like."

Other writers introduce themselves as *authorities.* They claim to have studied the issue and areas that relate to it.

In advertising we see products *endorsed* by celebrities who are probably not experts on anything. The fact that they are celebrities, nevertheless, gives credibility to the product they are promoting.

The writer expresses the intention of helping the reader. In fact, the writer might say "I have your best interests at heart." If the audience believes that the writer is working for them, they are more likely to accept the writer's argument.

The writer asserts that he or she is honest and might even say, "I'm being honest with you." That the reader sees the writer as truthful is important to the success of the persuasion. As readers, we aren't likely to accept the arguments of anyone we believe to be dishonest.

AN EXAMPLE

In this speech, delivered in 1775 by Patrick Henry to the Virginia Convention, we can see an extensive use of personal appeal. Henry addresses the issue of whether or not Americans should unite against the British and go to war if necessary. An important part of his strategy to gain support for the Revolution is to present himself as a credible person.

Speech Before the Virginia Convention

PATRICK HENRY

No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subjects in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely, and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part,

whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble application? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hand of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength from irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on

our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

Patrick Henry begins this speech by trying to present a positive image of himself. In the first two sentences, he tries to establish a common ground with his opponents by acknowledging their patriotism. Later in the first paragraph, he puts himself in a high moral position by saying that he would think of himself as "guilty of treason" if he did not speak.

In the second paragraph he presents himself as an honest man in search of the truth when he says, "For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, 1 am willing to know the whole truth. . . ." He reinforces the impression of honesty by pursuing the truth when, in the third paragraph, he says, "Let us not deceive ourselves...."

Throughout the speech he exhibits an identification with the audience by his continual use of first person plural pronouns (We, *us, our, ourselves).* In that way, he makes *his* statements *their* statements.

He asserts his position as an authority by referring to the "lamp of experience" by which his "feet are guided." His recounting of the past experiences of the colonies reinforces the idea that he knows what he is talking about.

Finally, in the famous concluding sentence, Henry asserts his good intentions and his highly moral position by saying, "I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

THE EMOTIONAL APPEAL

The emotional appeal is the most direct of the four appeals of persuasive writing. With it, the writer seeks to arouse the reader's emotions and thereby affect how the reader sees the issue in question. It is a very powerful appeal and so it is sometimes abused by unscrupulous writers. The following characteristics are apparent in persuasive writing with an emotional appeal.

- The reader's desires, needs, and/or fear are appealed to.
- The importance of the issue is shown.
- The benefit to be derived from accepting the writer's position on the issue is shown.
- The good intentions of the writer are supported.

Appeal to Desires, Needs, and Fears

By using the emotional appeal, the writer presents images that have a strong emotional context, appealing to desires, needs, or fears. For example, we all want to belong to some group and we fear being seen as an outcast. If the writer can make us feel that having a certain belief or owning a particular product will make us *belong, we* may be more likely to accept the argument that goes along with the appeal. Almost any emotion can be manipulated by the clever writer.

Importance of the Issue

The appeal to the emotions of the reader emphasizes the importance of the issue. Because emotions are engaged, the reader *feels* the urgency of the persuasive claim.

Explanation of the Benefits

The benefit to the reader of accepting the writer's position supposedly will be that the reader's fears won't become a reality or the reader's desires will come true. This offering of a benefit helps to reinforce the claim.

Support for Good Intentions

The emotions aroused in the reader may support the good intentions of the writer; that is, they provide evidence that the writer is trying to help. The writer is seen as an instrument for achieving the reader's desires or needs.

AN EXAMPLE

Jonathan Edwards was one of the most famous Puritan ministers in Colonial America. Noted for his effectiveness in the pulpit, he was a master of the use

of emotional appeals. The following example is from "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," the best-known sermon in American history. It illustrates how a skilled writer and speaker can manipulate the emotions of an audience.

Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God

JONATHAN EDWARDS

Your wickedness makes you as it were heavy as lead, and to tend downwards with great weight and pressure towards hell; and if God should let you go, you would immediately sink and swiftly descend and plunge into the bottomless gulf, and your healthy constitution, and your own care and prudence, and best contrivance, and all your righteousness, would have no more influence to uphold you and keep you out of hell, than a spider's web would have to stop a falling rock. Were it not that so is the sovereign pleasure of God, the earth would not bear you one moment; for you are a burden to it; the creation groans with you; the creature is made the subject to the bondage of your corruption, not willingly; the sun does not willingly shine upon you to give you light to serve sin and Satan; the earth does not willingly yield her increase to satisfy your lusts; nor is it willingly a stage for your wickedness to be acted upon; the air does not willingly serve you for breath to maintain the flame of life in your vitals while you spend your life in the service of God's enemies. God's creatures are good, and were made for men to serve God abused to purposes so directly contrary to their nature and end. And the world would spew you out, were it not for the sovereign hand of Him who hath subjected your heads, full of the dreadful storm and big with thunder; and were it not for the restraining hand of God, it would immediately burst forth upon you. The sovereign pleasure of God, for the present, stays His rough wind; otherwise it would come with fury, and your destruction would come like a whirlwind, and you would be like the chaff of the summer threshing floor.

The wrath of God is like great waters that are dammed for the present; they increase more and more, and rise higher and higher, till an outlet is given; and the longer the stream is stopped, the more rapid and mighty is its course when once it is let loose. It is true that judgment against your evil works has not been executed hitherto; the floods of God's vengeance have been withheld; but your guilt in the meantime is constantly increasing, and you are every day treasuring up more wrath; the waters are continually rising and waxing more and more mighty; and there is nothing but the mere pleasure of God that holds the waters back that are unwilling to be stopped and press hard to go forward. If God should only withdraw His hand from the floodgate, it would immediately fly open, and the fiery floods of the fierceness and wrath of God would rush forth with inconceivable fury and would come upon you with omnipotent power; and if your strength were ten thousand times greater than it is, yea ten thousand times greater than the strength of the stoutest, sturdiest devil in hell, it would be nothing to withstand or endure it.

The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string and justice bends the arrow at your heart and strains the bow, and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God, and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all, that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood. Thus are all you that never passed under a great change of heart, by the mighty power of the Spirit of God upon your souls; all that were never born again, and made new creatures, and raised from being dead in sin, to a state of new, and before altogether unexperienced light and life, are in the hands of an angry God. However you may have reformed your life in many things, and may have had religious affections, and keep up a form of religion in your families and closets, and in the house of God, it is nothing but His mere pleasure that keeps you from being this moment swallowed up in everlasting destruction. However unconvinced you may now be of the truth of what you hear, by and by you will be fully convinced of it. Those that are gone from being in the like circumstances with you see that it was so with them; for destruction came suddenly upon most of them; when they expected nothing of it and while they were saying, "peace and safety;" now they see that those things that they depended for peace and safety, were nothing but thin air and empty shadows.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked: His wrath towards you burns like fire; He looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; He is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in His sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in His eyes than the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended Him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince; and yet it is nothing but His hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment. It is to be ascribed to nothing else, that you did not go to hell the last night; that you were suffered to awake against in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep. And there is no other reason to be given why you have not dropped into hell, since you have sat here in the house of God, provoking His pure eyes by your sinful wicked manner of attending. His solemn worship. Yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not this very moment drop down into hell.

0 sinner! Consider the fearful danger you are in: it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God, whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you, as against many of the damned in hell. You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it and ready every moment to singe it, and burn it asunder; and you have no interest in any Mediator and nothing to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames of wrath, nothing of your own, nothing that you ever have done, nothing that you can do to induce God to spare you one moment.

Edwards establishes the importance of the issue—eternal damnation. He tries to convince his audience—those who have "never passed under a great change of heart," those who have never been "born again, and made new creatures"—that they are in "fearful danger." To persuade them of this, Edwards presents a frightening picture of eternal damnation and God's wrath. Such images as God holding the sinner over "the pit of hell . . . as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire" and the sinner hanging "by a slender thread with flames of divine wrath flashing around it" are calculated to arouse the emotions of fear and disgust. Those emotions may have had a powerful effect on Edwards' audiences, convincing them to examine their lives for evidence that they are one of God's elect.

THE RATIONAL APPEAL

Rational appeal is an attempt to persuade by using language structures that are associated with mental processes we call logical. The following characteristics appear in persuasive writing that uses rational appeal.

- Assertions are made and the opposing view may be refuted.
- The expertness of the writer is supported.
- Common sense is appealed to.
- Logical structures are used.

Assertions and Refutations

An assertion is a statement supporting the issue. The writer may make a direct assertion like, "My position is correct" or "My proposal will benefit you." Such unsupported assertions have a power of their own. In addition to making assertions, the writer may attack the opposing view and try to refute the arguments of the opposition.

Expertise

The use of logic (or that which appears to be logical) supports the impression that the writer is an expert. Indeed, anyone's expertise depends on having facts and logical proofs at hand. The writer of persuasion may present facts without intending to use them in a logical way. The presentation of facts and statistics may have an effect on the undiscriminating reader, even if the information is not relevant to the issue.

Common Sense

The appeal to common sense is an effort to take advantage of what people may regard as native good judgment, those ideas that emphasize the common feelings of humanity. When people say, "It's just common sense," they mean that

their assertions should be obvious to everybody and that anyone who doesn't see the obvious, doesn't have any common sense. Such assertions seem to stand on their own without needing any support.

Logical Structures

Using logical structures involves the application of the principles of deductive and inductive reasoning.

Deductive Reasoning

Deductive reasoning is the kind of logical process that draws particular truths from general truths. The structure of the deductive process can be seen most clearly in the syllogism.

A **syllogism** consists of three statements: a major premise, a minor premise, and a conclusion. If the major and minor premises are true, then the conclusion must be true. It cannot be otherwise. The following illustrates the structure of a syllogism.

Major Premise: All men are foolish.
Minor Premise: Harvey is a man.
Conclusion: Therefore, Harvey is foolish.

An **enthymeme** is an abbreviated syllogism in which one of the premises is omitted. The enthymeme often appears in persuasive writing because the writer may not want the reader to be aware that one of the premises is missing. In addition, the reader may grow impatient with a full blown deductive argument. In the following enthymeme, derived from the syllogism above, the major premise is omitted.

Harvey is foolish because he is a man.

Slogans, proverbs, aphorisms, and adages represent another abbreviated form of deduction. Such statements seem to ring true when we hear them, but the problem with them is obvious when we pair one with another one that contradicts it.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
but
Out of sight, out of mind.

You're never too old to learn.
but
You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

but

All things come to those who wait.

Inductive Reasoning

Inductive reasoning moves from particular to general. That is, a general truth (conclusion) is derived from particular instances (evidence).

Evidence is a compilation of facts, observations, and data that supports the inductive thesis. Reasoning from evidence is the kind of inductive reasoning we are concerned with in interpretive writing. (This kind of reasoning will be discussed more extensively in Chapter 4.) Although evidence may be presented in practically any form, facts are often given numerical values and used in the form of statistics.

Evidence may be used as a part of an inductive persuasive argument, but a relevant example, selected for its appropriateness to the claim, may be more convincing to the reader than a mass of facts and figures. Examples represent an abbreviation of evidence and typically appear in persuasive writing.

Used as a rational appeal, an analogy can be quite persuasive, but it can only be pushed to the limits the reader will accept. For instance, we might argue that the principles of law that govern the business world and professions like medicine and law ought to apply to education, that schools ought to be held accountable for negligence and failure to perform. Such an argument is an analogy. Whether or not that argument will be accepted depends, at least in part, on the audience being addressed.

AN EXAMPLE

Susan B. Anthony was a driving force in the movement to get the vote for women in America. The following speech, reportedly her favorite, reflects a commitment not only to the suffrage movement, but also to remedying the economic exploitation of women. In it she makes extensive use of the rational appeal.

Woman Wants Bread, Not the Ballot!

U/^htt Hot QfiJJLctl

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Wherever, on the face of the globe or on the page of history, you show me a disfranchised class, I will show you a degraded class of labor. Disfranchisement means inability to make, shape or control one's own circumstances. The disfranchised must always do the work, accept the wages, occupy the position the enfranchised assign to them. The disfranchised are in the position of the pauper. You remember the old adage, "Beggars must not be choosers;" they must take what they can get or nothing! That is exactly the position of

women in the world of work today; they can not choose. If they could, do you for a moment believe they would take the subordinate places and the inferior pay? Nor is it a "new thing under the sun" for the disfranchised, the inferior classes weighed down with wrongs, to declare they "do not want to vote." The rank and file are not philosophers, they are not educated to think of themselves, but simply to accept, unquestioned, whatever comes.

Years ago in England when the working men, starving in the mines and factories, gathered in mobs and took bread wherever they could get it, their friends tried to educate them into a knowledge of the causes of their poverty and degradation. At one of these "monster bread meetings," held in Manchester, John Bright said to them, "Workingmen, what you need to bring to you cheap bread and plenty of it, is the franchise;" but those ignorant men shouted back to Mr. Bright, precisely as the women of American do to us today, "It is not the vote we want, it is bread. . . ."

But at length, through the persistent demands of a little handful of reformers, there was introduced into the British Parliament the "household suffrage" bill of 1867. . . . The opposition was championed by Robert Lowe, who presented all the stock objections to the extension of the franchise to "those ignorant, degraded working men," as he called them, that ever were presented in this country against giving the ballot to the negroes, and that are today being urged against the enfranchisement of women. . . . But notwithstanding Mr. Lowe's persistent opposition, the bill became a law; and before the session closed, that same individual moved that Parliament, having enfranchised these men, should now make an appropriation for the establishment and support of schools for the education of them and their sons. Now mark you his reason why! "Unless they are educated," said he, "they will be the means of overturning the throne of England." So long as these poor men in the mines and factories had not the right to vote, the power to make and unmake the laws and lawmakers, to help or hurt the government, no measure ever had been proposed for their benefit although they were ground under the heel of the capitalists to a condition of abject slavery. But the moment this power is placed in their hands, before they have used it even once, this bitterest enemy to their possessing it is the first man to spring to his feet and make this motion for the most beneficent measure possible in their behalf-public schools for the education of themselves and their children. . . .

The great distinctive advantage possessed by the workingmen of this republic is that the son of the humblest citizen, black or white, has equal chances with the son of the richest in the land if he takes advantage of the public schools, the colleges and the many opportunities freely offered. It is this equality of rights which makes our nation a home for the oppressed of all the monarchies of the old world.

And yet, notwithstanding the declaration of our Revolutionary fathers, "all men created equal," "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," "taxation and representation inseparable"—notwithstanding all these grand enunciations, our government was founded upon the blood

and bones of half a million human beings, bought and sold as chattels in the market. Nearly all the original thirteen States had property qualifications which disfranchised poor white men as well as women and negroes.. ..

It is said women do not need the ballot for their protection because they are supported by men. Statistics show that there are 3,000,000 women in this nation supporting themselves. In the crowded cities of the East they are compelled to work in shops, stores and factories for the merest pittance. In New York alone, there are over 50,000 of these women receiving less than fifty cents a day. Women wage-earners in different occupations have organized themselves into trades unions, from time to time, and made their strikes to get justice at the hands of their employers just as men have done, but I have yet to learn of a successful strike of any body of women. The best organized one I ever knew was that of the collar laundry women of the city of Troy, N.Y., the great emporium for the manufacture of shirts, collars and cuffs. They formed a trades union of several hundred members and demanded an increase of wages. It was refused. So one May morning in 1867, and for three long months not one returned to the factories. At the end of that time they were literally starved out, and the majority of them were compelled to go back, but not at their old wages, for their employers cut them down to even a lower figure.

In the winter following I met the president of this union, a bright young Irish girl, and asked her, "Do you not think if you had been 500 carpenters or 500 masons, you would have succeeded?" "Certainly," she said, and then she told me of 200 brick layers who had the year before been on strike and gained every point with their employers. "What could have made the difference? Their 200 were but a fraction of that trade, while your 500 absolutely controlled yours." Finally she said, "It was because the editors ridiculed and denounced us." "Did they ridicule and denounce the bricklayers?" "No." "What did they say about you?" "Why, that our wages were good enough now, better than those of any other working women except teachers; and if we weren't satisfied, we had better go and get married. . . . It must have been because our employers bribed the editors. . . ." In the case of the bricklayers, no editor, either Democrat or Republican, would have accepted the proffer of a bribe, because he would have known that if he denounced or ridiculed those men, not only they but all the trades union men of the city at the next election would vote solidly against the nominees advocated by that editor. If those collar laundry women had been voters, they would have held, in that little city of Troy, the "balance of power". . ..

There are many women equally well qualified with men for principals and superintendents of schools, and yet, while three-fourths of the teachers are women, nearly all of them are relegated to subordinate positions of half or at most two-thirds the salaries paid to men. . . . Sex alone settles the question.

And then again you say, "Capital, not the vote, regulates labor." Granted, for the sake of argument, that capital does control the labor of women . . .

> but no one with eyes to see and ears to hear, will concede for a moment that capital absolutely dominates the work and wages of the free and enfranchised men of this republic. It is in order to lift the millions of our wage-earning women into a position of as much power over their own labor as men possess that they should be invested with the franchise. This ought to be done not only for the sake of just women, but to the men with whom they compete; for, just so long as there is a degraded class of labor in the market, it always will be used by the capitalists to checkmate and undermine the superior classes.
>
> Now that as a result of the agitation for equality of chances, and through the invention of machinery, there has come a great revolution in the world of economics, so that wherever a man may go to earn an honest dollar a woman may go also, there is no escape from the conclusion that she must be clothed with equal power to protect herself. That power is the ballot, the symbol of freedom and equality, without which no citizen is sure of keeping even that which he hath, much less of getting that which he hath not.

In this speech Anthony uses rational appeal to support her claim that women's need for the right to vote is a necessary prerequisite for correcting the conditions of working women in America. Throughout the speech she uses examples to support her claim that the right to vote is essential if women are to improve their situation in the workplace.

Her reference to the "household suffrage bill," passed by the British Parliament in 1867, supports her position by showing how even the opponents of the bill, as a result of its passage, began to support educational reform.

She uses a second example, a failed strike by the collar laundry women of Troy, New York, to show that the right to vote is essential for economic independence.

THE STYLISTIC APPEAL

The stylistic appeal convinces by presenting pleasing images that entice the reader to accept the claim of the persuader. The following characteristics are usually present in a stylistic appeal.

- Aesthetically pleasing images and/or symbols are presented.
- Concrete, graphic imagery is used.
- Startling, unusual images and/or dramatic situations to get the attention of the reader are used.
- Images that are consistent with the social or cultural myths are used.

Aesthetically Pleasing Images

Those images that are pleasing tend to make the reader accept the message being presented. Such images are frequently the kinds used in literary writing.

Concrete Imagery

Concrete, graphic imagery is used because it arrests the reader's attention. If the reader is intrigued by and subsequently engaged in the images presented, then the persuasive claim is enhanced.

Startling, Unusual Images, Dramatic Situations

The images designed to get the attention of the reader work because they present ideas that are startling and unusual. Dramatic episodes that have the appearance of literary narratives are also used to get the reader's attention.

Images Consistent with Social or Cultural Myth

Images that are consistent with a current social or cultural myth will be readily accepted by the reader. The reader, more than likely, already has accepted the cultural myth. If the writer can show that his or her position is in line with the accepted myth, the reader will be more willing to accept the argument.

AN EXAMPLE

The following advertisement illustrates the use of stylistic appeal.

Crisscross Cord Shirt

THE TERRITORY AHEAD

If you're shy, this isn't the shirt for you. The fabric—a richly colored, cross-hatched cotton corduroy—is so supremely soft and texturey, it has a tendency to attract unsolicited attention. In fact, when our V.P. of Merchandising wore it on a recent trip, an otherwise well-mannered young woman had to be gently dissuaded from stroking his sleeve long enough for him to board his plan home. Details include a spread collar; button-through patch pockets; handsome, wood-style buttons; and a box pleat in back. Imported in Olive; Barn Red; Amber; Blue-Gray; Plum.



Reg. Sizes: S-XXL. 143004 $59.50
Tall Sizes: MT-XXLT. 143181 $65.50

The descriptive detail "supremely soft and texturey," together with the intriguing narrative about "unsolicited attention," create a compelling stylistic appeal. The description is created to prompt the reader to imagine himself wearing one of the "richly coloured" shirts and having to "gently" discourage the attentions of a "young woman."

COMBINATIONS

Personal appeal and stylistic appeal rarely appear alone. They are most often used in combination with rational and emotional appeals. Some appeals inevitably appear with others. For instance, an example used as a rational appeal may have a strong emotional appeal as well. The use of all four appeals in the same piece of persuasive writing is not at all unusual.

WRITING STRATEGIES

The most important consideration in creating a persuasive argument is to know the audience. Remember that persuasion is the most pragmatic of the kinds of writing. The purpose of persuasion is the practical matter of convincing the reader of the Tightness of your position and perhaps moving the reader to act on that conviction. The appropriateness of the appeals you use depends upon your understanding of the nature of the audience. As a result, an important part of the process of writing persuasion is to figure out the values and beliefs of the specific audience you are addressing.

Consider these questions as you begin drafting your persuasive paper.

- Who is your audience?
- How can you create interest in your topic?
- How can you establish your credibility as an authority?
- What values do your readers have that would predispose them to agree with your position?
- What issue are you addressing?
- What is your position on this issue?
- State your position as a thesis statement.
- What background will your audience need to understand your argument?
- What appeals could you use to support your thesis?
- What reasons support your argument?
- How would you answer objections to your position?
- What are the implications of your argument?
- What emotional appeal best supports your argument?



Referential Writing

eferential writing overwhelms us in modern life. At no time in history has there been such a profusion of documents designed to explain our world. Business, industry, science, academia, government, and the news media all produce massive quantities of information. Libraries devote an enormous amount of space to the storage of reference works, research materials, scholarly journals, government publications, scientific treatises, news reports as well as other kinds of referential writing. When we call ours the *Information Age,* we are referring in large part to this explosion in the production of referential writing.

In all its various forms, the purpose of referential writing is to explain a topic. The explanation will have four features: thesis, evidence, validity, and topic-oriented language.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

- A thesis is present.
- Evidence consistent with the thesis is offered.
- The validity of the evidence is apparent.
- Topic-oriented language is used.

THESIS

A thesis is a generalization about the content of the work that tells the reader what the focus of the presentation will be. In other words, the thesis indicates how the topic will be explained. Although a thesis statement may appear anywhere in the work, it is usually included in the introduction where the scope of the discussion is set out. The nature of the thesis depends on the kind of subject matter presented.

The following are examples of referential thesis statements.

- A number of European countries have abandoned the use of nuclear reactors as a way to produce electricity.

- Dietary changes can improve health for many people.
- Many new immigrants to the United States still believe in the "American Dream."

Each of these statements is a generalization indicating the main idea to be addressed in a paper.

A thesis in referential writing differs from a claim in persuasion in that the referential thesis focuses on an examination of the subject matter rather than presenting a defense of one side of an issue. For example, the referential thesis that there is a high correlation between fast driving and accidents is different from the persuasive claim that people ought to slow down when they drive. Even though some of the same information might be included in a paper on each subject, the intent of the two would be different. One would be referential and the other would be persuasive.

EVIDENCE

Evidence included in referential writing will provide support for the thesis. Evidence may take the form of facts, questions, or other details to help explain the topic. The evidence needed in the paper is implicit in the thesis. A paper explaining the changes in the use of nuclear energy in Europe would include evidence giving specific examples of countries in Europe where the change had occurred. A paper about the connection between diet and health might have evidence consisting of empirical studies that show a correlation between the nutrition people had and the state of their health. A paper about immigrants' views of the "American Dream" would probably include reports of interviews with new American immigrants about their attitudes or the results of surveys designed to collect information about those attitudes.

VALIDITY

The evidence presented in referential writing has validity. The validity of that evidence is apparent to the reader, either because the facts themselves are indisputable or because the logic of the presentation is clear. Validity is ensured by an attention to data that can be supported in some way, either by some authority (the credibility of the writer) or by logic.

In most cases we assume that the information included in referential writing is accurate and that if false information is presented, it will be corrected. For instance, when a credible newspaper prints a story, we assume that the report is valid because of our previous dealings with that newspaper. When a scientist publishes research findings, we assume that the information reported is valid because of our knowledge of the nature of scientific investigation. And in both cases we assume that any distorted information or inaccurate data will be quickly corrected or explained.

In addition, if facts presented by the writer correspond to what we already know about the subject, that is, conform to common knowledge, then we have more confidence in the information presented. For example, if the writer refers to historical events that we already have some knowledge of, then the validity of the information will be reinforced.

TOPIC-ORIENTED LANGUAGE

The language used in referential writing will be appropriate to the topic; as a result the topic will control the kind of language used. The information presented will be accurate and concepts will be clearly stated. Third person pronouns are typically used. Conventions of standard usage are followed and unambiguous terms are used.

The degree of formality in referential writing will depend on how the topic is treated. Some kinds of referential writing are more formal than others. Articles in academic journals and scientific studies, for instance, usually demand a fairly formal presentation. News reports, though less formal than scholarly works, are more formal than feature articles, human interest stories, and speculative essays, which may allow some degree of subjectivity and authorial intrusion.

AN EXAMPLE

In the following example, the famed naturalist John Muir offers an explanation of a body of evidence to support his thesis. This example illustrates the general characteristics of referential writing.

Where the Sequoia Grows

JOHN MUIR

It is generally believed that this grand Sequoia was once far more widely distributed over the Sierra; but after long and careful study I have come to the conclusion that it never was, at least since the close of the glacial period, because a diligent search along the margins of the groves, and in the gaps between, fails to reveal a single trace of its previous existence beyond its present bounds. Notwithstanding, I feel confident that if every Sequoia in the range were to die today, numerous monuments of their existence would remain, of so imperishable a nature as to be available for the student more than ten thousand years hence.

In the first place we might notice that no species of coniferous tree in the range keeps its individuals so well together as Sequoia; a mile is perhaps the greatest distance of any straggler from the main body, and all of these stragglers that have come under my observation are young, instead of old monumental trees, relics of a more extended growth.

Again, Sequoia trunks frequently endure for centuries after they fall. I have a specimen block, cut from a fallen trunk, which is hardly distinguishable from specimens cut from living trees, although the old trunk-fragment from which it was derived has lain in the damp forest more than 380 years, probably twice as long. The time measure in the case is simply this: when the ponderous trunk to which the old vestige belonged fell, it sunk itself into the ground, thus making a long, straight ditch, and in the middle of this ditch a Silver Fir is growing that is now four feet in diameter and 380 years old, as determined by cutting it half through and counting the rings, thus demonstrating that the remnant of the trunk that made the ditch has lain on the ground more than 380 years. For it is evident that to find the whole time, we must add to the 380 years the time that the vanished portion of the trunk lay in the ditch before being burned out of the way, plus the time that passed before the seed from which the monumental fir sprang fell into the prepared soil and took root. Now, because Sequoia trunks are never wholly consumed in one forest fire, and those fires recur only at considerable intervals, and because Sequoia ditches after being cleared are often left unplanted for centuries, it becomes evident that the trunk remnant in question may probably have lain a thousand years or more. And this instance is by no means a rare one.

But admitting that upon those areas supposed to have been once covered with Sequoia every tree may have fallen, and every trunk may have been burned or buried, leaving not a remnant, many of the ditches made by the fall of the ponderous trunks, and the bowls made by their upturning roots, would remain patent for thousands of years after the last vestige of the trunks that made them had vanished. Much of this ditch-writing would no doubt be quickly effaced by the flood-action of overflowing streams and rain-washing; but no inconsiderable portion would remain enduringly engraved on the ridge-tops beyond such destructive action; for, where all the conditions are favorable, it is almost imperishable. Now these historic ditches and root bowls occur in all the present Sequoia groves and forests, but as far as I have observed, not the faintest vestige of one presents itself outside them.

We therefore conclude that the area covered by Sequoia has not been diminished during the last eight or ten thousand years, and probably not at all in post-glacial times.

In the first paragraph of this essay the author states the thesis—that the Sequoia were never more widely distributed over the Sierras than they are now. In this way the scope of the topic is defined and the kind of evidence needed to prove the thesis is suggested. Throughout the rest of the essay, the author presents evidence relevant to the thesis.

The evidence presented includes personal observations about the current range of the Sequoia groves, the existence of a trunk fragment that had been lying on the ground for over 380 years, and the absence of ditches and root bowls

created by fallen trees outside the current range. All the evidence taken together proves the thesis and makes Muir's conclusion highly probable. The evidence is valid because it is logically connected to the thesis. The validity of Muir's factual observations is self-evident. The language used to present the information is formal and objective. There is no subjective bias in the presentation.

FOUR KINDS OF REFERENTIAL WRITING

Referential writing can be divided into four groups—informative, interpretive, exploratory, and reflective—each with a different focus for explaining the topic.

THE INFORMATIVE Focus

In referential writing with an informative focus, the writer presents the information, but does not do anything more with that information. The objective of such writing is simply to present the facts to the reader.

Referential writing with an informative focus has four characteristics.

- The thesis is a summative generalization of the content.
- Factual language is used.
- The evidence is comprehensive.
- Surprise value is maintained.

Summative Generalization

As with all referential thesis statements, an informative thesis will be a generalization. The informative thesis will present the most general information on the topic. For example, the following thesis statement would be the most general statement included in a report about a train wreck: *A train derailed after hitting a truck at a railway crossing in northern Illinois this weekend.* The statement would provide the basis for other evidence that would follow it. More specific evidence would be needed to fill in the details of the accident and provide a full explanation.

An informative thesis would not contain inferences or ask questions about the evidence, but instead would simply be a summation of the details of the written work.

Factuality

A fact is anything that is verifiable or that has real, demonstrable existence. If something is a fact, it can be verified. For instance, the Preface to *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* says that the volume contains 450,000 words. The fact, the number of words in the dictionary, is something that can be verified objectively (by counting them). Most people probably wouldn't actually count

the number of words in the dictionary. They would simply accept the word of the publisher. That's how most of us deal with information. As readers, we don't usually set about trying to verify everything we read. If we read something in the newspaper, we probably accept the item as factual (assuming that we believe that the newspaper is a credible source of information and that the paper would print a correction if it had made an error). Our past experiences with publishing tell us which sources are credible and which are not. We are always aware that if a bit of information is a fact, it can be verified.

Attributions (telling where the information comes from) are not necessary if the facts are common knowledge. If the facts being presented are not common knowledge, identifying the source of the information is essential. Research papers exemplify this feature.

In research papers using the MLA style of documentation, complete information on the sources used is given on the last page of the paper under "Works Cited." In the body of the paper the only information that needs to be given is the exact page number from which the information is taken and any other information that is necessary (usually the name of the author) to enable the reader to find the source in the "Works Cited" list.

Comprehensiveness

A work is comprehensive if it contains all the information necessary to inform the reader about the topic. But just how much is enough? This is sometimes a difficult question to answer. Part of the answer depends on the pattern of organization used (see Chapters 5-8). For example, to be comprehensive, a physical description of a person, a place, or an object would need to include enough detail so that a reader would be able to visualize the thing being described. A narrative would need to include all events necessary so that the reader could understand the entire sequence. When writing news stories, journalists make sure that they answer the questions: who? what? when? where? why? and how? The answers to those questions ensure that the basic facts of an event are reported in the story.

Comprehensiveness may also be determined by how the information is to be used. For instance, many dictionaries have far fewer than the 450,000 words contained in *Webster's Third New International Dictionary,* and yet they achieve comprehensiveness because their use is limited to looking up the most commonly used words.

Another consideration that determines whether or not a work is comprehensive is the audience for whom the work is intended. For example, although the *World Book Encyclopedia* contains much less information than the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* it does achieve comprehensiveness because it's aimed at a much younger audience that presumably would find it more difficult to use a work as comprehensive as the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

Surprise Value

Surprise value is the extent to which reader interest is maintained. Information is *surprising* if the reader has an interest in the facts presented. Those facts are surprising if the reader's response to the information is "I didn't know that." Once the information is known, the surprise value diminishes for that particular reader. But another reader, unfamiliar with the same information, may find it surprising. Informative writing does not bear repetition in the way that literary writing does. We may read a news story again, but only because we want to see the information again, not because we find it aesthetically pleasing.

The arrangement of the facts in a news story usually reflects the emphasis on surprise value. The most important facts, those with the most surprise value, are given first. Less important facts follow and may be skipped over by the reader (or omitted by the editor before the story is printed).

AN EXAMPLE

In this informative excerpt from *Wild Heritage* (1965), Sally Carrighar presents facts about the field of ethology. By explaining what ethologists do, she develops an extended definition of the term *ethology*.

Ethology

SALLY CARRIGHAR

By . . . the 1920's and 1930's, there was a new generation of biologists and many were ready to listen. While some of them have preferred to do their work in laboratories, others have gone out of doors, to make a real science of animal observation. They call themselves, these co-operating indoor and outdoor men, ethologists, and it is largely due to their efforts that we now have a reliable body of knowledge about our animal forebears.

For laymen ethology is probably the most interesting of the biological sciences for the very reason that it concerns animals in their normal activities and therefore, if we wish, we can assess the possible dangers and advantages in our own behavioral roots. Ethology also is interesting methodologically because it combines in new ways very scrupulous field observations with experimentation in laboratories.

The field workers have had some handicaps in winning respect for themselves. For a long time they were considered as little better than amateur animal-watchers—certainly not scientists, since their facts were not gained by experimental procedures: they could not conform to the hard-and-fast rule that a problem set up and solved by one scientist must be tested by other scientists, under identical conditions and reaching identical results. Of course many situations in the lives of animals simply cannot be rehearsed and controlled in this way. The fall flocking of wild free birds can't be, or the homing

of animals over long distances, or even details of spontaneous family relationships. Since these never can be reproduced in a laboratory, are they then not worth knowing about?

The ethologists who choose field work have got themselves out of this impasse by greatly refining the techniques of observing. At the start of a project all the animals to be studied are live-trapped, marked individually, and released. Motion pictures, often in color, provide permanent records of their subsequent activities. Recording of the animals' voices by electrical sound equipment is considered essential, and the most meticulous notes are kept of all that occurs. With this material other biologists, far from the scene, later can verify the reports. Moreover, two field observers often go out together, checking each other's observations right there in the field.

Ethology, the word, is derived from the Greek *ethos,* meaning the characteristic traits or features which distinguish a group—any particular group of people or, in biology, a group of animals such as a species. Ethologists have the intention, as William H. Thorpe explains, of studying "the whole sequence of acts which constitute an animal's behavior." In abridged dictionaries ethology is sometimes defined simply as "the objective study of animal behavior," and ethologists do emphasize their wish to eliminate myths.

Perhaps the most original aspect of ethology is the way that field observation is combined with experimentation in laboratories. Although the flocking of birds cannot be studied indoors, many other significant actions of animals that are seen only infrequently in the field, or seen only as hints, may be followed up later with indoor tests. Likewise investigations made first in laboratories can be checked by observations of animals ranging free in their normal environments.

Suppose that a field man, watching marked individuals, notes that an infant animal, a, is nursed by a female, 8, known not to be its mother. Later he sees other instances of such maternal generosity. Is this willingness on the female's part a case of inherited behavior, or has it been picked up as one of the social customs of the species; that is, is it *learned!* Does it mean that all the adult females of this species feel some responsibility for the young, and if so, is such a tendency innate, or could behavior like that be acquired?

Elephant mothers are among those which give milk to offspring not their own. A group of elephants cannot very well be confined in a laboratory; but if the field worker is concerned with a species of smaller animals, he can bring newborn young into captivity, raise them and mate them there, and then note the behavior of the new mothers. Since they never have seen other females nursing young, their actions will be innate, inherited. And if it does turn out that one of these females will nurse any young that come to her, it will further have to be determined whether she recognizes her own. That question too can be answered in the laboratory; it is an easy problem for an experimental psychologist. By such techniques it has been found, for example, that in the species of small brown bats called Myotis *myotis* the mothers do know their own young and likewise will nurse any hungry infant regardless of blood rela-

tionship. This maternal behavior could have been observed in a colony of animals kept for generations indoors, but since the habitat there is artificial, the only way to know whether the behavior is normal to the species was to observe it first in animals living free in their natural world. Only by such a combination of laboratory and field work can instincts and acquired characteristics be distinguished. The value of knowledge like that is so great that the wonder is why such cooperation had not developed much earlier.

This work presents the reader with facts about the field of ethology, addressing both the derivation of the word itself and the processes used by ethologists in their study of animal behavior. The comprehensiveness of the topic is controlled by the limitations of her definitions. She develops the work by using examples of the work done by ethologists. These examples help give the work its validity. Her use of a specialized vocabulary also contributes to the validity of the work as well as to the objectivity of its tone.

THE INTERPRETIVE FOCUS

Referential writing with an interpretive focus is an attempt to explain the meaning of the evidence presented. The writer, through the use of logic, attempts to prove the validity of the interpretation. Scholarly works in all the academic disciplines usually have an interpretive focus. Biologists explain the laws governing life on Earth; literary critics interpret novels and poems; psychologists analyze the functioning of the human mind; physicists explore the forces controlling matter and energy. No matter where we look in the academic world, scholars and scientists are trying to offer logical explanations of the various subjects studied in their disciplines.

Four characteristics define referential writing with an interpretive focus.

- The thesis is an inference about the meaning of the evidence.
- Proof is provided by the evidence.
- Objective language is used.
- Evidence is presented deductively and/or inductively.

Inference

The thesis is an inference that explains in general terms what the evidence means. For example, the thesis statement "Some industries are causing water pollution by discharging toxic chemicals" is an inference that would explain the meaning of evidence gathered through a scientific analysis of any affected bodies of water.

Proof

The evidence presented in interpretive writing provides the proof supporting the inference that is implicit in the thesis. All the evidence included is necessary so that the reader can understand the legitimacy of the thesis. For example, to prove that a particular industry was causing water pollution, a researcher would have to present evidence that toxic chemicals produced by the industry were present in the water in large amounts. The evidence would probably contain data derived from an analysis of the water in question.

Objectivity

The presentation of evidence in interpretive writing is objective. The writer uses denotative language. Language that is biased and slanted is excluded. Conventions of standard usage are followed and unambiguous terms are used.

Any specialized terms must be defined accurately because the definition of a term may affect the validity of the proof. In many academic disciplines certain words have very special meanings that are different from common definitions.

Deductive and Inductive Reasoning

Deductive and inductive reasoning are methods for logical reasoning. They have been discussed to some degree already in Chapter 3, but in this chapter we look at these concepts as they are used in proving the validity of interpretations.

Deductive Reasoning

Deductive reasoning is a purely logical process moving from the general to the specific. The syllogism reflects this aspect of deductive reasoning. Deduction draws particular truths from some general truth. The conclusion is implicit in the premises. The kind of syllogism examined in Chapter 3 is called a **categorical syllogism** because it sets up a category and shows that some individual case does or does not fit into the category.

Another kind of syllogism is called the **hypothetical syllogism.** This kind of syllogism sets up a hypothesis, an *if-then* statement. The logic of the syllogism is such that if part of the *if-then* statement is true, then the conclusion must follow. The following example from Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* illustrates how both categorical and hypothetical syllogisms may appear in a deductive interpretation of a natural phenomenon.

> How will the struggle for existence . . . act in regard to variation? Can the principle of selection, which we have seen is so potent in the hands of man, apply in nature? I think we shall see that it can act most effectually. Let it be borne in mind in what an endless number

> of strange peculiarities our domestic productions, and, in a lesser degree, those under nature, vary; and how strong the hereditary tendency is. Under domestication, it may be truly said that the whole organization becomes in some degree plastic. Let it be borne in mind how infinitely complex and close-fitting are the mutual relations of all organic beings to each other and to their physical conditions of life. Can it, then be thought improbable, seeing that variations useful to man have undoubtedly occurred, that other variations useful in some way to each being in the great and complex battle of life, should sometimes occur in the course of thousands of generations? If such do occur, can we doubt (remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive) that individuals having any advantage, however slight, over others, would have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind? On the other hand, we may feel sure that any variation in the least degree injurious would be rigidly destroyed. This preservation of favorable variations and the rejection of injurious variations, I call Natural Selection. Variations neither useful nor injurious would not be affected by natural selection, and would be left a fluctuating element. . . .

In written prose the deductive argument may be more complex than a single syllogism. The essence of the deductive reasoning in Darwin's passage about natural selection can be seen in the following statements:

- Offspring vary endlessly.
- Beings have a close-fitting relationship to their environment.
- Variations useful to man occur.
- Variations useful to each being occur in nature.
- More individuals are born than can survive.
- Individuals with an advantage have the best chances of surviving and procreating.
- Individuals with variations that would be injurious would be destroyed.
- Favorable variations are preserved.
- Injurious variations are rejected.

A number of these assertions can be converted to syllogisms.

Hypothetical Syllogism

- *Major Premise:* If many variations are produced, then some will be useful.
- *Minor Premise:* Many variations are produced.
- *Conclusion:* Some are useful.

Categorical Syllogism

- *Major Premise:* Those individuals with any advantage have a better chance of surviving.
- *Minor Premise:* Individuals with favorable variations have an advantage.
- *Conclusion:* Individuals with favorable variations have a better chance of surviving.

Categorical Syllogism

- *Major Premise:* Variations passed to offspring are preserved.
- *Minor Premise:* Favorable variations are passed to offspring.
- *Conclusion:* Favorable variations are preserved.

Inductive Reasoning

Inductive reasoning moves from the specific to the general. It involves making inferences (generalizations) based on observations (specific statements). A general truth becomes known through particular, empirical observations.

The conclusions in inductive reasoning are not as certain as the conclusions arrived at by deductive reasoning. Inductive conclusions are at best highly probable. The advantage of induction is that it is self-correcting; that is, new evidence or additional evidence may alter the conclusions drawn previously.

Analogy is a simple form of induction, but its application is fairly limited. The two things being compared in an analogy have to be very similar for the inference to be valid. For example, if I bought a new pair of jeans, I could reason by analogy that since the new jeans were similar in style, price, and material to an old pair I had, then the new pair should wear about as well as the old ones did. (Analogy as a pattern of organization is also discussed in Chapters 3 & 5.)

The inductive generalization is more widely applicable than analogy. A valid inference can be made if observed events are in agreement. For instance, a field biologist might make observations about the conditions necessary for a particular species of animal to live in a given location. If the presence of certain conditions (say a limited temperature range) coincided with the presence of the animal, and the absence of those conditions coincided with the absence of the animal, then the biologist might logically conclude that the condition (temperature range) determined whether the animals would live in the habitat. Furthermore, the biologist would probably record the observations as statistics, i.e. numbers of animals, temperatures, and other variables that might affect the study.

For an inference to be valid, it must be generalizable. For instance, it would be a mistake to say that because some women between the ages of 25 and 30 leave their jobs to have children, all women between the ages of 25 and 30 will leave their jobs to have children. Such a generalization would not be very dependable.

The following example from Charles Darwin's *The Descent of Man* illustrates how interpretations are made by using an inductive reasoning process.

> Most of the more complex emotions are common to the higher animals and ourselves. Every one has seen how jealous a dog is of his master's affection, if lavished on any other creature; and I have observed the same fact with monkeys. This shows that animals not only love, but have desire to be loved. Animals manifestly feel emulation. They love approbation or praise; and a dog carrying a basket of his master exhibits in a high degree self-complacency or pride. There can, I think, be no doubt that a dog feels shame, as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food. . .. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at; and they sometimes invent imaginary offenses.

Reduced to the bare essentials of the evidence presented, Darwin's inductive reasoning would look something like this:

- Animals love and desire to be loved.
- Dogs show jealousy.
- Monkeys show jealousy.
- Animals feel emulation and pride.
- A dog carrying a basket shows self-complacency.
- Animals feel shame and modesty.
- Dogs show modesty when begging too often for food.
- Monkeys dislike being laughed at.
- *Conclusion:* Most of the more complex emotions are common to higher animals and ourselves.

The hypothetico-deductive method is an inductive technique that involves setting up a hypothesis to explain certain facts gathered by observation and then deducing new conclusions from the hypothesis and testing those conclusions by experiment. Newton's theory of gravitation is an example of the use of this method. It is the basic method of research used in the advanced sciences.

Statistics are often used as evidence to prove a thesis in writing that has an interpretive focus. Using statistical methods allows us to collect, organize, and interpret numerical information in a meaningful way. If, for instance, we were studying the problem of solid waste disposal, we might report the increase in the amount of waste disposed of in our society by converting the numbers to percentage increases per year, or to increases per person. Such a use of statistics would make the information more meaningful.

Statistics is usually divided into two classes: descriptive statistics and inferential statistics. Descriptive statistics refers to methods used to describe and

summarize numerical information that has been collected. Writers often use tables, charts, and graphs to depict the summarized data. Inferential statistics (also known as inductive statistics and sampling statistics) refers to methods that allow us to make inferences about a larger group from the data collected on a smaller group. Opinion polls and experimental research studies make use of the techniques of inferential statistics.

When you use statistics to support interpretations, you should make sure that you have not misused statistical information. Errors of inference in the use of statistics are not always apparent because of the mathematical language used to present the information. Remember Disraeli's comment, "There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies, and statistics." However, you should also remember that when misuse of statistics occurs, the problem is neither with the statistics nor with statistical methods, but with their careless use.

The following excerpt from Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* illustrates how a scientific interpretation made from a body of evidence uses the hypothetico-deductive method. Note that Darwin sets up an experiment and uses statistics to support the inductive generalization that there is a great interdependence among animals and plants in nature.

> I am tempted to give one more instance showing how plants and animals, remote in the scale of nature, are bound together by a web of complex relations. 1 shall hereafter have occasion to show that the exotic Lobelia filgens is never visited in my garden by insects, and consequently, from its peculiar structure, never sets a seed. Nearly all our orchidaceous plants absolutely require the visits of insects to remove their pollen-masses and thus to fertilize them. I find from experiments that humble-bees are almost indispensable to the fertilization of the heartsease *(Viola tricolor),* for other bees do not visit this flower. I have also found that the visits of bees are necessary for the fertilization of some kinds of clover; for instance, 20 heads of Dutch clover *(Trifolium repens)* yielded 2290 seeds, but 20 other heads protected from bees produced not one. Again, 100 heads of red clover (T. *pratense)* produced 2700 seeds, but the same number of protected heads produced not a single seed. Humble-bees alone visit red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. It has been suggested that moths may fertilize the clovers; but I doubt whether they could do so in the case of the red clover, from their weight not being sufficient to depress the wind-petals. Hence we may infer as highly probable that, if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great measure on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Col. Newman, who

has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that "more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England." Now the number of mice is largely dependent as everyone knows, on the number of cats; and Col. Newman says, "Near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice." Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district!

AN EXAMPLE

In this 1981 essay Ellen Goodman explains the historical changes that have occurred in the relationship between school and work in American society and discusses how that change has affected our attitudes about young people.

The Long Transition to Adulthood

ELLEN GOODMAN

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." (I Corinthians 13:11)

What about the years in between childhood and adulthood? How do we speak then? How do we think? How do we become men and women?

For most of history there was no in-between, no adolescence as we know it. There was no such lengthy period of semi-autonomy, economic "uselessness," when the only occupation of a son or daughter was learning.

In the eighteenth century, Americans weren't legally adults until they turned twenty-one, but they did important work on farms by seven or eight. When they were physically grown, at only thirteen or sixteen, they had virtually the same jobs as any other adult.

In those days, education was irregular at best, but each child had his or her own vocational guidance teacher: the family. So the transition to adulthood was handled—though not always easily or without tension—through a long apprenticeship, on the farm or in a craft, by people who could point out a direct social path to adulthood.

It was industrialization that changed all that. In the nineteenth century, mills and factories replaced farms, and cities replaced the countryside. Children didn't automatically follow their parents' occupations and so family relations became less important for job training than something called school.

In that century, the need for child labor on farms diminished and the horrors of industrial child labor became widespread. So we passed laws against

child labor and in favor of mandatory education. Decade by decade we have raised both ages.

School has replaced work not just out of our benevolence. There are also deep economic reasons. In 1933, at the height of the Depression, the National Child Labor Committee put it as baldly as this: "It is now generally accepted that the exploitation of children, indefensible on humanitarian grounds, has become a genuine economic menace. Children should be in school and adults should have whatever worthwhile jobs there are."

School became the place of reading and writing and certification. It provided the necessary paper for employment. School not only kept young people out of the marketplace but promised "better" jobs if they stayed and studied.

The result of all this is clear: Today, school is what young people do for a living.

In 1870, less than 5 percent of the high school age group were in high school. In 1976, 86.1 percent of those fourteen to seventeen were in school. In 1977, nearly one-third of the eighteen to twenty-one-year-olds were in college.

There has been a 129 percent increase in college enrollment in this country since 1960. In many places today, community colleges are entered as routinely as high schools.

While a high school diploma or a college degree no longer guarantees a job, there are more and more jobs you can't even apply for without them. So the payoff is less certain, but the pressure is even greater to go to school longer and longer, to extend the state of semi-autonomy further and further.

The irony is that society worries more when the young try to grasp at adult "privileges" than when they remain in the passive fraternity-house state of mind. We worry about teenage drinking and driving and pregnancy—all perhaps misguided attempts at "grown-up behavior." Yet we offer few alternatives, few meaningful opportunities for adulthood training. We have virtually allowed sex, drinking and driving to become rites of passage.

School just isn't enough. It demands only one skill, tests only one kind of performance. From a pre-med dorm to an Animal House, it is a youth ghetto where adults are only authority figures, where students don't get the chance to test their own identities, their own authority, their own responsibility to others.

Without enough alternatives, we have left schools the job of producing adults. But schools are where the young are kept, not where they grow up.

Adolescence isn't a training ground for adulthood now. It is a holding pattern for aging youth.

1981

Goodman's analysis of the change in American society is an interpretation of the role of school in America today. She proves the thesis that adolescence

is not a training ground for adulthood anymore. She offers evidence based on the historical change from apprenticeship to schools as a way of training youth. Her use of statistics and the common knowledge most readers have of the operation of schools gives her work validity. The focus on topic-oriented language makes the tone objective.

THE EXPLORATORY FOCUS

Writing that has an exploratory focus is speculative. The writer engaging in exploration may go beyond the standard interpretations.

Four characteristics are found in exploratory writing.

- The thesis is presented as a question or questions.
- Alternative explanations are offered.
- Tentative solutions are suggested.
- Informal style is used.

Questions

Exploratory writing emphasizes discovery. This emphasis is reflected in the process of asking questions about the subject matter being considered. The problems presented cannot be explained by available theories. This kind of thinking is the^first step in scientific investigation. Notice how the following statements of an exploratory thesis suggest a range of possible answers.

- What can human beings do to allow a polluted environment to regenerate itself?
- What can increase students' success in school?

Alternative Explanations

Alternative explanations are offered. Exploratory writing allows the writer to put forth possible explanations that may seem unusual or startling. An unusual alternative explanation or several possible explanations of the topic provide the evidence to support the exploratory thesis.

Tentative Solutions

Although solutions are suggested and conclusions are drawn, they are tentative. That is, they are subject to change. It is this tentativeness that gives the speculation in exploratory writing its validity.

Informal Style

Exploratory writing is more subjective than other forms of referential writing. This subjectivity is reflected in the language used. First person pronouns some-

times appear and the style is probably more informal than most interpretive writing.

Tentative language is used. Words like *it seems* and *perhaps* indicate that the writer is offering explanations that are based on speculation rather than incontrovertible logic.

AN EXAMPLE

The following article from *The Smithsonian* magazine illustrates the range of questions that can be addressed in referential writing with an exploratory focus.

Daydream

JOHN P. WILEY

A dark forest used to stand silent just inside the National Museum of Natural History, a growth of hemlocks four to five feet in diameter. Through the trees you could see a river, a wooded island on the right, and acres of wild rice to the left. No bridges crossed the river. It was the spot where Rock Creek empties into the Potomac River in Washington, and you were seeing it as the Indians saw it before the Europeans arrived. Malls and memorials stand now where once the wild rice grew; a sea wall keeps the river in its place.

When I walk the seawall, I try to see the river as it was. I do the same on Chesapeake Bay or along the Hudson River, remembering accounts of the extraordinarily abundant fish and wildlife found by the early explorers. And I wonder how well they might recover if we went away for a few centuries. Would hemlocks grow again in what is now a boathouse parking lot at Rock Creek?

My only empirical data comes from a 5-by-20-foot bank alongside my driveway. A rock garden planted with lilies and irises when I moved in six years ago, I abandoned it in the press of other business. Today, thanks to the wind and the birds, it is crowded with oaks, maples, dogwoods and a yellow poplar already 15 feet high. A living wall. All I had to do was stand back out of the way.

To find out what would happen on a larger scale, one could consult the literature on plant succession, study abandoned highways, visit ruins in Mexico, travel to lost cities in Asia. Or one could make evacuating the entire Earth the premise for a science-fiction story, and let the special-effects people fill in the details when the story is snapped up for a major motion picture. New York City 10,000 years after the last human left would be a new challenge for the model makers.

The scenario goes something like this: the time comes when, despite our best efforts, the only way left to save Earth is to leave it. Everybody. For a long time. So many species have been lost, so many ecosystems impoverished, that the whole biological life-support system is close to collapse. The natural waste-removal systems, the recyclers, the air filters and water holder are being overwhelmed.

In this fantasy future, field biologists are the new elite. They are paid more than Congressmen, although less than basketball players. Biologists have been multiplying as fast as species have been disappearing. In 1980 one expert had told Congress that there were only 1,500 people in the world competent to identify tropical organisms; when brown leafhoppers destroyed several billion dollars worth of rice in Southeast Asia in the late 1970s, only a dozen people in the world could distinguish with certainty the 20,000 species that make up the insect group.

Now, some decades later, armies of biologists carry on with a wartime intensity, desperate to learn more about how the natural systems work before they disappear. The need to know not only what should be saved first on Earth, but what should be added to the recycling systems on the space colonies and asteroid mines overhead which, like some of the most carefully assembled home aquariums, do not quite work. By now humans live as far away as the moons of Jupiter, but all the secrets of life remain on Earth.

At some point it becomes clear that the race is being lost. True, human numbers are dropping. Heavy industry has moved into space. But so much tropical forest has already been cut, so many watersheds destroyed, so much topsoil washed away that the biological decline has unstoppable momentum. It is too late for management, no matter how wise.

Thus a decision once made by bands and tribes, to pack up and move, is now made by the population of the planet. The actual mechanics are a little fuzzy in my fantasy, except that more and more people would move into space.

With a little suspension of disbelief one can see the story unfold. Grass appears in the boathouse parking lot. A small section of the seawall collapses and, with no one around to fix it, the river moves in like a silent bulldozer. The noblest experiment of all has begun.

Now the story moves in fast-forward, time-lapse photography; we watch nature reclaim itself through the eyes of appropriate creatures. Early on we see city streets through the eyes of a rat; we follow the feral dogs and cats that roam the suburbs along with the racoons and skunks. A century later a coyote hunts in the streets of Manhattan; five centuries after that a panther uses the pinnacle of a rubble pile to search for prey. A pigeon's eye view of a city changes to a falcon's.

Humans will not be able to leave the planet completely alone, of course, any more than an editor can pass on a manuscript without making a mark. The luckiest biologists of their generations will be landed at monitoring stations. Remote sensors will be maintained, camera lenses cleaned. A little crisis intervention might be allowed at first: aerial tankers putting out a fire about to destroy the last known stand of some special plant. But as far as humanly possible, the biologists would keep their hands off, acting only as passive receptors. Nature would be the protagonist and the star. A living Earth regenerating from the ruins. The miracle that struggles to happen in every vacant lost happening everywhere. All with appropriate inspirational music, of course.

Conflict for a story line should be easy. At the start the conflict would be over whether to leave; I could stoop to a line something like: "Gazing out into the dark—30 stories above the East River—after a day of hearing out the biologists' deputations, the Secretary-General became biologically literate." Later the conflict over whether it was time to return would grow stronger: The latter argument would not sound entirely unfamiliar to anyone who follows today's debates over multiple use versus preserving wilderness areas unsullied. A writer might suffer the temptation to inject ideological harangues into the dialogue.

In the meantime, the miracle would be fact. The biological crisis would be past. Nothing would have returned from extinction, but the several million species left would be plenty to keep the bio in biosphere. An optimist would end the movie with humans returning to live in gentle coexistence. A pessimist might have us come back to ravish the Earth all over again. Something in between seems more reasonable.

I'm completely over my head in every part of this fantasy, of course. If we flew 100,000 people off this Earth every day, it would take 125 years to move the current population. I certainly don't know if hemlocks could or would ever grow again in that boathouse parking lot.

But I like the uniting of what are now inimical factions: the high technologists who believe the future of our species lies in space, and the environmentalists who fear we would foul the rest of the solar system just as we have fouled the planet. Environmentalists might be a little humbler if the spacers save the world. I also like the idea of a species, grown out of its infancy, given a second chance at husbanding a remarkable place to live. Possibly even the only place to live.

But the strongest appeal is really the vision I started with—fish leaping in clear water, forests growing to the water's edge, swamps and marshes pulsating with life. The way things were here just five or six lifetimes ago.

To some people today, an environmentalist is a monomaniac. Worse, still, is a preservationist: an elitist unconcerned with people. Perhaps I am most unspeakable of all: a preservationist who not only wants to keep what we still have but would like to bring back what we once had. I don't feel antipeople at all. We people need the life support of the biosphere. The whole system is slowly failing, but still has the power to regenerate without any help from us. All we have to do is stand back. Now, if only that were somehow possible.

In this article Wiley poses a problem having to do with the future of the Earth's environment. He speculates about possible outcomes. His conclusions are not certain. They cannot be proven and he admits that aspects of his scenario could not happen. The exploration serves to raise a question about the nature of the planet's regenerative processes and the impact of human beings on the ecosystem.

THE REFLECTIVE FOCUS

Any work that has a reflective focus, including the so-called *New journalism* that appeared in the 1960s and 70s, tries to maintain reader interest almost to the point of losing its objectivity. Such writing usually focuses on stories about people. Many of its techniques are similar to those used by the writer of realistic fiction. But reflective writing focuses on real people. What keeps such writing from being literary is that the writer is making an effort to explain a subject. The entertainment we derive from reading reflective writing is secondary to our interest in the subject being revealed to us. Sometimes reflective writing is called parajournalistic writing because it can be distinguished from the typical informative patterns present in traditional journalism.

Reflective writing has four characteristics.

- The thesis addresses the significance of the topic.
- A dramatic structure is used to present the evidence.
- First person or omniscient point of view is used.
- Realistic detail is used.

Significance

The topic explained in reflective writing will have some significance. The thesis will address that significance. The thesis in reflective writing may not be stated explicitly because the initial interest in the work may be created by dramatic tension.

Dramatic Structure

The writer uses a scene by scene construction. Events are reported that cast some light on the characters or place being explained.

Point of View

The writer may intrude into the narrative through a first person point of view or may appear to know what is in the mind of the characters depicted in the work through an omniscient point of view.

Critics of this kind of writing say that such uses of point of view compromise the objectivity of the report. In addition, writers who have used omniscient point of view have defended the practice by saying that they research and interview people with just that in mind, to find out what the characters being written about are thinking.

Defenders of authorial intrusion argue that objectivity is a fiction anyway and that the writer, by revealing his or her own responses to the scene or events, is simply being honest.

Realistic Detail

The details the writer uses may reveal the status of the subject being investigated. For instance, a description of an item of jewelry or a mannerism may reveal quite a lot about the character. Details also help create a setting, as in literary writing. Dialogue may be used to allow the reader to better understand the characters involved. The kinds of things characters say give important clues to their personalities.

AN EXAMPLE

lames Boswell wrote an engaging biography of the life of Samuel Johnson, an eccentric and fascinating literary figure in eighteenth-century England. In this excerpt, written in 1 769, we can see how Boswell uses some of the techniques of reflective writing to present Johnson to us.

Fear of Death

JAMES BOSWELL

When we were alone, I introduced the subject of death, and endeavored to maintain that the fear of it might be got over. I told him that David Hume said to me he was no more uneasy to think he should not be after this life than that he had not been before he began to exist. JOHNSON. "Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has." BOSWELL. "Foote, Sir, told me that when he was very ill he was not afraid to die." JOHNSON. "It is not true, Sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave." BOSWELL. "But may we not fortify our mind for the approach of death?" Here I am sensible I was in the wrong, to bring before his view what he ever looked upon with horror; for although when in a celestial frame, in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," he has supposed death to be "kind nature's signal for retreat," from this state of being to "a happier seat," his thoughts upon this awful change were in general full of dismal apprehensions. His mind resembled the vast amphitheater, the coliseum at Rome. In the center stood his judgment, which, like a mighty gladiator, combated those apprehensions that, like the wild beasts of the arena, were all around in cells, ready to be let out upon him. After a conflict, he drives them back into their dens; but not killing them, they were still assailing him. To my question, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death, he answered in a passion, "No, Sir, let alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance; it lasts so short a time." He added, with an earnest look, "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."

I attempted to continue the conversation. He was so provoked that he said, "Give us no more of this," and was thrown into such a state of agitation that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me; showed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, "Don't let us meet tomorrow."

I went home exceedingly uneasy. All the harsh observations which I had ever heard made upon his character crowded into my mind; and I seemed to myself like the man who had put his head into the lion's mouth a great many times with perfect safety, but a last had it bit off.

Next morning I sent him a note stating that I might have been in the wrong, but it was not intentionally; he was therefore, I could not help thinking, too severe upon me. That notwithstanding our agreement not to meet that day, I would call on him in my way to the city, and stay five minutes to my watch. "You are," said I, "in my mind, since last night, surrounded with cloud and storm. Let me have a glimpse of sunshine and go about my affairs in serenity and cheerfulness."

Upon entering his study, I was glad that he was not alone, which would have made our meeting more awkward. There were with him, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Tyers, both of whom I now saw for the first time. My note had, on his own reflection, softened him, for he received me very complacently; so that I unexpectedly found myself at ease, and joined in the conversation. . . .

Johnson spoke unfavorably of a certain pretty voluminous author, saying, "He used to write anonymous books, and then other books commending those books, in which there was something of rascality."

I whispered him, "Well, Sir, you are now in good humor." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir." I was going to leave him, and had got as far as the staircase. He stopped me, and smiling, said, "Get you gone in"; a curious mode of inviting me to stay, which I accordingly did for some time longer.

This little incidental quarrel and reconciliation, which perhaps, I may be thought to have detailed too minutely, must be esteemed as one of many proofs which his friends had, that though he might be charged with bad humor at times, he was always a good-natured man; and I have heard Sir Joshua Reynolds, a nice and delicate observer of manners, particularly remark that when upon any occasion Johnson had been rough to any person in company, he took the first opportunity of reconciliation, by drinking to him or addressing his discourse to him; but if he found his dignified indirect overtures sullenly neglected, he was quite indifferent, and considered himself as having done all that he ought to do, and the other as now in the wrong.

Boswell presents Johnson's character by letting us listen to him speak and by allowing us to see him in a dramatic situation. He presents the episode in two scenes: the quarrel and the reconciliation. The dialogue in both instances allows us to see Johnson's reactions to the conflict. Boswell uses the first per-

son point of view. In addition, he speculates about what is in Johnson's mind. At the end of the piece Boswell sums up this aspect of Johnson's character by citing the observations of another friend.

COMBINATIONS

Obviously, informative elements appear in other kinds of referential writing. It is what the writer does with the information presented that distinguishes one form of referential writing from another. Interpretive elements may appear in exploratory writing and exploration provides the basis of much scientific research.

WRITING STRATEGIES

All referential writing starts with facts. A referential purpose reflects an attempt on the part of the writer to explain some subject to the reader. Even though you may feel that you don't know enough to write an extended referential paper on anything, you know quite a lot about many subjects. Search your experiences. You can also gain information through reading and research.

Remember that accuracy and clarity are central to referential writing. Topics which, for you, are laden with emotion or which involve debatable issues that can't be proved with certainty will be developed in expressive and persuasive writing rather than in referential writing.

A clearly stated thesis is usually the key to a well-developed referential paper. Consider the following thesis: *Endangered species is a difficult problem to solve.* Such a statement is too vague to be a good starting point for a paper about endangered species. A better thesis statement would be this one: *Habitat destruction threatens many species of animals and plants with extinction.* This thesis provides more focus for the paper and suggests the kind of evidence that would be needed to support the thesis. A paper with such a thesis would probably include studies of the changes in the numbers of threatened species of animals and plants in areas where natural habitat had been destroyed.

Consider the following questions as you develop your ideas for a referential paper:

- Is your thesis clearly stated?
- What evidence relates to your thesis?
- Is all the evidence available to you?
- Can you draw any conclusions from the evidence you have?
- Do your conclusions account for all the evidence?
- Is the validity of the evidence apparent?
- Is the conclusion supported by most of the evidence?

PART 2

Pattern

Classification

Description

Narration

Evaluation

if ""*



Classification

We seem to use classification almost automatically to organize the enormous amount of information we deal with everyday. Examples of classification are all around us. For instance, we are able to find products in a supermarket because they are in a particular place along with other products of the same *kind*. Produce is in one place, meat in another, and dairy products in still another. This arrangement of products in a supermarket is based on a system of classification. We know where to look for a book in a library because it has been put in a place with other books of the same *type*. Psychology books are in one place; English books, in another; and books about automotive repair, in yet another. Again the principle of arrangement is based on a classification system, putting books of the same *category* together.

The tendency to classify seems to be a human preoccupation. Films are rated G, PG. PG-13, R, and NC-17. Vitamins are labeled A, B, C, etc. Singers are classified as sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses. Musical instruments are grouped into strings, woodwinds, brasses, and percussion.

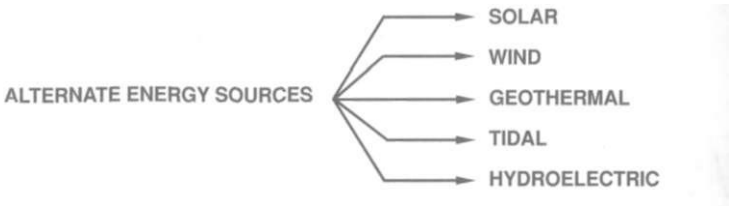
We can call this use of classification formal classification. Two other variations of the use of classification are 1) comparison and contrast and 2) definition. Comparison and contrast involves two elements in a classification system while definition involves just one.

FORMAL CLASSIFICATION

When we classify, we arrange information into groups and then name the groups. These groups, or classes, are related to each other categorically. In other words, we put similar things into categories together. We are concerned with groups of things, rather than with individuals. We are interested in showing how groups are related to each other, how something is like others of its class, and what all members of the class have in common.

Using a system of classification to organize a paper is an effective method of explaining a topic clearly. Almost any topic can be organized by using a system of classification. All it takes is asking the question, "What kinds of____

are there?" The answer to the question is a system of classification that tells us how to arrange the details of the topic. If we ask a question like, "What kinds of alternate energy sources are there?" the answer will suggest a system of classification, a way of organizing a paper about alternate energy sources. The classification system for alternate energy sources might look something like this:



Alternative energy sources is the general category. It includes the subclasses of solar, wind, geothermal, tidal, and hydroelectric. These sub-classes are related to each other categorically because they are members of the same class, alternative energy sources. You can develop almost any topic by using classification, but you will need to keep in mind three considerations: the scope of the topic, the basis of classification, and the hierarchical relationships.

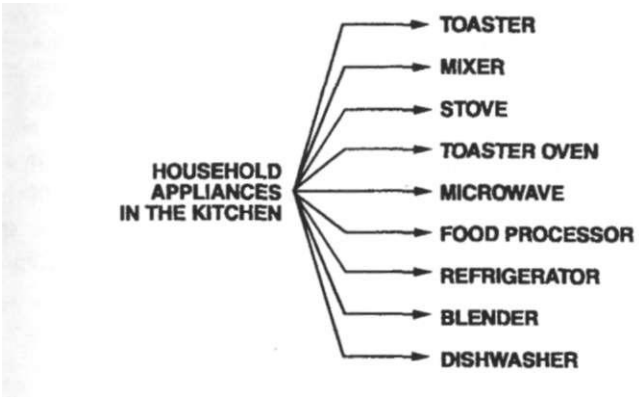
As a general rule, for papers written in school, the number of categories will need to be limited. In the example above, kinds of alternative energy sources, we can see that the topic limited itself naturally to five categories. Not all topics, however, are quite so easy. For some topics, the structure of the system must be altered in order to get the kind of narrowing of the topic needed.

Classification systems, although they are logical, are arbitrary. For most topics, classification systems can be changed by changing the basis of the classification. For example, for the topic *household appliances,* we could create a classification system based on the manufacturer of the appliance. The following list illustrates this principle: Admiral, Amana, AMC, Brothers, Caloric, Emerson, Frigidaire, Gaffers/Sattler, Gibson, GE/Hotpoint, Jenn-Air, Kelvinator, Kenmore, Kitchen-Aid, Litton, Magic Chef, Maytag, Modern Maid, Norse, Quasar, Roper, Scotsman, Sears, Speed Queen, Sub-Zero, Tappan, Thermador, U Line, Wards, Westinghouse, and Whirlpool. Obviously, a paper with that many categories would be unmanageable. The categories would have to be limited in some way, but selecting just three or four brands to discuss would not be adequate, especially if the purpose of the explanation was referential. A referential paper with an informative focus creates the expectation of comprehensiveness on the part of the reader.

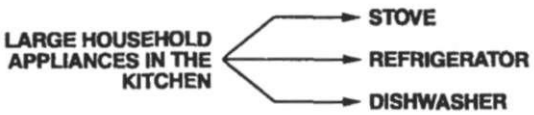
Changing the *basis of classification* would create a new way of looking at the topic. If the basis of classification were changed to the location of the appliance in the house, the system would look like this.



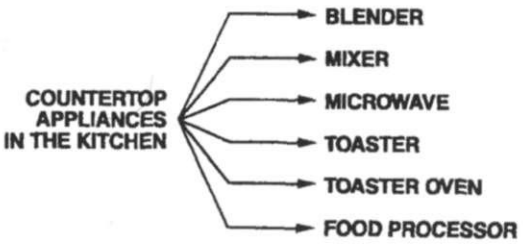
This classification system has three categories. By selecting one of the locations, say the kitchen, another classification system could be created, as shown in the following tree diagram.



This system could be limited further by narrowing the scope of the category.



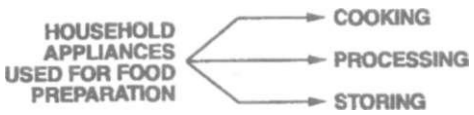
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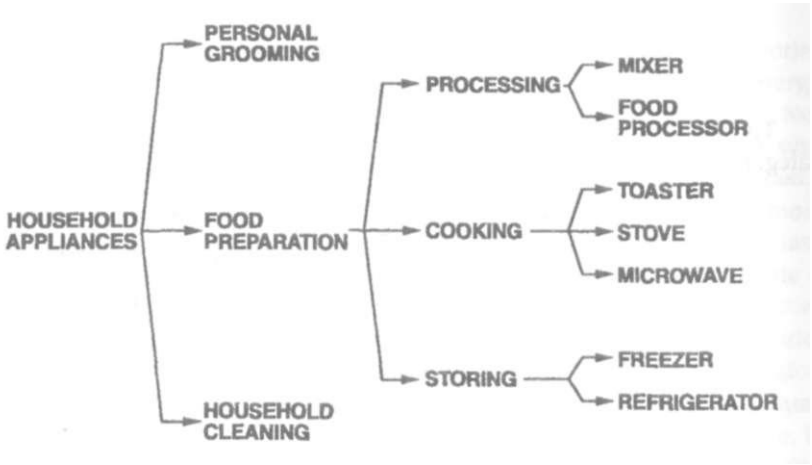
With a basis of classification other than manufacturer or location, such as the use or the function of the appliance, a classification system would look like this.



Of course, that system could be narrowed as we did before with the other bases of classification.



Classification involves not only the relationships among the categories of the system, but also a hierarchical relationship from general to specific. In the tree diagrams used to represent classification systems, each category is more specific than the one to the left of it. The following diagram illustrates this concept.



In the preceding diagram, the category *stove* is more specific than the category *cooking,* which is more specific than the category *food preparation.* The same kind of relationship between specific and general exists in all classification systems. The categories for personal grooming and household cleaning could be completed in a similar way.

AN EXAMPLE

In the following essay we discover how formal classification is used to explain a complex body of medical research on addiction.

'Behavioral' Addictions: Do They Exist?

CONSTANCE HOLDEN

Aided by brain imaging advances, scientists are looking for evidence that compulsive nondrug behaviors lead to long-term changes in reward circuitry.

People toss around the term "addiction" to describe someone's relationship to a job, a boyfriend, or a computer. But scientists have traditionally confined their use of the term to substances—namely alcohol and other drugs—that clearly foster physical dependence in the user.

That's changing, however. New knowledge about the brain's reward system, much gained by superrefined brain scan technology, suggests that as far as the brain is concerned, a reward's a reward, regardless of whether it comes from a chemical or an experience. And where there's a reward, there's the risk of the vulnerable brain getting trapped in a compulsion.

"Over the past 6 months, more and more people have been thinking that, contrary to earlier views, there is commonality between substance addictions and other compulsions," says Alan Leshner, head of the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) and incoming executive officer of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, publisher of Science.

Just where to draw the line is not yet clear. The unsettled state of definitions is reflected in psychiatry's bible, the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual IV. Addictions, obsessions, and compulsions—all related to loss of voluntary control and getting trapped in repetitious, self-defeating behavior—are scattered around under "substance-related disorders," "eating disorders," "sexual and gender identity disorders," "anxiety disorders," and "impulse-control disorders not elsewhere classified." In that last grab-bag are compulsive gambling, kleptomania, fire-setting, hair-pulling, and "intermittent explosive disorder."

Addiction used to be defined as dependence on a drug as evidenced by craving, increased tolerance, and withdrawal. But even some seemingly classical addictions don't follow that pattern. Cocaine, for example, is highly addictive but causes little withdrawal. And a person who gets hooked on morphine while in the hospital may stop taking the drug without developing an obsession with it.

Now many researchers are moving toward a definition of addiction based more on behavior, and they are starting to look at whether brain activity and biochemistry are affected the same way in "behavioral" addictions as they are by substance abuse. One who endorses this perspective is psychologist Howard Shaffer, who heads the Division on Addictions at Harvard. "I had great difficulty with my own colleagues when I suggested that a lot of addiction is the result of experience . . . repetitive, high-emotion, high-frequency experience," he says. But it's become clear that neuroadaptation—that is, changes in neural circuitry that help perpetuate the behavior—occurs even in the absence of drug-taking, he says.

The experts are fond of saying that addiction occurs when a habit "hijacks" brain circuits that evolved to reward survival-enhancing behavior such as eating and sex. "It stands to reason if you can derange these circuits with

pharmacology, you can do it with natural rewards too," observes Stanford University psychologist Brian Knutson. Thus, drugs are no longer at the heart of the matter. "What is coming up fast as being the central core issue .. . is continued engagement in self-destructive behavior despite adverse consequences," says Steven Grant of NIDA.

Not everybody is on board with this open-ended definition. For one thing, says longtime addiction researcher Roy Wise of NIDA, drugs are far more powerful than any "natural" pleasure when it comes to the amounts of dopamine released. Nonetheless, behavioral resemblances to addiction are getting increasing notice.

Gambling

In a class of its own as the disorder that most resembles drug addiction is pathological gambling. Compulsive gamblers live from fix to fix, throwing away the rest of their lives for another roll of the dice—and deluding themselves that luck will soon smile on them. Their subjective cravings can be as intense as those of drug abusers; they show tolerance through their need to increase betting; and they experience highs rivaling that of a drug high. Up to half of pathological gamblers "show withdrawal symptoms looking like a mild form of drug withdrawal," says Shaffer—including churning guts, sleep disturbance, sweating, irritability, and craving. And like drug addicts, they are at risk of sudden relapse even after many years of abstinence.

Furthermore, what's going on inside gamblers' heads looks like what goes on in addicts' heads. Yale psychiatrist Marc Potenza finds that when pathological gamblers are exposed to videos of people gambling and talking about gambling, they show activity changes in some of the same frontal and limbic brain regions as do cocaine addicts exposed to images that stir up drug craving, as assessed by functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI). And a positron emission tomography study of pathological gamblers playing blackjack, conducted by psychiatrist Eric Hollander of Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City, showed significant changes in cortical arousal depending on whether they were just playing cards or betting with a $100 stake. He says it resembles another study showing alcoholics' brain reactions to looking at a bottle of Coke versus a bottle of whiskey.

Like addicts, gamblers also respond to drugs that block drug highs. Suck Won Kim, a psychiatrist at the University of Minnesota Medical School in Minneapolis, has tried naltrexone, an opiate antagonist, on a variety of compulsive behaviors including gambling. In an 11-week trial on 45 gamblers, naltrexone inhibited both the urge to gamble and the high from it in 75% of the group—compared with 24% of a comparable group on placebo—suggesting that drugs and gambling stimulate some of the same biochemical pathways.

And finally, there's cognitive evidence: Gamblers, like drug addicts, do badly at a "gambling task," success at which requires the ability to perceive that delayed gains will be larger than immediate ones.

Food

Can food be said to be an addiction? Overeaters Anonymous—which, like Gamblers Anonymous, is patterned on Alcoholics Anonymous—says yes. The experts, however, say it depends on the disorder.

Compulsive overeating certainly has the look of an addiction that can dominate a person's life. There's also biochemical evidence suggesting a kinship. Psychiatrist Nora Volkow of Brookhaven National Laboratory in Upton, New York, and colleagues found that in a group of compulsive overeaters, dopamine receptor availability was lower, an anomaly also seen in drug addicts. "Dopamine deficiency in obese individuals may perpetuate pathological eating as a means to compensate for decreased activation of these circuits," Volkow's team suggests.

Bulimia, which is characterized by bingeing and vomiting, also looks a lot like an addiction, Hollander notes. Unlike anorexia, which involves rigidly controlled behavior and no high, "bulimia and binge eating have an impulsive component—pleasure and arousal followed by guilt and remorse."

Patricia Faris, a gastrointestinal physiologist at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, believes that as with drug addictions, bulimic behavior is initially voluntary but is transformed into a compulsion because of changes that it wreaks on the nervous system. Bulimia clearly affects reward centers: Faris says patients become increasingly depressed and anxious before episodes; immediately following, they uniformly report a pleasant "afterglow."

Faris has come up with a novel hypothesis: that bulimia disregulates the vagal nerve, which regulates heart and lungs as well as the vomiting impulse. She suspects that a binge-purge episode then brings the vagal nerve back to its normal role. This retraining of the vagal nerve also has long-term effects on the brain's reward circuitry, she believes, as suggested by the fact that bulimics have a high relapse rate and are very hard to help once they've been at it for a few years. Kim says that although the theory is speculative, he believes Faris is on the right track in approaching the problem "from neural system concepts" as opposed to a more traditional emphasis on biochemistry.

Sex

There's not much research on sex as an addiction, and some researchers are dubious about whether such a basic function can have that distinction. Sex is really a distinct subject because it's "wired separately," in the opinion of Kim of Minnesota. He notes, for example, that the opioid antagonist naltrexone "really doesn't affect sexual desire that much," so it doesn't follow the same pathways as, say, gambling.

Yet so-called sex addicts do display behaviors characteristic of addiction: They obsess about whatever their favorite practice is, never get enough, feel out of control, and experience serious disruption of their lives because of it. That leads Shaffer to conclude that some behaviors qualify as sex addictions: "I think those things that are robust and reliable shifters of subjective experience all hold the potential for addiction." To be sure, he adds, sex trails be-

hind drugs or gambling, being "relatively robust but unreliable" in delivering satisfaction.

Anna Rose Childress, who does brain imaging studies at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, says sex addicts resemble cocaine addicts and probably share with them a defect in "inhibitory circuitry." In both instances, "people say when they're in this big 'go' state they feel as though there is override [of inhibition]... a feeling of being unable to stop," says Childress.

Scientists are just beginning to use imaging to try to determine whether there's a tangible basis to these feelings. Childress has been comparing the circuits activated by cocaine in addicts and sexual desire in normal subjects in hope of identifying the "stop!" circuitry. And psychiatrist Peter Martin at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, says a preliminary study with normal subjects indicates that brain activity associated with sexual arousal looks like that accompanying drug consumption. He plans to do further comparisons using self-described sex addicts.

Shopping, running, clicking . ..

Although there is no shortage of therapies for every imaginable addiction, there is little or no published research on other disorders. One problem that afflicts a great many women, in particular, is compulsive shopping, says Kim. Compulsive shoppers typically end up with huge debts and their houses stuffed with unused merchandise. Shopping binges are very often precipitated by feelings of depression and anxiety, Shaffer says; the shopping itself can generate temporary druglike highs before the shopper—like a cocaine addict—crashes into depression, guilt, anxiety, and fatigue.

Some have no doubt this is an addiction. "In my clinical experience, [compulsive shoppers] have a similar kind of withdrawal," says Shaffer. Kim agrees: "These people can't control it. We think it's essentially the same thing as gambling." Kim thinks compulsive shoplifting (kleptomania) is also closely related and, in fact, has published the first formal study trying doses of naltrexone with kleptomania; 9 of 10 patients, he says, were much improved after 11 weeks of treatment.

Then there's Internet abuse, the country's fastest growing "addiction." But whether any such phenomenon exists is something about which scientists—if not therapists—are cautious. There are indeed people who neglect the rest of their lives as they spend every waking moment at the monitor. But is it the technology or the behavior that the technology enables that people are really hooked on? The things people are addicted to on the Net are the same things people get hooked on without it: gambling (including day trading), pornography, and shopping, notes Marc Pratarelli of the University of Southern Colorado in Pueblo. His group is doing factor analysis of questionnaire responses by computer users to get at the "core issues" and to determine "if it is in fact just one more fancy tool" to enable a primary habit.

And what about "positive addictions"? Some years ago jogging was touted as one that raised endorphin levels (which in turn stoke up the dopa-

mine) and resulted in a "natural high." Although human behavioral addictions are difficult if not impossible to model in animals, Stefan Brene of the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm, Sweden, thinks he has done it with running. He says rats that have been bred to be addiction-prone spend much more time on the running wheel than other rats do. Furthermore, biochemical tests indicate the impulses both to run and to consume cocaine are governed by "similar biochemical adaptations." He also says the work— most of it as yet unpublished—shows that in an addiction-prone rat, running can increase preference for ethanol—"indicating that a natural, nontoxic . . . addiction can under some instances potentiate the preference for a drug."

The above by no means exhausts the list of behaviors that some scientists see as addictive. And it seems to be true across the board that having one addiction lowers the threshold for developing another, says Walter Kaye, who does research on eating disorders at the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center. Just what form addictions take has a lot to do with one's sex, says Pratarelli. Men are overwhelmingly represented among sex "addicts" and outnumber women by about 2 to 1 in gambling and substance abuse; women are prone to what psychiatrist Susan McElroy of the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine calls the "mall disorders"—eating, shopping, and kleptomania. (Kim says the ratio of females to males in kleptomania is 2 or 3 to 1; perhaps 90% of compulsive shoppers are women.)

To cast more light on the mechanisms of addiction, scientists have taken a growing interest in behavior of the brain's reward circuitry in normal subjects. In a much-cited paper in last May's issue of Neuron, Hans Breiter of Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston and his colleagues used fMRI to map the responses of normal males in a roulette-type game of chance. Blood flow in dopamine-rich areas, the scientists found, indicated that "the same neural circuitry is involved in the highs and lows of winning money, abusing drugs, or anticipating a gastronomical treat." Other research has been showing that many types of rewards besides money—including chocolate, music, and beauty—affects those reward circuits.

Shaffer and others in his camp believe that if such a reward is powerful enough, it can retrain those circuits in a vulnerable person. Not everyone, however, buys the idea that nondrug stimuli really can be potent enough to generate what has been traditionally thought of as addiction. "Many people believe that [only] addictive drugs alter the circuitry in some critical way," says Wise of NIDA. And, he says, drugs are far more powerful than "natural" rewards, increasing dopamine "two to five times more strongly." Kaye also warns that the fact that certain disorders share the same pathways does not necessarily prove they're closely linked. After all, he notes, "stroke and Parkinson's also involve the same pathway."

Despite the uncertainties, addiction research is "going beyond the earlier conceptual framework," says neuroscientist Read Montague of Baylor College of Medicine in Houston. "Historically, these definitions have come out of animal behavior literature," and addiction has been defined in terms of rats fren-

ziedly pressing levers for cocaine. Now, he says, "we need a better theory of how the brain processes rewarding events," one that involves discovering the "algorithms" people follow that lead them into and then keep them trapped in their disastrous behaviors.

In this work we can see clearly how classification enables the writer to present information clearly and coherently. Each category is addressed in sequence. This arrangement allows the reader to see the relationships that exist within the classification system.

VARIATIONS IN FORMAL CLASSIFICATION

The discussion of classification so far has focused on its use in referential writing. When classification is used as a pattern of organization for one of the other kinds of writing (expressive, literary, or persuasive), the structure explained above may change in some ways. For instance, the need for comprehensiveness is associated with informative writing. However, expressive, literary, and persuasive classifications don't necessarily require that the writer include all possible categories for a topic. In addition, in non-referential writing, categories may overlap and different bases of classification may appear in the system.

EXPRESSIVE CLASSIFICATION

Although formal classification with an expressive purpose is not very common, sometimes it does appear. When it is used in expressive writing, formal classification will appear more frequently in works that have either an autobiographical or a ritual perspective because those forms of expressive writing are less spontaneous than either personal or interpersonal forms are.

AN EXAMPLE

The following example from *The Autobiography ofBertrand Russell* illustrates how classification can be used to reveal the identity of the writer.

Three Passions

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither

and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.

I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy—ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next because it relieves loneliness—that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what—at last—I have found.

With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine. And I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux. A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.

Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be. I long to alleviate the evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

This has been my life. I have found it worth living, and would gladly live it again if the chance were offered me.

Bertrand Russell, a distinguished philosopher, reveals his analytical mind in this excerpt. In his carefully considered analysis of his own inner emotional responses and his values, he defines himself and allows us to share in his vision of himself.

He organizes the writing by putting his passions into three categories: love, knowledge, and pity. Each category is then developed by adding details, examples, and, in the case of knowledge, further classification.

LITERARY CLASSIFICATION

Formal classification, when it appears as an organizing principle for writing with a literary purpose, is usually not a work of fiction because fiction, both long and short, is typically organized by a combination of narration and description. Consequently, literary works that organize with classification will usually be non-fiction.

AN EXAMPLE

The following example is taken from an article in the eighteenth-century periodical entitled the *Spectator*, an influential paper written by Joseph Addison and

Sir Richard Steele. This excerpt is from an article written by Addison for the *Spectator* on Monday, March 12,] 711. In it Addison identifies the different kinds of audiences he intends the *Spectator* to affect.

The Aims of the Spectator

JOSEPH ADDISON

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day. So that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about three-score thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavor to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea tables and in coffeehouses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses' serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think that where *The Spectator* appears the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration whether is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of spectators, who live in the world without having any-

thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes or laziness of their dispositions have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, everyone that considers the world as a theater, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

In this excerpt we are made aware of three groups of readers: well-regulated families, the fraternity of spectators, and blanks of society. As you can see, the literary purpose of the essay is especially apparent in Addison's humorous characterization of the "blanks of society."

PERSUASIVE CLASSIFICATION

The categories developed in persuasive classifications can be used to create an appeal to the audience.

AN EXAMPLE

John F. Kennedy, the charismatic thirty-fifth President of the United States, illustrates in his "Inaugural Address" how classification can be used to persuade an audience.

Inaugural Address

JOHN F. KENNEDY

We observe today not a victory of party but a celebration of freedom, symbolizing an end as well as a beginning, signifying renewal as well as change. For I have sworn before you and Almighty God the same solemn oath our forebears prescribed nearly a century and three-quarters ago.

The world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty and all forms of human life. And yet the same revolutionary belief for which our forebears fought is still at issue around the globe, the belief that the rights of man come not from generosity of the state but from the hand of God.

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of the first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans, born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage, and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.

This much we pledge—and more.

To those allies whose cultural and spiritual origins we share, we pledge the loyalty of faithful friends. United, there is little we cannot do in a host of co-operative ventures. Divided, there is little we can do, for we dare not meet a powerful challenge at odds and split asunder.

To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom, and to remember that, in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside.

To those people in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required, not because the communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.

To our sister republics south of the border, we offer a special pledge: to convert our good words into good deeds, in a new alliance for progress, to assist free men and free governments in casting off the chains of poverty. But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of hostile powers. Let all our neighbors know that we shall join with them to oppose aggression or subversion anywhere in the Americas. And let every other power know that this hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house.

To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations, our last best hope in an age where the instruments of war have far outpaced the instruments of peace, we renew our pledge of support: to prevent it from becoming merely a forum for invective, to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak, and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

Finally, to those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: that both sides begin anew the quest for peace, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by science engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction.

We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed.

But neither can two great and powerful groups of nations take comfort from our present course—both sides over-burdened by the cost of modern weapons, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly atom, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of mankind's final war.

So let us begin anew, remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear, but let us never fear to negotiate.

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring those problems which divide us.

Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths and encourage the arts and commerce.

Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the commands of Isaiah to "undo the heavy burdens . . . [and] let the oppressed go free."

And if a beachhead of co-operation may push back the jungle of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavor, not a new balance of power, but a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved.

All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.

In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its national loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered the call to service surround the globe.

Now the trumpet summons us again—not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need; not as a call to battle, though embattled we are; but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation," a struggle against the common enemies of men: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, North and South, East and West, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility; I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it, and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.

My fellow citizens of the world, ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own.

Kennedy's speech uses classification to identify the various kinds of audiences he is addressing. Since the speech is persuasive rather than referential, the categories are arranged for rhetorical effect rather than for logical coherence. Some categories overlap and some are not parallel to the others. For example, the categories "allies," "new states," "sister republics south of the border," and "nations that would make themselves our adversary" are all included in the category "world assembly of sovereign states." The category "people in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery" is not parallel to the other categories.

REFERENTIAL CLASSIFICATION

Classification is used frequently to organize information in referential writing. It has the advantage of allowing the writer to organize a large amount of information and present it to the reader in a meaningful way.

AN EXAMPLE

In his *book The Naked Ape* (1967), Desmond Morris explains the close relationship between animal behavior and human behavior. In this excerpt he uses classification to explain the development of some aspects of human language.

Four Kinds of Talking

DESMOND MORRIS

The behaviour pattern of talking evolved originally out of the increased need for the cooperative exchange of information. It grew out of the common and widespread animal phenomenon of nonverbal mood vocalization. From the typical, inborn mammalian repertoire of grunts and squeals there developed a more complex series of learnt sound signals. These vocal units and their combinations and recombinations became the basis of what we can call *information talking*. Unlike the more primitive nonverbal mood signals, this new method of communication enabled our ancestors to refer to objects in the environment and also to the past and the future as well as to the present. To this day, information talking has remained the most important form of vocal communication for our species. But, having evolved, it did not stop there. It acquired additional functions. One of these took the form of mood *talking*. Strictly speaking, this was unnecessary, because the nonverbal mood signals were not lost. We still can and do convey our emotional states by giving vent to ancient primate screams and grunts, but we augment these messages with verbal confirmation of our feelings. A yelp of pain is closely followed by a verbal signal that "I am hurt." A roar of anger is accompanied by the message "I am furious." Sometimes the nonverbal signal is not performed in its pure state but instead finds expression as a tone of voice. The words "I am hurt" are whined or screamed. The words "I am furious" are roared or bellowed. The tone of voice in such cases is so unmodified by learning and so close to the ancient nonverbal mammalian signaling system that even a dog can understand the message, let alone a foreigner from another race of our own species. The actual words used in such instances are almost superfluous. (Try snarling "good dog," or cooing "bad dog" at your pet, and you will see what I mean.) At its crudest and most intense level, mood talking is little more than a "spilling over" of verbalized sound signaling into an area of communication that is already taken care of. Its value lies in the increased possibilities it provides for more subtle and sensitive mood signaling.

A third form of verbalization is *exploratory talking*. This is talking for talking's sake, aesthetic talking, or, if you like, play talking. Just as that other form of information-transmission, picture-making, became used as a medium tor aesthetic exploration, so did talking. The poet paralleled the painter. But it is the fourth type of verbalization that we are concerned with in this chapter, the kind that has aptly been described recently as *grooming talking*. This is the meaningless, polite chatter of social occasions. The "nice weather we are having" or "have vou read any good books lately" form of talking. It is not concerned with the exchange of important ideas or information, nor does it reveal the true mood of the speaker, nor is it aesthetically pleasing. Its function is to reinforce the greeting smile and to maintain the social togetherness. It is our substitute for the social grooming of other primates. By providing us with a nonaggressive social preoccupation, it enables us to expose ourselves communally to one another over comparatively long periods, in this way enabling valuable group bonds and friendships to grow and become strengthened.

Morris creates four categories. He develops the categories by explaining the processes that occur and by giving examples that illustrate the concepts.

WRITING STRATEGIES

If you are using classification to organize your paper, consider the following questions.

- What "kinds" of your topic are there? (List them)
- What principle of classification accounts for how you generated your categories?
- If you have generated more than five categories, how can you limit the number?
- What details will you include in each category?
- What other patterns of organization will you use to develop the categories?

COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

Comparison and contrast is a method of organization derived from classification that shows how two closely related things are similar and/or different. For example, we can compare and contrast two people, two cars, two cats, or two of just about anything. But we can make meaningful comparisons and contrasts only if there is a categorical relationship between the two things being compared and contrasted. Although a comparison and contrast between an oak tree and house is possible, it probably would not be very meaningful. (The discussion of *analogy* in the next section of this chapter shows that there are circumstances when the comparison of an oak tree and a house could be made.) In most cases, the similarities and differences are meaningful only if they are derived from a classification system. We recognize similarities and differences when we create a classification system. For example, a marine biologist might classify whales, which are members of the same species, by noting the differences in the kind of food they eat. The potential for comparison and contrast is always present in a classification system.

PATTERNS OF COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

There are two types of organization used in comparison and contrast. Comparison and contrast can be structured by presenting the similarities and then the differences, a pattern called *separation of detail,* or by alternating between the similarities and differences of each aspect of the subject, a pattern called *alternation of detail.*

As with other decisions about the appropriate organizational pattern, whether to use alternation or separation of detail depends on the purpose, the audience, and the situational context. The length of the work may be a factor as well.

SEPARATION OF DETAIL

Separation of detail can be used effectively if there are only a few points to be considered. If the two things being compared and contrasted are complicated with a great many details to consider, the reader may be overburdened in trying to make the connections between them. The conclusion is especially important when separation of detail is used.

AN EXAMPLE

In this classic study of culture in *Patterns of Culture* (1934), anthropologist Ruth Benedict compares two kinds of Native American culture.

The Pueblos of New Mexico,

RUTH BENEDICT

The Pueblos are a ceremonious people. But that is not the essential fashion in which they are set off from the other peoples of North America and Mexico. It goes much deeper than any difference in degree in the amount of ritual that is current among them. The Aztec civilization of Mexico was as ritualistic as the Pueblo, and even the Plains Indians with their sun dance and their men's societies, their tobacco orders and their war rituals, had a rich ceremonialism.

The basic contrast between the Pueblos and the other cultures of North America is the contrast that is named and described by Nietzsche in his studies of Greek tragedy. He discusses two diametrically opposed ways of arriving at the value of existence. The Dionysian pursues them through 'the annihilation of the ordinary bounds and limits of existence'; he seeks to attain in his most valued moments escape from the boundaries imposed upon him by his five senses, to break through into another order of experience. The desire of the Dionysian, in personal experience or in ritual, is to press through it toward a certain psychological state, to achieve excess. The closest analogy to the emotions he seeks is drunkenness, and he values the illuminations of frenzy. With Blake, he believes 'the path of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.' The Apollonian distrusts all this, and has often little idea of the nature of such experiences. He finds means to outlaw them from his conscious life. He 'knows but one law, measure in the Hellenic sense.' He keeps the middle of the road, stays within the known map, does not meddle with disruptive psychological states. In Nietzsche's fine phrase, even in the exaltation of the dance he 'remains what he is, and retains his civic name.'

The Southwest Pueblos are Apollonian. Not all of Nietzsche's discussion of the contrast between Apollonian and Dionysian applies to the contrast between the Pueblos and the surrounding peoples. The fragments I have quoted are faithful descriptions, but there were refinements of the types in Greece that do not occur among the Indians of the Southwest, and among these latter, again, there are refinements that did not occur in Greece. It is with no thought of equating the civilization of Greece with that of aboriginal America that I use, in describing the cultural configurations of the latter, terms borrowed from the culture of Greece. I use them because they are categories that bring clearly to the fore the major qualities that differentiate Pueblo culture from those of other American Indians, not because all the attitudes that are found in Greece are found also in aboriginal America.

Apollonian institutions have been carried much further in the pueblos than in Greece. Greece was by no means single-minded. In particular, Greece did not carry out as the Pueblos have the distrust of individualism that the Apollonian way of life implies, but which in Greece was scanted because of forces with which it came in conflict. Zuhi ideals and institutions on the other hand are rigorous on this point. The known map, the middle of the road, to any Apollonian is embodied in the common tradition of his people. To stay always within it is to commit himself to precedent, to tradition. Therefore those influences that are powerful against tradition are uncongenial and minimized in their institutions, and the greatest of these is individualism. It is disruptive, according to Apollonian philosophy in the Southwest, even when it refines upon and enlarges the tradition itself. That is not to say that the Pueblos prevent this. No culture can protect itself from additions and changes. But the process by which these come is suspect and cloaked, and institutions that would give individuals a free hand are outlawed.

It is not possible to understand Pueblo attitudes toward life without some knowledge of the culture from which they have detached themselves: that of the rest of North America. It is by the force of the contrast that we can calculate the strength of their opposite drive and the resistances that have kept out of the Pueblos the most characteristic traits of the American aborigines. For the American Indians as a whole, and including those of Mexico, were passionately Dionysian. They valued all violent experience, all means by which human beings may break through the usual sensory routine, and to all such experiences they attributed the highest value.

The Indians of North America outside the Pueblos have, of course, anything but uniform culture. They contrast violently at almost every point, and there are eight of them that it is convenient to differentiate as separate culture areas. But throughout them all, in one or another guise, there run certain fundamental Dionysian practices. The most conspicuous of these is probably their practice of obtaining supernatural power in a dream or vision, of which we have already spoken. On the western plains men sought these visions with hideous tortures. They cut strips from the skin of their arms, they struck off fingers, they swung themselves from tall poles by straps inserted under the

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muscles of their shoulders. They went without food and water for extreme periods. They sought in every way to achieve an order of experience set apart from daily living. It was grown men, on the plains, who went out after visions. Sometimes they stood motionless, their hands tied behind them, or they staked out a tiny spot from which they could not move till they had received their blessing. Sometimes, in other tribes, they wandered over distant regions, far out into dangerous country. Some tribes chose precipices and places especially associated with danger. At all events a man went alone, or, if he was seeking his vision by torture and some had to go out with him to tie him to the pole from which he was to swing till he had his supernatural experience, his helper did his part and left him alone for his ordeal.

1934

Benedict's comparison of two cultures is organized by separation of detail. She contrasts Pueblo cultures to other North American cultures by using the categories described by Nietzsche in his study of Greek tragedy.

ALTERNATION OF DETAIL

Alternation of detail makes it easier to maintain a balanced treatment of the topic and allows the reader to follow the comparison and contrast without confusion. However, if there are a great number of points to compare or contrast, alternation of detail can become somewhat tedious.

AN EXAMPLE

Mathew Arnold gives a point by point comparison and contrast of two major influences on Western culture.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD

Hebraism and Hellenism,—between these two points of influence moves our world. At one time it feels more powerfully the attraction of one of them, at another time of the other; and it ought to be, though it never is, evenly and happily balanced between them.

The final aim of both Hellenism and Hebraism, as of all great spiritual disciplines, is no doubt the same: man's perfection or salvation. The very language which they both of them use in schooling us to reach this aim is often identical. Even when their language indicates by variation,—sometimes a broad variation, often a but slight and subtle variation,—the different courses

of thought which are uppermost in each discipline, even then the unity of the final end and aim is still apparent. To employ the actual words of that discipline with which we ourselves are all of us most familiar, and the words of which, therefore, come most home to us, that final end and aim is "that we might be partakers of the divine nature." These are the words of a Hebrew apostle, but of Hellenism and Hebraism alike this is, I say, the aim. When the two are confronted, as they very often are confronted, it is nearly always with what I may call a rhetorical purpose; the speaker's whole design is to exalt and enthrone one of the two, and he uses the other only as a foil and to enable him the better to give effect to his purpose. Obviously, with us, it is usually Hellenism which is thus reduced to minister to the triumph of Hebraism. There is a sermon on Greece and the Greek spirit by a man never to be mentioned without interest and respect, Frederick Robertson, in which this rhetorical use of Greece and the Greek spirit, and the inadequate exhibition of them necessarily consequent upon this, is almost ludicrous, and would be censurable if it were not to be explained by the exigencies of a sermon. On the other hand, Heinrich Heine, and other writers of his sort, give us the spectacle of the table completely turned, and of Hebraism brought in just as a foil and contrast to Hellenism, and to make the superiority of Hellenism more manifest. In both these cases there is injustice and misrepresentation. The aim and end of both Hebraism and Hellenism is, as I have said, one and the same, and this aim and end is august and admirable.

Still, they purse this aim by very different courses. The uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are; the uppermost idea with Hebraism is conduct and obedience. Nothing can do away with this ineffaceable difference. The Greek quarrel with the body and its desires is, that they hinder right thinking; the Hebrew quarrel with them is, that they hinder right acting. "He that keepeth the law, happy is he"; "Blessed is the man that feareth the Eternal, that delighteth greatly in his commandments"; that is the Hebrew notion of felicity; and, pursued with passion and tenacity, this notion would not let the Hebrew rest till, as is well known, he had at last got out of the law a network of prescriptions to enwrap his whole life, to govern every moment of it, every impulse, every action. The Greek notion of felicity, on the other hand, is perfectly conveyed in these words of a great French moralist: *"C'est le bonheur des hommes,"*—when? when they abhor that which is evil?—no; when they exercise themselves in the law of the Lord day and night?—no; when they die daily?—no; when they walk about the New Jerusalem with palms in their hand?—no; but when they think aright, when their thought hits: "quand *l'*ls pensent juste." At the bottom of both the Greek and the Hebrew notion is the desire, native in man, for reason and the will of God, the feeling after the universal order,—in a word, the love of God. But, while Hebraism seizes upon certain plain, capital intimations of the universal order, and rivets itself, one may say, with unequalled grandeur of earnestness and intensity on the study and observance of them, the bent of Hellenism is to follow, with flexible activity, the whole play of the universal order, to be apprehensive of miss-

ing any part of it, of sacrificing one part to another, to slip away from resting in this or that intimation of it, however capital. An unclouded clearness of mind, an unimpeded play of thought, is what this bent drives at. The governing idea of Hellenism is *spontaneity of consciousness;* that of Hebraism, *strictness of conscience.*

1869

Arnold's comparison and contrast of Hebraism and Hellenism is organized by alternation of detail. He moves from detail to detail on each aspect of the comparison. Throughout the essay, within each paragraph Arnold treats first one concept and then the other, explaining different aspects of each.

ANALOGY

An analogy is a comparison between two things that may be similar in some ways, but come from different classification systems. Similes and metaphors (discussed in Chapter 2) are analogies. When we use the term analogy, however, we usually associate it with a comparison more elaborate than a simile or a metaphor. An analogy could be thought of as an *extended* metaphor. In referential writing and persuasion, an analogy is used to explain something that is unfamiliar by comparing it with something that is familiar. For instance, the structure of the human eye, something unfamiliar to most of us, can be explained by comparing it to a camera; or the human circulatory system can be explained by comparing it to a plumbing system.

AN EXAMPLE

In his book *On Human Nature* (1978), Edward O. Wilson explains the difference between nature and nurture by using an analogy.

The Development of Human Behavior

EDWARD O. WILSON

Thus even in the relatively simple categories of behavior we inherit a *capacity* for certain traits, and a bias to learn one or another of those available. Scientists as diverse in their philosophies as Konrad Lorenz, Robert A. Hinde, and B. F. Skinner have often stressed that no sharp boundary exists between the inherited and the acquired. It has become apparent that we need new descriptive techniques to replace the archaic distinction between nature and nurture. One of the most promising is based on the imagery invented by Conrad H.

> Waddington, the great geneticist who died in 1975. Waddington said that development is something like a landscape that descends from highlands' to the shore. Development of a trait—eye color, handedness, schizophrenia, or whatever—resembles the rolling of a ball down the slopes. Each trait traverses a different part of the landscape, each is guided by a different pattern of ridges and valleys. In the case of eye color, given a starting set of genes for blue or some other iris pigment, the topography is a single, deep channel. The ball rolls inexorably to one destination: once the egg has been joined by a sperm, only one eye color is possible. The developmental landscape of the mosquito can be similarly envisioned as a parallel series of deep, unbranching valleys, one leading to the sexual attraction of the wingbeat's sound, another to automatic bloodsucking, and so on through a repertory of ten or so discrete responses. The valleys form a precise, unyielding series of biochemical steps that proceed from the DNA in the fertilized egg to the neuromuscular actions mediated by the mosquito's brain.
>
> The developmental topography of human behavior is enormously broader and more complicated, but it is still a topography. In some cases the valleys divide once or twice. An individual can end up either right- or left-handed. If he starts with the genes or other early physiological influences that predispose him to the left hand, that branch of the developmental channel can be viewed as cutting the more deeply. If no social pressure is exerted the ball will in most cases roll on down into the channel for left-handedness. But if parents train the child to use the right hand, the ball can be nudged into the shallower channel for right-handedness. The landscape for schizophrenia is a broader network of anastomosing channels, more difficult to trace, and the ball's course is only statistically predictable.
>
> The landscape is just a metaphor, and it is certainly inadequate for the most complex phenomena, but it focuses on a critical truth about human social behavior. If we are to gain full understanding of its determination, each behavior must be treated separately and traced to some extent, as a developmental process leading from the genes to the final product.

Wilson compares the interaction between genetic and environmental influences on the development of human behavior to a ball rolling through a landscape from highlands to the shore. The analogy does not prove the validity of Wilson's account of the development of human behavior. It simply explains a difficult scientific process in terms that most readers would understand.

VARIATIONS IN COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

The structure of the comparison/contrast will be affected by what the purpose of the paper is. For instance, more emphasis may be given to one of the two things being compared if the argument involves an issue and the purpose of the

argument is to convince the audience of the Tightness of the writer's position. On the other hand, in a referential comparison/contrast, the writer would try to maintain a balanced treatment of the two topics.

EXPRESSIVE COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

Expressive comparisons are controlled by the values and emotional responses of the writer. One of the two things being compared and contrasted may be preferred over the other.

AN EXAMPLE

Mark Twain reveals in this expressive contrast, how his views changed as he became more familiar with the river.

Two Ways of Viewing the River

MARK TWAIN

Now when I had mastered the language of this water, and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew the letters of the alphabet, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the beauty, the poetry, had gone out of the majestic river! I still keep in mind a certain wonderful sunset which I witnessed when steamboating was new to me. A broad expanse of the river was turned to blood; in the middle distance the red hue brightened into gold, through which a solitary log came floating black and conspicuous; in one place a long, slanting mark lay sparkling upon the water; in another the surface was broken by boiling, tumbling rings, that were as many-tinted as an opal; where the ruddy flush was faintest, was a smooth spot that was covered with graceful circles and radiating lines, ever so delicately traced; the shore on our left was densely wooded, and the somber shadow that fell from this forest was broken in one place by a long, ruffled trail that shone like silver; and high above the forest wall a clean-stemmed dead tree waved a single leafy bough that glowed like a flame in the unobstructed splendor that was flowing from the sun. There were graceful curves, reflected images, woody heights, soft distances; and over the whole scene, far and near, the dissolving lights drifted steadily, enriching it every passing moment with new marvels of coloring.

I stood like one bewitched. I drank it in, in a speechless rapture. The world was new to me, and I had never seen anything like this at home. But as I have said, a day came when I began to cease from noting the glories and the charms which the moon and the sun and the twilight wrought upon the river's face; another day came when I ceased altogether to note them. Then, if that sunset scene had been repeated, I should have looked upon it without

rapture, and should have commented upon it, inwardly, after this fashion: "This sun means that we are going to have wind to-morrow; that floating log means that the river is rising, small thanks to it; that slanting mark on the water refers to a bluff reef which is going to kill somebody's steamboat one of these nights, if it keeps on stretching out like that; those tumbling 'boils' show a dissolving bar and a changing channel there; the lines and circles in the slick water over yonder are a warning that that troublesome place is shoaling up dangerously; that silver streak in the shadow of the forest is the 'break' from a new snag, and he has located himself in the very best place he could have found to fish for steamboats; that tall dead tree, with a single living branch, is not going to last long, and then how is a body ever going to get through this blind place at night without the friendly old landmark?"

No, the romance and beauty were all gone from the river. All the value any feature of it had for me now was the amount of usefulness it could furnish toward compassing the safe piloting of a steamboat. Since those days, I have pitied doctors from my heart. What does the lovely flush in a beauty's cheek mean to a doctor but a "break" that ripples above some deadly disease? Are not all her visible charms sown thick with what are to him the signs and symbols of hidden decay? Does he ever see her beauty at all, or doesn't he simply view her professionally, and comment upon her unwholesome condition all to himself? And doesn't he sometimes wonder whether he has gained most or lost most by learning his trade?

Mark Twain's use of comparison and contrast reveals his changing perceptions. He makes emotional responses when he reflects on the beauty of his initial contact with the river. He says that he "stood like one bewitched." Twain reveals his value system when he expresses regret about his loss of the sense of "romance and beauty" he first felt.

LITERARY COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

Literary comparisons are often analogies. They may use many of the devices of language characteristic of literature: graphic images, figurative images, and personification.

AN EXAMPLE

Samuel Johnson uses analogy to present Shakespeare to us. He makes use of a great many graphic images and figures of speech to express his admiration for Shakespeare's abilities as a writer.

On Shakespeare

SAMUEL JOHNSON

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

Johnson uses four analogies in this brief commentary on Shakespeare's work. He compares the work of regular writers to a garden "accurately formed" and "diligently planted." He compares Shakespeare's writing to a forest that, although it sometimes has "weeds and brambles," also offers majesty and "endless diversity." The work of other poets he compares to carefully wrought jewelry in "display cabinets." On the other hand, he compares Shakespeare's work to a mine that, even though mixed with impurities, is an inexhaustible source of "gold and diamonds." The vivid, graphic images Johnson uses create an appealing picture of Shakespeare's work.

PERSUASIVE COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

A writer may use comparison and contrast to convince us to favor one thing over another. Presenting one topic in relation to another allows for the selection of details that favor the preferred position and cast the other in a less favorable light.

AN EXAMPLE

In this selection the noted feminist Gloria Steinem uses comparison and contrast to support a persuasive claim. »

Erotica and Pornography

GLORIA STEINEM

Human beings are the only animals that experience the same sex drive at times when we can—and cannot—conceive.

Just as we developed uniquely human capacities for language, planning, memory, and invention along our evolutionary path, we also developed sexuality as a form of expression; a way of communicating that is separable from our need for sex as a way of perpetuating ourselves. For humans alone, sexuality can be and often is primarily a way of bonding, of giving and receiving pleasure, bridging differentness, discovering sameness, and communicating emotion.

We developed this and other human gifts through our ability to change our environment, adapt physically, and in the long run, to affect our own evolution. But as an emotional result of this spiraling path away from other animals, we seem to alternate between periods of exploring our unique abilities to change new boundaries, and feelings of loneliness in the unknown that we ourselves have created; a fear that sometimes sends us back to the comfort of the animal world by encouraging us to exaggerate our sameness.

The separation of "play" from "work," for instance, is a problem only in the human world. So is the difference between art and nature, or an intellectual accomplishment and a physical one. As a result, we celebrate play, art, and invention as leaps into the unknown; but any imbalance can send us back to nostalgia for our primate past and the conviction that the basics of work, nature, and physical labor are somehow more worthwhile or even moral.

In the same way, we have explored our sexuality as separable from conception: a pleasurable, empathetic bridge to strangers of the same species. We have even invented contraception—a skill that has probably existed in some form since our ancestors figured out the process of birth—in order to extend this uniquely human difference. Yet we also have times of atavistic suspicion that sex is not complete—or even legal or intended-by-god—if it cannot end in conception.

No wonder the concepts of "erotica" and "pornography" can be so crucially different, and yet so confused. Both assume that sexuality can be separated from conception, and therefore can be used to carry a personal message. That's a major reason why, even in our current culture, both may be called equally "shocking" or legally "obscene," a word whose Latin derivative means "dirty, containing filth." This gross condemnation of all sexuality that isn't harnessed to childbirth and marriage has been increased by the current backlash against women's progress. Out of fear that the whole patriarchal structure might be upset if women really had the autonomous power to decide our reproductive futures (that is, if we controlled the most basic means of production), right-wing groups are not only denouncing prochoice abortion literature as "pornographic," but are trying to stop the sending of all contraceptive information through the mails by invoking obscenity laws. In fact, Phyllis Schlafly recently denounced the entire Women's Movement as "obscene."

Not surprisingly, this religious, visceral backlash has a secular, intellectual counterpart that relies heavily on applying the "natural" behavior of the animal world to humans. That is questionable in itself, but these Lionel Tiger-

ish studies make their political purpose even more clear in the particular animals they select and the habits they choose to emphasize. The message is that females should accept their "destiny" of being sexually dependent and devote themselves to bearing and rearing their young.

Defending against such reaction in turn leads to another temptation: to merely reverse the terms, and declare that *all* nonprocreative sex is good. In fact, however, this human activity can be as constructive as destructive, moral or immoral, as any other. Sex as communication can send messages as different as life and death; even the origins of "erotica" and "pornography" reflect that fact. After all, "erotica" is rooted in eros or passionate love, and thus in the idea of positive choice, free will, the yearning for a particular person. (Interestingly, the definition of erotica leaves open the question of gender.) "Pornography" begins with a root meaning "prostitution" or "female captives," thus letting us know that the subject is not mutual love, or love at all, but domination and violence against women. (Though, of course, homosexual pornography may imitate this violence by putting a man in the "feminine" role of victim.) It ends with a root meaning "writing about" or "description of" which puts still more distance between subject and object, and replaces a spontaneous yearning for closeness with objectification and a voyeur.

The difference is clear in the words. It becomes even more so by example.

Look at any photo or film of people making love; really making love. The images may be diverse, but there is usually a sensuality and touch and warmth, an acceptance of bodies and nerve endings. There is always a spontaneous sense of people who are there because they want to be, out of shared pleasure.

Now look at any depiction of sex in which there is clear force, or an unequal power that spells coercion. It may be very blatant, with weapons of torture or bondage, wounds and bruises, some clear humiliation, or an adult's sexual power being used over a child. It may be much more subtle: a physical attitude of conqueror and victim, the use of race or class difference to imply the same thing, perhaps a very unequal nudity, with one person exposed and vulnerable while the other is clothed. In either case, there no sense of equal choice or equal power.

The first is erotic: a mutually pleasurable, sexual expression between people who have enough power to be there by positive choice. It may or m3y not strike a sense-memory in the viewer, or be creative enough to make the unknown seem real; but it doesn't require us to identify with a conqueror or a victim. It is truly sensuous, and may give us a contagion of pleasure.

The second is pornographic: its message is violence, dominance, and conquest. It is sex being used to reinforce some inequality, or to create one, or to tell us the lie that pain and humiliation (ours or someone else's) are really the same as pleasure. If we are to feel anything, we must identify with conqueror or victim. That means we can only experience pleasure through the

adoption of some degree of sadism or masochism. It also means that we may feel diminished by the role of conqueror, or enraged, humiliated, and vengeful by sharing identity with the victim.

Perhaps one could simply say that erotica is about sexuality, but pornography is about power and sex-as-weapon—in the same way we have come to understand that rape is about violence, and not really about sexuality at all.

Yes, it's true that there are women who have been forced by violent families and dominating men to confuse love with pain; so much so that they have become masochists. (A fact that in no way excuses those who administer such pain.) But the truth is that, for most women—and or men with enough humanity to imagine themselves into the predicament of women—true pornography could serve as aversion therapy for sex.

Of course, there will always be personal differences about what is and is not erotic, and there may be cultural differences for a long time to come. Many women feel that sex makes them vulnerable and therefore may continue to need more sense of personal connection and safety before allowing any erotic feelings. We now find competence and expertise erotic in men, but that may pass as we develop those qualities in ourselves. Men, on the other hand, may continue to feel less vulnerable, and therefore more open to such potential danger as sex with strangers. As some men replace the need for submission from childlike women with the pleasure of cooperation from equals, they may find a partner's competence to be erotic, too.

Such group changes plus individual differences will continue to be reflected in sexual love between people of the same gender, as well as between women and men. The point is not to dictate sameness, but to discover ourselves and each other through sexuality that is an exploring, pleasurable, empathetic part of our lives; a human sexuality that is unchained both from unwanted pregnancies and from violence.

But that is a hope, not a reality. At the moment, fear of change is increasing both the indiscriminate repression of all nonprocreative sex in the religious and "conservative" male world, and the pornographic vengeance against women's sexuality in the secular world of "liberal" and "radical" men. It's almost futuristic to debate what is and is not truly erotic, when many women are again being forced into compulsory motherhood, and the number of pornographic murders, tortures, and woman-hating images are on the increase in both popular culture and real life.

It's a familiar division: wife or whore, "good" woman who is constantly vulnerable to pregnancy or "bad" woman who is unprotected from violence. *Both* roles would be upset if we were to control our own sexuality. And that's exactly what we must do.

In spite of all our atavistic suspicions and training for the "natural" role of motherhood, we took up the complicated battle for reproductive freedom. Our bodies had borne that health burden of endless births and poor abortions, and we had a greater motive for separating sexuality and conception.

Now we have to take up the equally complex burden of explaining that all nonprocreative sex is *not* alike. We have a motive: our right to a uniquely hu-

man sexuality, and sometimes even to survival. As it is, our bodies have too rarely been enough our own to develop erotica in our own lives, much less in art and literature. And our bodies have too often been the objects of pornography and the woman-hating, violent practice that it preaches. Consider also our spirits that break a little each time we see ourselves in chains or full labial display for the conquering male viewer, bruised or on our knees, screaming a real or pretended pain to delight the sadist, pretending to enjoy what we don't enjoy, to be blind to the images of our sisters that really haunt us—humiliated often enough ourselves by the truly obscene idea that sex and the domination of women must be combined.

Sexuality *is* human, free, separate—and so are we.

But until we untangle the lethal confusion of sex with violence, there will be more pornography and less erotica. There will be little murders in our beds—and very little love.

Steinem's claim that women should control their own sexuality is supported by her comparison and contrast of erotica and pornography. Through this comparison and contrast, she argues further that pornography results from the confusion of sex with violence and presents women as objects to be dominated.

REFERENTIAL COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

Referential comparison and contrast gives an accurate and clear explanation of the two things. The author makes an effort to balance the presentation and present an unbiased view.

AN EXAMPLE

In the following excerpt from his book *Landscape and Memory*, art historian Simon Schama uses comparison and contrast to explain the meaning of two nineteenth-century German paintings.

The Track through the Woods

SIMON SCHAMA

The Kerstings [paintings by Georg Friedrich Kersting] were shown in an exhibition of patriotic painting at Dresden in 1814 alongside a painting that became the most enduring of all the icons of the *Freiheitskrieg:* Caspar David Friedrich's "Chasseur" *in the Forest.* Contemporary critics had no difficulty in recognizing the heavy load of patriotic symbols carried by the painting: the raven, perched on the felled fir stumps (signifying martyred soldiers), singing

its song of death to the isolated *French chasseur*. But Friedrich's composition was much more than a mechanical inventory of such inspirational emblems. It might almost be considered as a bookend to the Altdorfer St George. Both panels are dominated by a forbidding screen of foliage that sharply encloses the space within which their histories may be read. In both cases, too, the forest itself acts German, but there the similarities end. For while the leaves of Altdorfer's *Silva Hercynia* are lit with the illumination of a sacred triumph, in Friedrich's fir forest they are edged with the snow of death. The Christian-German warrior George is seen in heroic profile, whereas the French soldier, serving Napoleon—the new emperor and, by virtue of his conquests, the king of Italy, too—is seen from the rear, as if to emphasize his vulnerability. Whereas the woodland solitude seems to be the ally of St. George, it is evidently the adversary of the new "Latin" invader. Even his helmet, accurately described from the French military, seems strangely Roman, as if borrowed from one of Varus's lost centurions. Perhaps there were even echoes in their respective weapons, for while the ancient Germans carried javelins and spears not much different from the lance that pierces the dragon, the Romans used swords, represented in Friedrich's paintings by the weapon trailing clumsily beneath the chasseur's cape. And while St. George is set parallel to the plane of the forest, as if in consort with it, the hapless chasseur faces it dead-on, pulled into its interior by the relentlessly commanding path leading nowhere good. For where, in the Altdorfer, the vegetation is pierced by light, exposing a space beyond, in the Friedrich there is only blackness. Like Varus's centurions, the chasseur is surrounded and dwarfed by the impenetrable line of evergreens, the massed troops of the reborn Germania.

Schama's comparison and contrast of the two paintings gives us a better understanding of both of them. He begins with the point of similarity between the paintings—the forest. Then he explains the elements that create the contrast: the Christian-German St. George and the French Chasseur, their weapons, and finally their position in relation to the forest. In pointing out these contrasting elements, Schama reveals the difference between the Germanic and Latin attitudes toward the forest.

WRITING STRATEGIES

If you are using comparison and contrast to organize your work, consider the following questions:

- How are the two subjects similar?
- How are the two subjects different?
- What details should be included?
- How should those details be arranged?

DEFINITION

A definition is a statement of the meaning of a word, a phrase, or a term. When we define, we typically use the principles of classification. Instead of presenting an entire classification system, however, we consider only a single category.

KINDS OF DEFINITIONS

Definitions can be either simple or extended. A simple definition will give a concise meaning of the term. An extended definition will give an elaborated explanation of a complicated concept.

Simple Definitions

Three commonly used methods of giving simple definitions are to put the term we are defining in its class, to give a synonym for it, or to give an example of it. If we defined a desk as a piece of furniture, we would be putting it in a general category or class. Defining it as a writing table would be defining by synonym. Saying that an example of a desk is the oak roll-top in the library would be defining the term by example.

Simple definitions are used not to develop an entire essay, but rather to clarify and explain terms that the reader may not understand. This function of definition is often important in interpretive writing when technical language is used.

Extended Definitions

As the term implies, an extended definition is an elaborate explanation of a concept. Such a definition will go into some detail and will structure an entire essay or even an entire book. Extended definitions usually make use of other patterns of organization to explain the term or concept being defined.

AN EXAMPLE

Rybczynski gives an extended definition of comfort. Note that he makes extensive use of examples to develop his definition.

A Definition of "Comfort"

WITOLD RYBCZYNSKI

What is comfort? Perhaps the question should have been asked earlier, but without a review of the long evolution of this complex and profound subject the answer would almost certainly have been wrong, or at least incomplete.

The simplest response would be that comfort concerns only human physiology—feeling good. Nothing mysterious about that. But this would not explain why, although the human body has not changed, our idea of what is comfortable differs from that of a hundred years ago. Nor is the answer that comfort is a subjective experience of satisfaction. If comfort were subjective, one would expect a greater variety of attitudes toward it; instead, at any particular historical period there has always been a demonstrable consensus about what is comfortable and what is not. Although comfort is experienced personally, the individual judges comfort according to broader norms, indicating that comfort may be an objective experience.

If comfort is objective, it should be possible to measure it. This is more difficult than it sounds. It is easier to know when we are comfortable than why, or to what degree. It would be possible to identify comfort by recording the personal reactions of large numbers of people, but this would be more like a marketing or opinion survey than a scientific study; a scientist prefers to study things one at a time, and especially to measure them. It turns out that in practice it is much easier to measure discomfort than comfort. To establish a thermal "comfort zone," for example, one ascertains at which temperatures most people are either too cold or too hot, and whatever is in between automatically becomes "comfortable." Or if one is trying to identify the appropriate angle for the back of a chair, one can subject people to angles that are too steep and too flat, and between the points where they express discomfort lies the "correct" angle. Similar experiments have been carried out concerning the intensity of lighting and noise, the size of room dimensions, the hardness and softness of sitting and lying furniture, and so on. In all these cases, the range of comfort is discovered by measuring the limits at which people begin to experience discomfort. When the interior of the Space Shuttle was being designed, a cardboard mock-up of the cabin was built. The astronauts were required to move around in this full-size model, miming their daily activities, and every time they knocked against a corner or a projection, a technician would cut away the offending piece. At the end of the process, when there were no more obstructions left, the cabin was judged to be "comfortable." The scientific definition of comfort would be something like "Comfort is that condition in which discomfort has been avoided."

Most of the scientific research that has been carried out on terrestrial comfort has concerned the workplace, since it has been found that comfortable surroundings will affect the morale, and hence the productivity, of workers. Just how much comfort can affect economic performance is indicated by a recent estimate that backaches—the result of poor working posture-account for over ninety-three million lost workdays, a loss of nine billion dollars to the American economy. The modern office interior reflects the scientific definition of comfort. Lighting levels have been carefully controlled to fall within an acceptable level for optimal reading convenience. The finishes of walls and floors are restful; there are no garish or gaudy colors. Desks and chairs are planned to avoid fatigue.

But how comfortable do the people feel who work in such surroundings? As part of an effort to improve its facilities, one large pharmaceutical corporation, Merck & Company, surveyed two thousand of its office staff regarding their attitudes to their place of work—an attractive modern commercial interior. The survey team prepared a questionnaire that listed various aspects of the workplace. These included factors affecting appearance, safety, work efficiency, convenience, comfort, and so on. Employees were asked to express their satisfaction, or dissatisfaction, with different aspects, and also to indicate those aspects that they personally considered to be the most important. The majority distinguished between the visual qualities of their surroundings-decoration, color scheme, carpeting, wall covering, desk appearance—and the physical aspects—lighting, ventilation, privacy, and chair comfort. The latter group were all included in a list of the ten most important factors, together with size of work area, safety, and personal storage space. Interestingly, none of the purely visual factors was felt to be of major importance, indicating just how mistaken is the notion that comfort is solely a function of appearance or style.

What is most revealing is that the Merck employees expressed some degree of dissatisfaction with *two-thirds* of the almost thirty different aspects of the workplace. Among those about which there was the strongest negative feelings were the lack of conversational privacy, the air quality, the lack of visual privacy, and the level of lighting. When they were asked what aspects of the office interior they would like to have individual control over, most people identified room temperature, degree of privacy, choice of chair and desk, and lighting intensity. Control over decor was accorded the lowest priority. This would seem to indicate that although there is wide agreement about the importance of lighting or temperature, there is a good deal of difference of opinion about exactly how much light or heat feels comfortable to different individuals; comfort is obviously both objective and subjective.

The Merck offices had been designed to eliminate discomfort, yet the survey showed that many of the employees did not experience well-being in their workplace—an inability to concentrate was the common complaint. Despite the restful colors and the attractive furnishings (which everyone appreciated), something was missing. The scientific approach assumes that if background noises are muffled and direct view controlled, the office worker will feel comfortable. But working comfort depends on many more factors than these. There must also be a sense of intimacy and privacy, which is produced by a balance between isolation and publicness; too much of one or the other will produce discomfort. A group of architects in California recently identified as many as nine different aspects of workplace enclosure that must be met in order to create this feeling. These included the presence of walls behind and beside the worker, the amount of open space in front of the desk, the area of the workspace, the amount of enclosure, a view to the outside, the distance to the nearest person, the number of people in the immediate vicinity, and the level and type of noise. Since most office layouts do not ad-

dress these concerns directly, it is not surprising that people have difficulty concentrating on their work.

The fallacy of the scientific definition of comfort is that it considers only those aspects of comfort that are measurable, and with not untypical arrogance denies the existence of the rest—many behavioral scientists have concluded that because people experience only discomfort, comfort as a physical phenomenon does not really exist at all. It is hardly surprising that genuine intimacy, which is impossible to measure, is absent in most planned office environments. Intimacy in the office, or in the home, is not unusual in this respect; there are many complicated experiences that resist measurement. It is impossible, for example, to describe scientifically what distinguishes a great wine from a mediocre one, although a group of wine experts would have no difficulty establishing which was which. The wine industry, like manufacturers of tea and coffee, continues to rely on nontechnical testing—the "nose" of an experienced taster—rather than on objective standards alone. It might be possible to measure a threshold below which wine would taste "bad"—acidity, alcohol content, sweetness, and so on—but no one would suggest that simply avoiding these deficiencies would result in a good wine. A room may feel uncomfortable—it may be too bright for intimate conversations, or too dark for reading—but avoiding such irritations will not automatically produce a feeling of well-being. Dullness is not annoying enough to be disturbing, but it is not stimulating either. On the other hand, when we open a door and think, "What a comfortable room," we are reacting positively to something special, or rather to a series of special things.

Here are two descriptions of comfort. The first is by a well-known interior decorator, Billy Baldwin: "Comfort to me is a room that works for you and your guests. It's deep upholstered furniture. It's having a table handy to put down a drink or a book. It's also knowing that if someone pulls up a chair for a talk, the whole room doesn't fall apart. I'm tired of contrived decorating." The second is by an architect, Christopher Alexander: "Imagine yourself on a winter afternoon with a pot of tea, a book, a reading light, and two or three huge pillows to lean back against. Now make yourself comfortable. Not in some way which you can show to other people, and say how much you like it. I mean so that you *really* like it, for *yourself.* You put the tea where you can reach it: but in a place where you can't possibly knock it over. You pull the light down, to shine on the book, but not too brightly, and so that you can't see the naked bulb. You put the cushions behind you, and place them, carefully, one by one, just where you want them, to support your back, your neck, your arm: so that you are supported just comfortably, just as you want to sip your tea, and read, and dream." Baldwin's description was the result of sixty years of decorating fashionable homes; Alexander's was based on the observation of ordinary people and ordinary places. Yet they both seem to have converged in the depiction of a domestic atmosphere that is instantly recognizable for its ordinary, human qualities.

These qualities are something that science has failed to come to grips with, although to the layman a picture, or a written description, is evidence

enough. "Comfort is simply a verbal invention," writes one engineer despairingly. Of course, that is precisely what comfort is. It is an invention—a cultural artifice. Like all cultural ideas—childhood, family, gender—it has a past, and it cannot be understood without reference to its specific history. One-dimensional, technical definitions of comfort, which ignore history, are bound to be unsatisfactory. How rich, by comparison, are Baldwin's and Alexander's descriptions of comfort. They include convenience (a handy table), efficiency (a modulated light source), domesticity (a cup of tea), physical ease (deep chairs and cushions), and privacy (reading a book, having a talk). Intimacy is also present in these descriptions. All these characteristics together contribute to the atmosphere of interior calm that is a part of comfort.

This is the problem with understanding comfort and with finding a simple definition. It is like trying to describe an onion. It appears simple on the outside, just a spheroidal shape. But this is deceptive, for an onion also has many layers. If we cut it apart, we are left with a pile of onion skins, but the original form has disappeared; if we describe each layer separately, we lose sight of the whole. To complicate matters further, the layers are transparent, so that when we look at the whole onion we see not just the surface but also something of the interior. Similarly, comfort is both something simple and complicated. It incorporates many transparent layers of meaning—privacy, ease, convenience—some of which are buried deeper than others.

The onion simile suggests not only that comfort has several layers of meaning, but also that the idea of comfort has developed historically. It is an idea that has meant different things at different times. In the seventeenth century, comfort meant privacy, which lead to intimacy and, in turn, to domesticity. The eighteenth century shifted the emphasis to leisure and ease, the nineteenth to mechanically aided comforts—light, heat, and ventilation. The twentieth-century domestic engineers stressed efficiency and convenience. At various times, and in response to various outside forces—social, economic, and technological—the idea of comfort has changed, sometimes drastically. There was nothing foreordained or inevitable about the changes. If seventeenth-century Holland had been less egalitarian and its women less independent, domesticity would have arrived later than it did. If eighteenth-century England had been aristocratic rather than bourgeois, comfort would have taken a different turn. If servants had not been scarce in our century, it is unlikely that anyone would have listened to Beecher and Frederick. But what is striking is that the idea of comfort, even as it has changed, has preserved most of its earlier meanings. The evolution of comfort should not be confused with the evolution of technology. New technical devices usually—not always—rendered older ones obsolete. The electric lamp replaced the gasolier, which replaced the oil lamp, which replaced candles, and so on. But new ideas about how to achieve comfort did not displace fundamental notions of domestic well-being. Each new meaning added a layer to the previous meanings, which were preserved beneath. At any particular time, comfort consists of *all* the layers, not only the most recent.

So there it is, the Onion Theory of Comfort—hardly a definition at all, but a more precise explanation may be unnecessary. It may be enough to realize that domestic comfort involves a range of attributes—convenience, efficiency, leisure, ease, pleasure, domesticity, intimacy, and privacy—all of which contribute to the experience; common sense will do the rest. Most people—"I may not know why I like it, but I know what I like"—recognize comfort when they experience it. This recognition involves a combination of sensations—many of them subconscious—and not only physical, but also emotional as well as intellectual, which makes comfort difficult to explain and impossible to measure. But it does not make it any less real. We should resist the inadequate definitions that engineers and architects have offered us. Domestic well-being is too important to be left to experts; it is, as it has always been, the business of the family and the individual. We must rediscover for ourselves the mystery of comfort, for without it, our dwellings will indeed be machines instead of homes.

Rybczynski explores the complexities of defining a simple term. He uses narration and analogy to develop the definition.

WRITING STRATEGIES

If your work involves the use of definition, consider the following questions:

- What general class is your subject a member of?
- What is a synonym for the thing being defined?
- What are its characteristics?
- What details should be included in the definition?
- What is an example of the thing being defined?



Dbszrlpiiuh

When we organize with description, we attempt to give the reader an impression of a person, a place, a thing, or a concept. Description focuses on the uniqueness of the thing depicted, how it is different from those that may be in the same class. Instead of looking at general features that would be found in other members of its class, as we do when we organize by classification, we look at specific features that differentiate that one thing from all others. We ask what makes the thing we are describing unique. For instance, if you wanted to describe a particular building, you would focus on those characteristics that make it different from all other buildings.

There are three different ways of using description: to depict a physical appearance, to divide a subject into its component parts, and to analyze a concept. In all three of these variations of description we are dealing with an organizing principle based on a relationship between the whole and its parts. With description, we show how the various parts of the thing we are depicting fit together to form the whole. If you were describing a building, you would tell where the doors and windows were, what the roof was like, what the walls were made of, and what other significant design features were apparent. You would show how each part was related to the other parts and situated in relation to the whole.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

When we try to give an impression of what a person, place, or thing is like, we are creating physical descriptions. These descriptions reveal the physical characteristics of whatever it is we are describing. We may starkby giving an overall impression (the whole) and then include relevant details (the parts). The selection and ordering of the details of the description reflect the point of view the writer has in relation to the thing being described.

DESCRIBING A PERSON

The problem we face when we describe people is how much detail to include in the description. We don't have to include some details because everybody knows in general what a person looks like. We assume that the reader will know that the person has the same physical characteristics as other people—a head, hair, a nose, and hands. Only if some physical characteristic is different, will we make note of it and indicate that "he is tall" or that "she has purple hair."

Frequently in descriptions of people we include other details besides physical characteristics. Such descriptions are called character sketches. In addition to recording observations about physical characteristics, the character sketch will give impressions of personality traits and mannerisms.

AN EXAMPLE

In the following example, Thomas Carlyle, an English essayist, gives us an impression of what the English poet Alfred, Lord Tennyson was like at the age of thirty-four. This excerpt is from a letter to the American philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson, August 5, 1844.

Tennyson

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THOMAS CARLYLE

Alfred is one of the few British or Foreign Figures (a not increasing number I think!) who are and remain beautiful to me;—a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother!—However, I doubt he will not come; he often skips me, in these brief visits to Town; skips everybody indeed; being a man solitary and sad, as certain men are dwelling in an element of gloom,—carrying a bit of Chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos!

Alfred is the son of a Lincolnshire Gentleman Farmer, I think; indeed, you see in his verses that he is a native of "moated granges," and green, fat pastures, not of mountains and their torrents and storms. He had his breeding at Cambridge, as if for the Law or Church; being master of a small annuity on his Father's decease, he preferred clubbing with his Mother and some Sisters, to live unpromoted and write Poems. In this way he lives still, now here, now there; the family always within reach of London, never in it; he himself making rare and brief visits, lodging in some old comrade's rooms. I think he must be under forty, not much under it. One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy;—smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic,—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail,

and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous: I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe!—We shall see what he will grow to. He is often unwell; very chaotic,—his way is through Chaos and the Bottomless and Pathless; not handy for making out many miles upon.

Carlyle describes Tennyson in terms of both his physical appearance and his behavior. Notice that Carlyle focuses on Tennyson's outstanding physical characteristics: his "great shock of rough dusty-dark hair," his "hazel eyes," his "massive aquiline face," and his "sallow-brown complexion." These distinguishing physical features make Tennyson unique. Carlyle also includes a description of his voice—"musical metallic"—his clothmg—"cynically loose"—and his characteristic behavior—"smokes infinite tobacco." Taken together these details give us a memorable portrait of Tennyson.

DESCRIBING A PLACE

As with the description of people, it is impossible to include every single detail in a description of a place. The point of view of the observer is especially important in descriptions of places.

AN EXAMPLE

Peter Matthiessen, in *The Tree Where Man Was Born* (1972), records his travels through East Africa in 1969. The following excerpt gives us a striking description of a river valley.

The Tree Where Man Was Born

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PETER MATTHIESSEN

Winds of the southeast monsoon blew up from the hot nyika, and a haze of desert dust obscured the mountains. But the Uaso Nyiro flows all year, and along its green banks the seasons are the same. A dark lioness with a shining coat lay on a rise, intent on the place where game came down to water. At a shady bend, on sunlit sandbars, baboon and elephant consorted, and a small crocodile, gray-green and gleaming at the edge of the thick river, evoked a childhood dream of darkest Africa. Alone on the plain, waiting for his time to come full circle, stood an ancient elephant, tusks broken and worn, hairs fallen from his tail; over his monumental brow, poised for the insects started up by the great trunk, a lilac-breasted roller hung suspended, spinning turquoise lights in the dry air.

On a plateau that climbs in steps from the south bank of the river, three stone pools in a grove of doum palms form an oasis in the elephant-twisted thorn scrub and dry stone. The lower spring, where the water spreads into a swampy stream, has a margin of high reeds and sedge; here the birds and animals come to water. One afternoon I swam in the steep-sided middle pool, which had been, in winter, as clear as the desert wind; now the huge gangs building the road north to Ethiopia were washing here with detergent soaps that bred a heavy film, and I soon got out, letting the sun dry me. A turtle's shadow vanished between ledges of the pool, and dragonflies, one fire-colored and the other cobalt blue, zipped dry-winged through the heat. Despite the wind, there was stillness in the air, expectancy: at the lower spring a pair of spurwing plover stood immobile, watching man grow older.

In the dusty flat west of the spring, ears alert, oryx and zebra waited. Perhaps one had been killed the night before, for jackals came and went in their hangdog way east of the springs and vultures sat like huge galls in the trees. With a shift in the wind, a cloud across the sun, the rush of fronds in the dry palms took on an imminence. Beyond the springs oryx were moving at full run, kicking up dust as they streamed onto the upper plateau. Nagged by the wind, I put my clothes on and set off for camp.

Matthiessen begins his description of the Kenyan landscape by creating an overall impression of the scene—the wind, the haze of desert dust, and the green banks of a river. He adds details showing the specific features of the place and including references to various animals: "a dark lioness" lying on a rise, "baboon and elephant" on sand bars, and "a small crocodile, gray-green and gleaming at the edge of the thick river." Intertwined with the description is a narrative of Matthiessen swimming in a pool, drying in the sun, returning to camp. Other images, like references to dragonflies, "one fire-colored and the other cobalt blue," add depth to the description.

DESCRIBING A THING

Describing a thing often begins by putting it into a class. Then the various individual features of the thing are identified and elaborated on.

AN EXAMPLE

In his award-winning book *Arctic Dreams* (1986), Barry Lopez creates a masterful description of the narwhal.

The Narwhals

BARRY LOPEZ

Scientists can speak with precision only about the physical animal, not the ecology or behavior of this social and gregarious small whale. (It is the latter, not the former, unfortunately, that is most crucial to an understanding of how industrial development might affect narwhals.) Adult males, 16 feet long and weighing upwards of 3300 pounds, are about a quarter again as large as adult females. Males are also distinguished by an ivory tusk that pierces the upper lip on the left side and extends forward as much as 10 feet. Rarely, a female is found with a tusk, and, more rarely still, males and females with tusks on both sides of the upper jaw.

From the side, compared with the rest of its body, the narwhal's head seems small and blunt. It is dominated by a high, rounded forehead filled with bioacoustical lipids—special fats that allow the narwhal to use sound waves to communicate with other whales and to locate itself and other objects in its three-dimensional world. Its short front flippers function as little more than diving planes. The cone-shaped body tapers from just behind these flippers—where its girth is greatest, as much as eight feet—to a vertical ellipse at the tail. In place of a dorsal fin, a low dorsal ridge about five feet long extends in an irregular crenulation down the back. The tail flukes are unique. Seen from above, they appear heart-shaped, like a ginkgo leaf, with a deep-notched center and trailing edges that curve far forward.

Viewed from the front, the head seems somewhat squarish and asymmetrical, and oddly small against the deep chest. The mouth, too, seems small for such a large animal, with the upper lip just covering the edge of a short, wedge-shaped jaw. The eyes are located just above and behind the upturned corners of the mouth, which give the animal a bemused expression. (The evolutionary loss of facial muscles, naturalist Peter Warshall has noted, means no quizzical wrinkling of the forehead, no raised eyebrow of disbelief, no pursed lip of determination.) A single, crescent-shaped blowhole on top of the head is in a transverse line with the eyes.

Narwhal calves are almost uniformly gray. Young adults show spreading patches and streaks of white on the belly and marbling on the flanks. Adults are dark gray across the top of the head and down the back. Lighter grays predominate on top of the flippers and flukes, whites and light yellow-whites underneath. The back and flanks are marbled with blackish grays. Older animals, especially males, may be almost entirely white. Females, say some, are always lighter-colored on their flanks.

The marbled quality of the skin, which feels like smooth, oiled stone, is mesmerizing. On the flukes especially, where curvilinear streaks of dark gray overlap whitish-gray tones, the effect could not be more painterly. Elsewhere on the body, spots dominate. "These spots," writes William Scoresby, "are of a roundish or oblong form: on the back, where they seldom exceed two inches in diameter, they are the darkest and most crowded together, yet with intervals of pure white among them. On the side the spots are fainter, smaller, and more open. On the belly, they become extremely faint and few, and in

considerable surfaces are not to be seen." These patterns completely penetrate the skin, which is a half-inch thick.

In the water, depending on sunlight and the color of the water itself, narwhals, according to British whaling historian Basil Lubbock, take on "many hues, from deep sea green to even an intense lake [blue] colour."

Narwhals are strong swimmers, with the ability to alter the contours of their body very slightly to reduce turbulence. Their speed and maneuverability are sufficient to hunt down swift prey—arctic cod, Greenland halibut, redfish—and to avoid their enemies, the orca and the Greenland shark.

Narwhals live in close association with ice margins and are sometimes found far inside heavy pack ice, miles from open water. (How they determine whether the lead systems they follow into the ice will stay open behind them, ensuring their safe return, is not known.) They manage to survive in areas of strong currents and wind where the movement of ice on the surface is violent and where leads open and close, or freeze over, very quickly. (Like sea-birds, they seem to have an uncanny sense of when a particular lead is going to close in on them, and they leave.) That they are not infallible in anticipating the movement and formation of ice, which seals them off from the open air and oxygen, is attested to by a relatively unusual and often fatal event called a savssat.

Savssats are most commonly observed on the west coast of Greenland. Late in the fall, while narwhals are still feeding deep in a coastal fiord, a band of ice may form in calm water across the fiord's mouth. The ice sheet may then expand toward the head of the fiord. At some point the distance from its landward to its seaward edge exceeds the distance a narwhal can travel on a single breath. By this time, too, shorefast ice may have formed at the head of the fiord, and it may grow out to meet the sea ice. The narwhals are thus crowded into a smaller and smaller patch of open water. Their bellowing and gurgling, their bovinelike moans and the plosive screech of their breathing, can sometimes be heard at a great distance.

The Danish scientist Christian Vibe visited a savssat on March 36, 1943, on the west coast of central Greenland. Hundreds of narwhals and belukhas were trapped in an opening less than 20 feet square. The black surface of the water was utterly "calm and still," writes Vibe. "Then the smooth surface was suddenly broken by black shadows and white animals which in elegant curves came up and disappeared—narwhals and white whales by the score. Side by side they emerged so close to each other that some of them would be lifted on the backs of the others and turn a somersault with the handsome tail waving in the air. First rows of narwhal, then white whales and then again narwhals—each species separately. It seethed, bobbed, and splashed in the opening. With a hollow, whistling sound they inhaled the air as if sucking it in through long iron tubes. The water was greatly disturbed . . . and the waves washed far in over the ice." The splashed water froze to the rim of the breathing hole, as did the moisture from their exhalations, further reducing the size of the savssat. In spite of the frenzy, not a single animal that Vibe saw was wounded by the huge tusks of the narwhal.

Lopez' description gives us an idea of what the narwhal looks like. The details he includes give us an accurate picture of the bodies of the animals. He gives us information about shape, distinguishing features, and color.

VARIATIONS IN PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A change of purpose will alter the nature of a physical description. The way the details are presented, which details are selected, and what pattern of presentation is used will be determined by the purpose.

EXPRESSIVE DESCRIPTION

Expressive descriptions may be disjointed and fragmented. They may also be layered with emotional responses.

AN EXAMPLE

Two days after the death of his six-year-old son Waldo, Ralph Waldo Emerson made the following entry in his journal dated January 30, 1842. In this entry we find various descriptions that reflect his feelings about the death of his son.

Journal

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

What he looked upon is better, what he looked not upon is insignificant. The morning of Friday I woke at 3 oclock, & every cock in every barnyard was shrilling with the most unnecessary noise. The sun went up the morning sky with all his light, but the landscape was dishonored by this loss. For this boy in whose remembrance I have both slept & awaked so oft, decorated for me the morning star, & the evening cloud, how much more all the particulars of daily economy; for he had touched with his lively curiosity every trivial fact & circumstance in the household, the hard coal & the soft coal which I put into my stove; the wood of which he brought his little quota for grandmother's fire, the hammer, the pincers, & file, he was so eager to use; the microscope, the magnet, the little globe, & every trinket and instrument in the study; the loads of gravel on the meadow, the nests in the henhouse and many & many a little visit to the doghouse and to the bam—For every thing he had his own name & way of thinking, his own pronunciation & manner. And every word came mended from that tongue. A boy of early wisdom, ***of*** a grave & even majestic deportment, of a perfect gentleness.

Every tramper that ever tramped is abroad but the little feet are still.

He gave up his little innocent breath like a bird.

He dictated a letter to his cousin Willie on Monday night to thank him for the Magic Lantern which he had sent him, and said I wish you would tell Cousin Willie that I have so many presents that I do not need that he should send me any more unless he wishes to very much.

The boy had his full swing in this world. Never I think did a child enjoy more. He had been thoroughly respected by his parents & those around him & not interfered with; and he had been the most fortunate in respect to the influences near him for his Aunt Elizabeth had adopted him from his infancy & treated him ever with that plain & wise love which belongs to her and, as she boasted, had never given him sugar plums. So he was won to her & always signalized her arrival as a visit to him & left playmates playthings & all to go to her. Then Mary Russell had been his friend & teacher for two summers with true love & wisdom. Then Henry Thoreau had been one of the family for the last year, & charmed Waldo by the variety of toys whistles boats popguns & all kinds of instruments which he could make & mend; & possessed his love & respect by the gentle firmness with which he always treated him. Margaret Fuller & Caroline had also marked the boy & caressed & conversed with him whenever they were here. Meantime every day his Grandmother gave him his reading lesson & had by patience taught him to read & spell; by patience & love for she loved him dearly.

Sorrow makes us all children again, destroys all differences of intellect. The wisest knows nothing.

The places Emerson describes in this entry take on new meaning in light of his son's death. The details he selects are controlled by his emotional responses to that event. He includes many things that were important to Waldo.

LITERARY DESCRIPTION

Literary descriptions must fit into the design for an overall aesthetic effect. Graphic, vivid images enhance the aesthetic appeal of such descriptions for the reader.

AN EXAMPLE

Walter Pater offers an interesting description of the *Mona Lisa,* obviously created to please the reader.

Mona Lisa

WALTER PATER

Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those White Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed!

All the thoughts and experiences of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative lovers, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias.

She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants, and, as Leda was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.

In his description Pater uses graphic literal images ("tinged the eyelids a and the hands"), figures of speech ("like the vampire, she has been dead many times"), and allusions to classical literature ("as Leda was the mother of Helen of Troy") to make the reader's response to Mona Lisa more aesthetically appealing.

PERSUASIVE DESCRIPTION

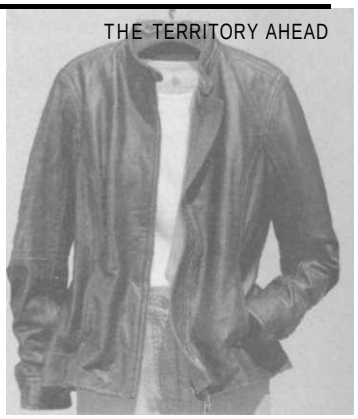
A persuasive description will try to give the reader an enticing portrayal of the person, place, or thing being described.

AN EXAMPLE

This description, taken from *The Territory Ahead* catalogue, is designed to motivate the reader to buy the product. Notice how the detail included is intended to make the reader associate the product with a notable cultural icon from film history.

Women's Europa Jacket

\N<>4yiv!i Ewicj^ Jacket



You must remember this. Ingrid Bergman in Casablanca, creating a gallery of iconic moments. The dramatic entry at Rick's Cafe. The romantic interlude in war-torn Paris. The electric tension of the final farewell. No matter what the mood, she captured it perfectly. Likewise, our beautifully detailed Europa Jacket adapts seamlessly to any occasion. It's crafted of rich, supple cowhide, tumbled for a comfortably broken-in look and feel. Features include a mandarin collar with contrast piping; princess seaming for a feminine, slightly shaped silhouette. Finished with topstitching and brass rivets on the sleeves; on-seam pockets with rivets; and antiqued brass snaps at collar and cuffs. Zip front with inner weather flap. Low-hip length. Imported in Black.

Regular: XS-XL	320181	$299.00
Petites:P-XP	320204	$299.00

The writer's selection of detail is controlled by the persuasive purpose. Notice that the details such as "broken in look and feel" and "feminine, slightly shaped silhouette" suggest a kind of worldly femininity. The ad is obviously designed to persuade the reader that wearing the leather jacket will make her as alluring and mysterious as the character created by Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca.*

REFERENTIAL DESCRIPTION

Referential descriptions focus on accuracy. They support the clear explanation of a topic by adding details that allow the reader to picture the thing described as it really is (or at least a close approximation).

AN EXAMPLE

The famous novelist Henry james offers this rather objective description of Chartres Cathedral.

Chartres Cathedral

HENRY JAMES

I spent a long time looking at Chartres Cathedral. I revolved around it, like a moth around a candle; I went away and I came back; I chose twenty different standpoints; I observed it during the different hours of the day, and saw it in the moonlight as well as the sunshine. I gained, in a word, a certain sense of familiarity with it; and yet I despair of giving any coherent account of it. Like most French Cathedrals, it rises straight out of the street, and is without that setting of turf and trees and deaneries and canonries which contribute so largely to the impressiveness of the great English churches. Thirty years ago a row of old houses was glued to its base and made their back walls of its sculptured sides. These have been plucked away, and, relatively speaking, the church is fairly isolated. But the little square that surrounds it is regretfully narrow, and you flatten your back against the opposite houses in the vain attempt to stand off and survey the towers. The proper way to look at the towers would be to go up in a balloon and hang poised, face to face with them, in the blue air. There is, however, perhaps an advantage in being forced to stand so directly under them, for this position gives you an overwhelming impression of their height. I have seen, I suppose, churches as beautiful as this one, but I do not remember ever to have been so touched and fascinated by architectural beauty. The endless upward reach of the great west front, the clear, silvery tone of its surface, the way a few magnificent features are made to occupy its vast serene expanse, its simplicity, majesty, and dignity—these things crowd upon one's sense with a force that makes the act of vision seem for the moment almost all of life. The impressions produced by architecture lend themselves as little to interpretation by another medium as those produced by music. Certainly there is something of the beauty of music in the sublime proportions of the facade of Chartres.

The doors are rather low, as those of the English cathedral are apt to be, but (standing three together) are set in a deep framework of sculpture-rows of arching grooves, filled with admirable little images, standing with their heels on each other's heads. The church, as it now exists, except the northern tower, are full of the grotesqueness of the period. Above the triple portals is a vast round-topped window, in three divisions, of the grandest dimensions and the stateliest effect. Above the window is a circular aperture, of huge circumference, with a double row of sculptured spokes radiating from its centre and looking on its lofty field of stone as expansive and symbolic as if it were the wheel of Time itself. Higher still is a little gallery with a delicate balustrade, supported on a beautiful cornice and stretching across the front from tower to tower; and above this is a range of niched statues of kings—fifteen, I believe, in number. Above the statues is a gable, with an image of the Virgin and Child on its front, and another of Christ on its apex. In the relation of all these parts there is such a spaciousness and harmony that while on the one side the eye rests on a great many broad stretches of naked stone there is no approach on the other to over profusion of detail.

The arrangement of detail is from the perspective of a tourist. Notice how James places one detail in relation to others with such words as "above," "centre," and "across the front." This placement allows the observer to picture how the details are situated in the whole structure.

WRITING STRATEGIES

When you write descriptions, you will go through a process of selecting which details should be included in the description and then arranging them into an effective pattern. Consider these questions to help you get started when you are writing a physical description.

- What are you describing?
- What is its shape?
- What color is it?
- What does it taste like?
- What does it smell like?
- What does it feel like when you touch it?
- What does it sound like?
- What are its unique characteristics?
- What does it remind you of?
- What is its overall appearance?

DIVISION

Like physical descriptions, organization by division shows the relationship between the various parts that make up a whole. Although division has some features similar to classification, it deals not with classes, but with parts. Division answers the question, what are its component parts? Classification answers the questions, what kinds of the topic are there? If we wanted to explain the parts of a school building, we could list and define the parts that make up the whole: classrooms, offices, hallways, rest rooms, auditoriums, and laboratories. This division details the parts of a school building. If we discussed *kinds* of buildings—like office buildings, schools, factories, shopping centers—we would be classifying buildings by categories, and thereby arranging into groups.

THE STRUCTURE OF DIVISION

With division we are interested not so much in the overall impression of the thing being considered as we are in the individual parts that make up the whole. The parts of the whole are separated and examined in some detail.

AN EXAMPLE

In the following essay, we can see clearly that a subject, music, has been divided into its parts.

The Five Basic Elements of Music

AN EXAMPLE

In the following essay, we can see clearly that a subject, music, has been divided into its parts.

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DAVID RANDOLPH

There is nothing mysterious about the appreciation of music. Proof of your own potential ability to appreciate it lies in the very fact that you are reading these lines. If it were not for the existence of *something* in music that appeals to you, you would not have chosen to read a book on the subject.

As we proceed to consider the various elements in music that attract you, you may find yourself surprised by the degree of appreciation that you already have. These days, when so many of the world's great symphonies, operas, concertos, songs, and instrumental pieces are readily available on records, in radio broadcasts, and at concerts, anyone with the slightest liking for music must of necessity have listened to some of the most sophisticated musical works ever created. Merely to "like" or to be "attracted to" one of the symphonies of Beethoven or Tchaikovsky implies a complexity of response that would amaze you, if you were to take note of all the factors involved. These symphonies are not simple works, and even what we might regard as only a slight degree of appreciation of them—merely a vague sense of pleasure upon hearing them—bespeaks an ability to respond to music at many levels.

Let us see what it is that you respond to in music.

Do you find something appealing about the famous tune from Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony!* If so, then you are responding to one of the most important elements of music—*melody.*

Do you find that you feel like tapping your foot during the march movement of Tchaikovsky's Pathefique *Symphony!* If so, then you are responding to another extremely important element—rhythm.

Yet observe that rhythm is present in the melody of Schubert's *Unfinished* (just tap out the melody on a table with your finger, without singing, and you will isolate the rhythm), and that melody is present in even the most rhythmic portion of the Tchaikovsky march. Therefore, in the process of merely "liking" one of these works, you are actually appreciating *two* musical elements at once. While this example may not impress you by its profundity, the principle—being aware of what it is that you respond to—is at the root of all genuine music appreciation.

Now imagine how much less satisfying Schubert's melody would be if it were buzzed through a tissue-papered comb, instead of being played by the entire cello section of an orchestra. The melody and the rhythm would still be present as before; the difference would lie only in the quality of the sound that reaches your ears. [illegible]

basic elements—*tone color*. Your appreciation, then, really involves *three* elements.

Now, let us suppose that a pianist is playing one of your favorite songs—the melody in the right hand, the accompanying chords in the left. Suppose that his finger slips as he plays one of the chords, causing him to play a sour note. Your immediate awareness of the wrong note comes from your response to another of the basic elements—*harmony*.

Let us briefly consider the more positive implications of harmony. Whether you are attracted by barbershop-quartet singing, or by an atmospheric work by Debussy, or by the powerful, forthright ending of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony, part* of your reaction stems from your response to the harmony, which may be defined as the simultaneous sounding of two or more notes (usually more than two, as in these three examples). Thus we have found a *fourth* element in your appreciation.

Do you have a sense of completeness at the conclusion of a performance of (we will use only one of countless possible examples) Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony'? Are* you left with a feeling of satisfaction as well as of elation? If so, part of that sense of satisfaction—of completion—comes from your feeling for form, which is the last of the five basic elements of music.

Perhaps you will feel that you have not been consciously aware of the music's form as such. You may argue that your feelings of satisfaction and elation stem merely from the fact that the symphony ends with the full chorus and orchestra singing and playing loud and fast (by which argument, incidentally, you are acknowledging your appreciation of the work's melody, rhythm, harmony, and tone color).

In that case, imagine that you have just turned on your radio, and the first thing you hear is the final few seconds of Beethoven's Ninth. In spite of the fact that you are hearing a large chorus and orchestra singing and playing at full tilt, your reaction to the sudden outburst of sound would not be the same as it might have been had you experienced the cumulative effect of all the music that preceded it.

True, you would be hearing a climactic moment, but—as a climax to what? What would be the motivation—the "reason"—for that tremendous sound, from either the intellectual or the emotional viewpoint? To the extent that you found such an experience unsatisfying, it would be your sense of musical form that would be left unsatisfied. Whether or not you have ever thought of it consciously, you demand of music a certain sense of continuity, a "hanging together," a feeling of one passage or mood leading logically to another.

We see, in the light of all this, that you are drawn to music through an appreciation of its basic elements: its melody, rhythm, tone color, harmony, and form. At every moment in which you are listening to music, all five of them are at work to some degree, although their relative importance may change quickly, both in the music itself and in our conscious and unconscious responses to it. As you turn on your radio at random, a song or a popular ballad will emphasize melody, while a jazz orchestra will place greater em-

phasis upon rhythm, although, to be sure, the other elements will also be present. A work for piano will be limited, of course, to the tone color of the piano, but it will have its full measure of all the other elements. On the other hand, a work for full orchestra by a late nineteenth-century romantic composer is likely to abound in contrasting instrumental colors.

Harmony of one kind or another will be present in any music that you happen upon, unless it be a rare work for, let us say, an unaccompanied flute or perhaps for unaccompanied voice, of which Gregorian chant would be the most likely example. Even in music of this sort, consisting of a single unaccompanied melody, you may feel a certain effect of harmony, an *implied* harmony.

Though form, too, will be present in all the music you hear, it will often be one of the more elusive elements. In a popular song or a folk song, the form is usually quite simple and obvious. In an extended orchestral work, such as one of the tone poems of Richard Strauss or Tchaikovsky's Overture-Fantasy Romeo and *Juliet,* the form will be quite complex and less easy to follow.

By way of this intentional oversimplification, we now come to an extremely important point. It is the fact that music can affect our *feelings.* While it would be impossible to catalogue all the varying emotional responses that we may derive from music, let us at least begin by seeing how we respond to the basic elements. Melody goes hand in hand with rhythm; change the *rhythm* of the melody of Schubert's *Unfinished* and you have changed the melody. Hum it to yourself, giving each note the same even time value, and notice that it becomes difficult to recognize, as well as dull in feeling. Play only the rhythm of the most exciting march, without the melody, and the music loses most of its appeal. If all the notes of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, without a single alteration of the melody, rhythm, harmony, or form, were to be played by an orchestra of harmonicas or mandolins, we would hear a radically different tonal effect from the one intended by Beethoven—and the emotional impact would be completely changed.

Just as all music, therefore, is a composite of basic elements, in which each one affects all the others, so our response to music at any given moment is the total of our reactions to all the elements.

At this point, it would be beneficial for the reader to explore these five basic elements by means of listening. Choose a piece that you have heard before—preferably a short one—and listen to it several times. With each hearing, try to concentrate on one or the other of the elements.

As you listen for melody—the "subject matter" of the music—take note of the *kinds* of melodies that are presented: their lengths, their contrasting characters, their reappearances, the way they may reappear in fragmentary form or in combination with one another.

The best way to concentrate upon the rhythm—the physical aspect of the music—is to beat the time in some fashion, whether it is by "conducting," moving your head, or tapping your foot. To the extent that the rhythm may at times be hard to follow, you will in this way be gaining an insight into the composer's rhythmic imagination and originality.

As you listen for the tone color—the sensuous aspect of the music-be alert for the contrasts in *kinds* of sounds that are offered, for the differed feelings that a melody will arouse when it is played by different instruments, and for the excitement created by a great number of instruments playing together.

It might be unwise to attempt to discern the form at the beginning stages of listening. It is nevertheless a fact that each recognition of the reappearance of a melody will increase your awareness of form—the "ground plan" of the music.

If we wanted to be rigid about definitions, we could say that music consists of nothing but the manipulation of the five elements. The statement is correct in that there is no music in the world, regardless of the time or place of its origin, that can be based upon anything other than some combination of these five elements. Thus, to offer the most extreme contrast possible, what we may imagine as the ritual stamping on the ground by the savage appealing to his gods partakes of some of the same basic elements as does Bach's *Passion According to St. Matthew,* notably rhythm and tone color, and certainly, to a degree, form.

The five basic elements of music are explained in this essay. Each of the elements that makes up a piece of music is explained. The division of the topic answers the following question: What are the elements of music?

WRITING STRATEGIES

Consider the following questions when you are using division to organize your writing.

- What are the parts?
- What is each part like?
- How are the parts arranged?

ANALYSIS

Like division, analysis divides a subject into its component parts, but it goes beyond simple division. Analytical organization allows us to examine a concept in some detail and so come to understand not only how the parts are interrelated, but also why they exist.

THE STRUCTURE OF ANALYSIS

An analysis will have a structure that allows the writer to make clear to the reader complex concepts and subjects. The parts are identified and defined. The relationships among the various parts are explained. Finally the interactions among the parts are described.

AN EXAMPLE

In this example, we can see how a scientific analysis of the physical features of certain animals answers the question of why there is an optimum size for every type of animal.

On Being the Right Size

THE STRUCTURE OF ANALYSIS

An analysis will have a structure that allows the writer to make clear to the reader complex concepts and subjects. The parts are identified and defined. The relationships among the various parts are explained. Finally the interactions among the parts are described.

AN EXAMPLE

In this example, we can see how a scientific analysis of the physical features of certain animals answers the question of why there is an optimum size for every type of animal.

J. B. S. HALDANE

The most obvious differences between different animals are differences of size, but for some reason the zoologists have paid singularly little attention to them. In a large textbook of zoology before me I find no indication that the eagle is larger than the sparrow, or the hippopotamus bigger than the hare, though some grudging admissions are made in the case of the mouse and the whale. But yet it is easy to show that a hare could not be as large as a hippopotamus, or a whale as small as a herring. For every type of animal there is a most convenient size, and a large change in size inevitably carries with it a change of form.

Let us take the most obvious of possible cases, and consider a giant man sixty feet high—about the height of Giant Pope and Giant Pagan in the illustrated *Pilgrim's Progress* of my childhood. These monsters were not only ten times as high as Christian, but ten times as wide and ten times as thick, so that their total weight was a thousand times his, or about eighty to ninety tons. Unfortunately the cross sections of their bones were only a hundred times those of Christian, so that every square inch of giant bone had to support ten times the weight borne by a square inch of human bone. As the human thigh-bone breaks under about ten times the human weight, Pope and Pagan would have broken their thighs every time they took a step. This was doubtless why they were sitting down in the picture I remember. But it lessens one's respect for Christian and Jack the Giant Killer.

Gravity, a mere nuisance to Christian, was a terror to Pope, Pagan, and Despair. To the mouse and any smaller animal it presents practically no dangers. You can drop a mouse down a thousand-yard mine shaft; and, on arriving at the bottom, it gets a slight shock and walks away, provided that the ground is fairly soft. A rat is killed, a man is broken, a horse splashes. For the resistance presented to movement by the air is proportional to the surface of the moving object. Divide an animal's length, breadth, and height each by ten; its weight is reduced to a thousandth, but its surface only to a hundredth. So the resistance to falling in the case of the small animal is relatively ten times greater than the driving force.

An insect therefore, is not afraid of gravity; it can fall without danger, and can cling to the ceiling with remarkably little trouble. It can go in for elegant and fantastic forms of support like that of the daddy-longlegs. But there is a force which is as formidable to an insect as gravitation to a mammal. This is surface tension. A man coming out of a bath carries with him a film of water of about one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness. This weighs roughly a pound. A wet mouse has to carry about its own weight of water. A wet fly has to lift many times its own weight and, as everyone knows, a fly once wetted by water or any other liquid is in a very serious position indeed. An insect going for a drink is in as great danger as a man leaning out over a precipice in search of food. If it once falls into the grip of the surface tension of the water—that is to say, gets wet—it is likely to remain so until it drowns. A few insects, such as water-beetles, contrive to be unwettable; the majority keep well away from their drink by means of a long proboscis.

Of course tall land animals have other difficulties. They have to pump their blood to greater heights than a man, and therefore, require a larger blood pressure and tougher blood-vessels. A great many men die from burst arteries, especially in the brain, and this danger is presumably still greater for an elephant or a giraffe. But animals of all kinds find difficulties in size for the following reason. A typical small animal, say a microscopic worm or rotifer, has a smooth skin through which all the oxygen it requires can soak in, a straight gut with sufficient surface to absorb its food, and a single kidney. Increase its dimensions tenfold in every direction, and its weight is increased a thousand times, so that if it is to use its muscles as efficiently as its miniature counterpart, it will need a thousand times as much food and oxygen per day and will excrete a thousand times as much of waste products.

Now if its shape is unaltered its surface will be increased only a hundredfold, and ten times as much oxygen must enter per minute through each square millimetre of skin, ten times as much food through each square millimetre of intestine. When a limit is reached to their absorptive powers their surface has to be increased by some special device. For example, a part of the skin may be drawn out into tufts to make gills or pushed in to make lungs, thus increasing the oxygen-absorbing surface in proportion to the animal's bulk. A man, for example, has a hundred square yards of lung. Similarly, the gut, instead of being smooth and straight, becomes coiled and develops a velvety surface, and other organs increase in complication. The higher ani-

mals are not larger than the lower because they are more complicated. They are more complicated because they are larger. Just the same is true of plants. The simplest plants, such as the green algae growing in stagnant water or on the bark of trees, are mere round cells. The higher plants increase their surface by putting out leaves and roots. Comparative anatomy is largely the story of the struggle to increase surface in proportion to volume.

Some of the methods of increasing the surface are useful up to a point, but not capable of a very wide adaptation. For example, while vertebrates carry the oxygen from the gills or lungs all over the body in the blood, insects take air directly to every part of their body by tiny blind tubes called tracheae which open to the surface at many different points. Now, although by their breathing movements they can renew the air in the outer part of the tracheal system, the oxygen has to penetrate the finer branches by means of diffusion. Gases can diffuse easily through very small distances, not many times larger than the average length travelled by a gas molecule between collisions with other molecules. But when such vast journeys—from the point of view of a molecule—as a quarter of an inch have to be made, the process becomes slow. So the portions of an insect's body more than a quarter of an inch from the air would always be short of oxygen. In consequence hardly any insects are much more than half an inch thick. Land crabs are built on the same general plan as insects, but are much clumsier. Yet like ourselves they carry oxygen around in their blood, and are therefore able to grow far larger than any insects. If the insects had hit on a plan for driving air through their tissues instead of letting it soak in, they might well have become as large as lobsters, though other considerations would have prevented them from becoming as large as man.

Exactly the same difficulties attach to flying. It is an elementary principle of aeronautics that the minimum speed needed to keep an aeroplane of a given shape in the air varies as the square root of its length. If its linear dimensions are increased four times, it must fly twice as fast. Now the power needed for the minimum speed increases more rapidly than the weight of the machine. So the larger aeroplane, which weighs sixty-four times as much as the smaller, needs one hundred and twenty-eight times its horsepower to keep up. Applying the same principle to the birds, we find that the limit to their size is soon reached. An angel whose muscles developed no more power weight for weight than those of an eagle or a pigeon would require a breast projecting for about four feet to house the muscles engaged in working its wings, while to economize in weight, its legs would have to be reduced to mere stilts. Actually a large bird such as an eagle or kite does not keep in the air mainly by moving its wings. It is generally to be seen soaring, that is to say balanced on a rising column of air. And even soaring becomes more and more difficult with increasing size. Were this not the case eagles might be as large as tigers and as formidable to man as hostile aeroplanes.

But it is time that we pass to some of the advantages of size. One of the most obvious is that it enables one to keep warm. All warm-blooded animals at rest lose the same amount of heat from a unit area of skin, for which pur-

pose they need a food-supply proportional to their surface and not to their weight. Five thousand mice weigh as much as a man. Their combined surface and food or oxygen consumption are about seventeen times a man's. In fact a mouse eats about one quarter its own weight of food every day, which is mainly used in keeping it warm. For the same reason small animals cannot live in cold countries. In the arctic regions there are no reptiles or amphibians, and no small mammals. The smallest mammal in Spitzbergen is the fox. The small birds fly away in winter, while the insects die, though their eggs can survive six months or more of frost. The most successful mammals are bears, seals, and walruses.

Similarly, the eye is a rather inefficient organ until it reaches a large size. The back of the human eye on which an image of the outside world is thrown, and which corresponds to the film of a camera, is composed of a mosaic of "rods and cones" whose diameter is little more than a length of an average light wave. Each eye has about a half a million, and for two objects to be distinguishable their images must fall on separate rods or cones. It is obvious that with fewer but larger rods and cones we should see less distinctly. If they were twice as broad two points would have to be twice as far apart before we could distinguish them at a given distance. But if their size were diminished and their number increased we should see no better. For it is impossible to form a definite image smaller than a wavelength of light. Hence a mouse's eye is not a small-scale model of a human eye. Its rods and cones are not much smaller than ours, and therefore there are far fewer of them. A mouse could not distinguish one human face from another six feet away. In order that they should be of any use at all the eyes of small animals have to be much larger in proportion to their bodies than our own. Large animals on the other hand only require relatively small eyes, and those of the whale and elephant are little larger than our own.

For rather more recondite reasons the same general principle holds true of the brain. If we compare the brain-weights of a set of very similar animals such as the cat, cheetah, leopard, and tiger, we find that as we quadruple the body-weight the brain-weight is only doubled. The larger animal with proportionately larger bones can economize on brain, eyes, and certain other organs.

Such are a very few of the considerations which show that for every type of animal there is an optimum size. Yet although Galileo demonstrated the contrary more than three hundred years ago, people still believe that if a flea were as large as a man it could jump a thousand feet into the air. As a matter of fact the height to which an animal can jump is more nearly independent of its size than proportional to it. A flea can jump about two feet, a man about five. To jump a given height, if we neglect the resistance of the air, requires an expenditure of energy proportional to the jumper's weight. But if the jumping muscles form a constant fraction of the animal's body, the energy developed per ounce of muscle is independent of the size, provided it can be

developed quickly enough in the small animal. As a matter of fact an insect's muscles, although they can contract more quickly than our own, appear to be less efficient; as otherwise a flea or grasshopper could rise six feet into the air.

This analysis is not simply a division of a subject into parts; it shows the relationship of physical size to such factors as gravity, the surface tension of water, and the resistance of air. By explaining these physical relationships, Haldane reveals the dynamic connections that are at work in determining restrictions on size.

CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF WRITING

We have looked at the basic structure of analysis and have seen that an analysis of a subject works on the assumption that the whole is composed of parts. With an analysis the writer not only presents elements that make up the concept being analyzed, but also explains the interrelations among the elements. In this section we briefly look at critical analysis of writing, a kind of analysis used in a great many areas of academic work. The ability to read and analyze a written work is an essential skill in most academic fields. Researchers in the physical and behavioral sciences must be able to read and analyze the writings of other researchers in their disciplines.

Critical analyses of writing function in the same way other analyses do. The parts of the written texts are examined in some detail. Typically such analyses will summarize the content of the work and then examine the meaning, the structure, and the style of the writing.

Five student essays analyzing five essays (each with a different purpose) are included in Appendix 2.

The structure of each analysis is based on the concepts presented in the first eight chapters of this book. The following is a suggested pattern that you may find helpful in structuring your analysis of a written work.

In the first sentence of the first paragraph identify the author and the title of the work being analyzed, in addition, in the first paragraph summarize the content and identify the purpose and the overall pattern of organization.

In the second paragraph analyze the purpose with quotations taken from the work that illustrate the characteristics you are examining. Use the quotations as evidence to support your interpretive thesis about the meaning of the work.

In the third paragraph analyze the pattern that organizes the entire piece of writing and any other patterns that are present. Support this analysis with

quotations taken from the work. As with the analysis of purpose, these quotations need to support your interpretation and analysis.

In the fourth paragraph give a conclusion that sums up the essence of the analysis, restating the major points of your interpretation. In addition, you may want to offer some evaluative comment on the effectiveness of the work.

WRITING STRATEGIES

FOR ANALYSIS

- How are the parts related to each other?
- How do the parts affect each other?

FOR CRITICAL ANALYSIS

Since critical analysis involves distinguishing and explaining the various parts of a written text, you must begin the process of critical analysis by reading the text. As you are reading, you may find it helpful to identify words and phrases that you think might be important to your analysis of the work you are analyzing. These words and phrases can be used to support the interpretation you give to what you have read.

The following questions may help you organize your work on a critical analysis:

- What features does the selection have that identify it as expressive, literary, persuasive, or referential?
- What organizational patterns are used?
- What examples from the selection support your interpretation?
- How do all the features you have found work together help the writer achieve the purpose?

7 Narration

When we create details that take place in time, we organize them by narration. The organizing principle of narration is the relationship between events in time. We present one event or occurrence after another so that they create a coherent sequence. Each event is connected causally to each event that precedes it and each event that follows it. Narrations of all kinds are dynamic; that is, they change over time. The story is the most familiar form of narration, but narration can also be used to explain a process or to examine causes and effects.

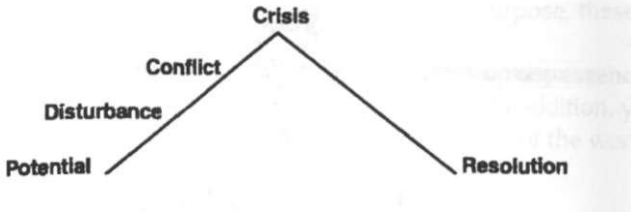
NARRATION OF EVENT

A narration of an event is a record of a sequence of actions that has occurred only once. Those events have never happened before and they will never happen again. A historian, for instance, writing about what happened at the Battle of Little Bighorn when the Sioux defeated Custer would be narrating a series of events that obviously took place only once.

THE STAGES OF A NARRATION OF EVENT

A complete narration of an event has a number of specific stages. First a potential for action must exist. Then something, an inciting event, creates a disturbance that causes the action to move forward and become complicated. This complication, produced by conflict and an interaction of forces, moves the action to a crisis that must be resolved. When the resolution occurs, the narration ends. Imagine the surface of a pond, clear and unmoving. If a stone were thrown into it, ripples would form and move out until they dissipated at the bank. That is the way a narration of an event works. The surface of the pond represents the potential for action. The stone being thrown into the water corresponds to the inciting event that causes an interaction of forces to create the ripples, just as conflict moves the action of a plot to crisis and eventual resolution.

The stages of a narration of an event can be seen in the following diagram.



PARTIAL NARRATIVES

Not all narrations of event are complete. Some narratives, like epic poems, begin in the middle of the action. The earlier events are filled in by flashback to previous events, or they may already be known if the plot of the narrative is based on some well-known myth or legend. A number of Classical Greek dramas were based on myths that would have been known by the contemporary audiences that attended the performances. Many of Shakespeare's history plays were adaptations of actual historical events that his audiences would have been well acquainted with. Some narrations end before the resolution occurs. These narratives are said to have indeterminate endings. Modern short story writers often end their stories before the resolution to suggest a universal human condition and to allow the audience to participate in the action of the plot. Because we know the stages of the complete narrative intuitively, we tend to want to fill in the beginning or the end with our imaginations.

It is possible to have a narrative devoted to each one of the stages of narration. A narration devoted to the potential for action is called a *field narrative.* It involves quite a lot of description and only suggests that action may be possible. A *disturbance narrative* focuses on the moment of transition when potential becomes action. A *conflict narrative* centers on those events leading to crisis. A *crisis narrative* looks only at the action associated with the crisis and does not dwell on events building up to that crisis or on the events leading to its resolution. A *resolution narrative* would focus on the conclusion of the action.

THE NARRATOR

The narrator is the person who is telling the story. That person can be a first-person narrator who is actually involved in the events of the narration and who uses first-person personal pronouns (*I, me, my, mine).* The narrator may also be a third-person narrator who is telling the story from a vantage point outside the action of the narrative and who uses third-person pronouns *{he, she, it, they, them).*

AN EXAMPLE

In this excerpt from Owen Wister's novel *The Virginian* we see an episode that, although brief, does illustrate the different stages of the narration of event as told by a first-person narrator.

The Virginian Does Some Roping

OWEN WISTER

Some notable sight was drawing the passengers, both men and women to the window; and therefore I rose and crossed the car to see what it was. I saw near the track an enclosure, and round it some laughing men, and inside it some whirling dust, and amid the dust some horses, plunging, huddling, and dodging. There were cow ponies in a corral, and one of them would not be caught, no matter who threw the rope. We had plenty of time to watch this sport, for our train had stopped that the engine might take water at the tank before it pulled us up beside the station platform of Medicine Bow. We were also six hours late, and starving for entertainment. The pony in the corral was wise, and rapid of limb. Have you seen a skillful boxer watch his antagonist with a quiet, incessant eye? Such an eye as this did the pony keep upon whatever man took the rope. The man might pretend to look at the weather, which was fine; or he might affect earnest conversation with a bystander; it was bootless. The pony saw through it. No feint hoodwinked him. This animal was thoroughly a man of the world. His undistracted eye stayed fixed upon the dissembling foe, and the gravity of his horse expression made the matter one of high comedy. The rope would sail out at him, but he was already elsewhere; and if horses laugh, gayety must have abounded in that corral. Sometimes the pony took a turn alone; next he had slid in a flash among his brothers, and the whole of them like a school of playful fish whipped round the corral, kicking up the fine dust, and (I take it) roaring with laughter. Through the window-glass of our Pullman the thud of their mischievous hoofs reached us, and the strong, humorous curses of the cowboys. Then for the first time I noticed a man who sat on the high gate of the corral, looking on. For he now climbed down with lithe undulations of a tiger, smooth and easy, as if his muscles flowed beneath his skin. The others had all visibly whirled the rope, some of them even shoulder high. I did not see his arm lift or move. He appeared to hold the rope down, low, by his leg. But like a sudden snake I saw the noose go out its length and fall true; and the thing was done. As the captured pony walked in with a sweet, church-door expression, our train moved slowly on to the station, and a passenger remarked, "That man knows his business."

In this narrative the potential for action is the corral full of horses. The inciting event is the horse evading the rope. The complication and conflict increases between the frustrated ropers and the cagey pony. When the Virginian moves onto the scene, the narration approaches crisis which is resolved when the Virginian ultimately ropes the horse.

VARIATIONS IN NARRATION OF EVENT

The presentation of the events in the narrative will be altered depending on the writer's purpose. For example, some writers may alter the simple chronological sequence of presentation and tell some of the earlier events in flashback sequences (after the plot has already begun). This technique creates a dramatic effect and is frequently used in literary and expressive narratives.

EXPRESSIVE NARRATION OF EVENT

An expressive narrative will be episodic. The events of the narrative may be broken up and told in smaller units (episodes) that are all connected by the associations in the mind of the writer. Sometimes the reader can understand the associative connections and sometimes not.

AN EXAMPLE

This excerpt from Billie Holiday's autobiography illustrates how the subjective nature of expressive writing affects the narrative.

My Big Dream

BILLIE HOLIDAY

I've been told that nobody sings the word "hunger" like I do. Or the word "love."

Maybe I remember what those words are all about. Maybe I'm proud enough to want to remember Baltimore and Welfare Island, the Catholic institution and the Jefferson Market Court, the sheriff in front of our place in Harlem and the towns from coast to coast where I got my lumps and my scars, Philly and Alderson, Hollywood and San Francisco—every damn bit of it.

All the Cadillacs and minks in the world—and I've had a few—can't make it up or make me forget it. All I've learned in all those places from all those people is wrapped up in those two words. You've got to have something to eat and a little love in your life before you can hold still for any damn body's sermon on how to behave.

Everything I am and everything I want out of life goes smack back to that.

Look at my big dream! It's always been to have a big place of my own out in the country someplace where I could take care of stray dogs and orphan kids, kids that didn't ask to be born; kids that didn't ask to be black, blue, or green or something in between.

I'd only want to be sure of one thing—that nobody in the world wanted these kids. Then I would take them. They'd have to be illegit, no mama, no papa.

I'd have room for twenty-five or thirty, with three or four big buxom women just like my mom to take care of them, feed them, see to it the little bastards go to school; knock them in the head when they're wrong, but love them whether they're good or bad.

We'd have a crazy big kitchen with a chartreuse stove and refrigerator to match, and I'd supervise the cooking and baking. We might have a doctor and a nurse and a couple of tutors. But I'd always be around to teach them my kind of teaching—not the kind that tells them how to spell Mississippi, but how to be glad to be who you are and what you are.

When they grow up enough to go out and do babysitting and take little jobs or start on their own, away they'd go. And then there would always be more.

Grownups can make it some kind of way. They might have a little more or a little less to eat than the next guy—a little more or a little less love, and it isn't fatal.

But kids? Take me, I didn't ask Clarence Holiday and Sadie Fagan to get together in that Baltimore hallway and have me and then have to leave me to get pushed around and hassle with life on my own. Sure, my old lady took care of me the best she could and she was the greatest. But she was just a young kid trying to raise a young kid.

Anyway, that's my dream and there is another dream too.

All my life I've wanted my own club. A small place where I can walk in, have my own piano, drums, and a swinging guitar. I'd want it to be crowded if there were one hundred and twenty-five people there—that's how intimate I want it.

I've fought all my life to be able to sing what I wanted the way I wanted to sing it. Before I die I want a place of my own where nobody can tell me when to go on. I might go on at nine, or four in the morning; I might sing forty-nine songs or one song. I might even get up and stop the band in the middle of a number and sing something I felt like singing.

But it would be a place where my friends could come and really relax and enjoy themselves—sleep if they wanted to sleep, and eat if they wanted to eat.

And I'd run that kitchen myself. I might not actually cook everything, but I'd oversee it and taste it and see that it's my kind of cooking and that it's straight. I used to laugh when Mom talked about having her own place, but look at me now.

I could have had a dozen clubs in my time, but I'd always have been fronting for something else. Even today there are promoters willing to get behind a club of mine. But I wouldn't take somebody else's money even if they were fool enough to give it me. I'd always be scared someone would come in and plant some stuff in my place, have me raided and busted.

Besides, it would have to be proven to me that it was mine, all mine, before the law would let me sing in it. And I would have to know it was mine before I could sing in it anyway.

Although people sometimes act like they think so, a singer is not like a saxophone. If you don't sound right, you can't go out and get some new reeds, split them just right. A singer is only a voice and a voice is completely dependent on the body God gave you. When you walk out there and open your mouth, you never know what's going to happen.

I'm not supposed to get a toothache, I'm not supposed to get nervous; I can't throw up or get sick to my stomach; I'm not supposed to get the flu or have a sore throat. I'm supposed to go out there and look pretty and sing good and smile and I'd just better.

Why? Because I'm Billie Holiday and I've been in trouble.

Louis and I have made plenty of miles together, by train, plane, every kind of way. But I'll never forget one night when we were coming in by plane from the Coast.

When we took our seats in this big fancy air liner I knew the man next to me was going to cause a scene. I could just smell him. He started fidgeting and peeking and staring at me and Louis. He made it perfectly clear he wished he'd taken the train where he wouldn't have had to sit next to no damn Negroes.

I didn't pay any attention. This has happened to me too many times. But it bothered Louis.

We hadn't been out thirty minutes, when one of the engines caught fire. Before long the whole wing was blazing and everybody thought we'd had it.

You should have seen this dicty neighbour of ours. He got religion in a hurry. He wanted to hold Louis' hand. He wanted to be nice. He even wanted to say he hadn't meant to be nasty, he was sorry and couldn't we all pray together?

Louis had been a preacher when he was fifteen and he was ready to go along. I flipped.

"This man didn't even want to sit next to me until he thought he was going to die," I told Louis.

"You die in your seat, mister," I told him, "and we'll die in ours."

We rode out the fire someway and made the airport.

When we got on the ground, the man was so ashamed of himself he cut right on by Louis without even speaking.

"Mr. McKay," I told him, "you've had your lesson today. Some people is and some people ain't, and this man ain't."

That's the way I've found it, and that's still the way it is.

Holiday's expressive narration is episodic. She recounts a number of different events, short episodes that are pieced together and connected by the associations she makes from one idea to another.

LITERARY NARRATION OF EVENT

The narrative is perhaps the most frequently used pattern for literary works. Literary narratives focus on the conflict and crisis inherent in the narrative structure. They also typically include descriptions that present the setting and characters to the reader.

AN EXAMPLE

In the following story written by Mark TWain, we find a narrative based on the experiences of a traveler on the prairie.

Coyote

AN EXAMPLE

In the following story written by Mark Twain, we find a narrative based on the experiences of a traveler on the prairie.

MARK TWAIN

Another night of alternate tranquility and turmoil. But morning came, by and by. It was another glad awakening to fresh breezes, vast expanses of level greensward, bright sunlight, an impressive solitude utterly without visible human beings or human habitations, and an atmosphere of such amazing magnifying properties that trees that seemed close at hand were more than three miles away. We resumed undress uniform, climbed atop of the flying coach, dangled our legs over the side, shouted occasionally at our frantic mules, merely to see them lay their ears back and scamper faster, tied our hats on to keep our hair from blowing away, and leveled an outlook over the world-wide carpet about us for things new and strange to gaze at. Even at this day it thrills me through and through to think of the life, the gladness and the wild sense of freedom that used to make the blood dance in my veins on those fine overland mornings!

Along about an hour after breakfast we saw the first prairie-dog villages, the first antelope, and the first wolf. If I remember rightly, this latter was the regular coyote (pronounced ky-o-te) of the farther deserts. And if it was, he was not a pretty creature, or respectable either, for I got well acquainted with his race afterward, and can speak with confidence. The coyote is a long, slim, sick and sorry-looking skeleton, with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth. He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of Want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is so homely!—so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful. When he sees you he lifts his lips and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursu-

ing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you; he will trot fifty yards and stop again—another fifty and stop again; and finally the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears. All this is when you make no demonstration against him; but if you do, he develops a livelier interest in his journey, and instantly electrifies his heels and puts such a deal of real estate between himself and your weapon, that by the time you have raised the hammer you see that you need a mini rifle, and by the time you have got him in line you need a rifled cannon, and by the time you have "drawn a bead" on him you see well enough that nothing but an unusually long-winded streak of lightning could reach him where he is now. But if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudful smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck further to the front, and pant more fiercely, and stick his tail out straighter behind, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader, and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain! And all this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and to save the soul of him he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along and never pants or sweats or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is; and next he notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little to keep from running away from him—and then that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain and weep and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy. This "spurt" finds him six feet behind his gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say: "Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, bub—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day"—and forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

It makes his head swim. He stops, and looks all around; climbs the nearest sand-mound, and gazes into the distance; shakes his head reflectively, and then, without a word, he turns and jogs along back to his train, and takes up a humble position under the hindmost wagon, and feels unspeakable

mean, and looks ashamed, and hangs his tail at half-mast for a week. And for as much as a year after that, whenever there is a great hue and cry after a coyote, that dog will merely glance in that direction without emotion, and apparently observe to himself, "I believe I do not wish any of the pie."

1872

The descriptions of the setting and the animals create verisimilitude. The conflict between the coyote and the dog creates tension. In addition, Twain uses a number of figurative images, notably personification, to develop his descriptions.

PERSUASIVE NARRATION OF EVENT

A narration in persuasion will likely function as an example, which is a commonly used type of rational appeal. If the narrative is in the first person and reflects the experiences of the narrator, then the example would be a personal appeal included in an effort to enhance the credibility of the author.

AN EXAMPLE

This first-person narrative of a personal experience by Benjamin Franklin addresses the issue of what kind of approach should be used to defeat an opponent, in this case a political opponent. Franklin presents a surprising claim.

Seducing an Enemy

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I therefore did not like the opposition of this new member, who was a gentleman of fortune and education with talents that were likely to give him in time great influence in the House, which indeed, afterwards happened. I did not, however, aim at gaining his favour by paying any servile respect to him, but after some time took this other method. Having heard that he had in his library a certain scarce and curious book, I wrote a note to him expressing my desire of perusing that book and requesting he would do me the favour of lending it to me for a few days. He sent it immediately; and I returned it in about a week with another note expressing strongly my sense of the favour. When we next met in the House, he spoke to me (which he had never done before), and with great civility. And he ever afterwards manifested a readiness to serve me on all occasions, so that we became great friends, and our friendship continued to his death. This is another instance of the truth of an

old maxim I had learned, which says, "He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged." And it shows how much more profitable it is prudently to remove, than to resent, return and continue inimical proceedings.

Franklin addresses the issue of what kind of behavior is best in confronting an adversary. His claim is that instead of trying to curry favor from an opponent by doing that person favors, you should rather ask the opponent to do you a favor. In addition to telling his personal experience (both a personal and a rational appeal), Franklin quotes a maxim, which is another rational appeal.

REFERENTIAL NARRATION OF EVENT

Referential narratives give an orderly, clear presentation of the events. They present evidence to support a thesis.

AN EXAMPLE

This report of the earthquake that occurred on April 18, 1906 in San Francisco was originally published in *Collier's* magazine. Jack London, noted for his novels and short stories depicting life in harsh environments, records his impressions of the devastating events surrounding the earthquake. He selects events that reveal the extent of the destruction.

The San Francisco Earthquake

JACK LONDON

The earthquake shook down in San Francisco hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of walls and chimneys. But the conflagration that followed burned up hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property. There is no estimating within hundreds of millions the actual damage wrought. Not in history has a modern imperial city been so completely destroyed. San Francisco is gone. Nothing remains of it but memories and a fringe of dwelling-houses on its outskirts. Its industrial section is wiped out. Its business section is wiped out. The factories and warehouses, the great stores and newspaper buildings, the hotels and the palaces of the nabobs, are all gone. Remains only the fringe of dwelling-houses on the outskirts of what was once San Francisco.

Within an hour after the earthquake shock the smoke of San Francisco's burning was a lurid tower visible a hundred miles away. And for three days and nights this lurid tower swayed in the sky, reddening the sun, darkening the day, and filling the land with smoke.

On Wednesday morning at a quarter past tive came the earthquake. A minute later the flames were leaping upward. In a dozen different quarters south of Market Street, in the working-class ghetto, and in the factories, fires started. There was no opposing the flames. There was no organization, no communication. All the cunning adjustments of a twentieth century city had been smashed by the earthquake. The streets were humped into ridges and depressions, and piled with the debris of fallen walls. The steel rails were twisted into perpendicular and horizontal angles. The telephone and telegraph systems were disrupted. And the great water-mains had burst. All the shrewd contrivances and safe-guards of man had been thrown out of gear by thirty seconds' twitching of the earth-crust.

The Fire Made Its Own Draft

By Wednesday afternoon, inside of twelve hours, half the heart of the city was gone. At that time I watched the vast conflagration from out on the bay. It was dead calm. Not a flicker of wind stirred. Yet from every side wind was pouring in upon the city. East, west, north, and south, strong winds were blowing upon the doomed city. The heated air rising made an enormous suck. Thus did the fire of itself build its own colossal chimney through the atmosphere. Day and night this dead calm continued, and yet, near to the flames, the wind was often half a gale, so mighty was the suck.

Wednesday night saw the destruction of the very heart of the city. Dynamite was lavishly used, and many of San Francisco's proudest structures were crumbled by man himself into ruins, but there was no withstanding the onrush of the flames. Time and again successful stands were made by the fire-fighters, and every time the flames flanked around on either side, or came up from the rear, and turned to defeat the hard-won victory.

An enumeration of the buildings destroyed would be a directory of San Francisco. An enumeration of the buildings undestroyed would be a line and several addresses. An enumeration of the deeds of heroism would stock a library and bankrupt the Carnegie Medal fund. An enumeration of the dead will never be made. All vestiges of them were destroyed by the flames. The number of victims of the earthquake will never be known. South of Market Street, where the loss of life was particularly heavy, was the first to catch fire.

Remarkable as it may seem, Wednesday night, while the whole city crashed and roared into ruin, was a quiet night. There were no crowds. There was no shouting and yelling. There was no hysteria, no disorder. I passed Wednesday night in the path of the advancing flames, and in all those terrible hours I saw not one woman who wept, not one man who was excited, not one person who was in the slightest degree panic-stricken.

Before the flames, throughout the night, fled tens of thousands of homeless ones. Some were wrapped in blankets. Others carried bundles of bedding and dear household treasures. Sometimes a whole family was harnessed to a carriage or delivery wagon that was weighted down with their possessions. Baby buggies, toy wagons, and go-carts were used as trucks, while

every other person was dragging a trunk. Yet everybody was gracious. The most perfect courtesy obtained. Never, in all San Francisco's history, were her people so kind and courteous as on this night of terror.

A Caravan of Trunks

All night these tens of thousands fled before the flames. Many of them, the poor people from the labor ghetto, had fled all day as well. They had left their homes burdened with possessions. Now and again they lightened up, flinging out upon the street clothing and treasures they had dragged for miles.

They held on longest to their trunks, and over these trunks many a strong man broke his heart that night. The hills of San Francisco are steep, and up these hills, mile after mile, were the trunks dragged. Everywhere were trunks, with across them lying their exhausted owners, men and women. Before the march of the flames were flung picket lines of soldiers. And a block at a time, as the flames advanced, these pickets retreated. One of their tasks was to keep the trunk-pullers moving. The exhausted creatures, stirred on by the menace of bayonets, would arise and struggle up the steep pavements, pausing from weakness every five or ten feet.

Often, after surmounting a heart-breaking hill, they would find another wall of flame advancing upon them at right angles and be compelled to change anew the line of their retreat. In the end, completely played out, after toiling for a dozen hours like giants, thousands of them were compelled to abandon their trunks. Here the shopkeepers and soft members of the middle class were at a disadvantage. But the working men dug holes in vacant lots and backyards and buried their trunks.

The Doomed City

At nine o'clock Wednesday evening I walked down through the very heart of the city. I walked through miles and miles of magnificent buildings and towering skyscrapers. Here was no fire. All was in perfect order. The police patrolled the streets. Every building had its watchman at the door. And yet it was doomed, all of it. There was no water. The dynamite was giving out. And at right angles two different conflagrations were sweeping down upon it.

At one o'clock in the morning I walked down through the same section. Everything still stood intact. There was no fire. And yet there was a change. A rain of ashes was falling. The watchmen at the doors were gone. The police had been withdrawn. There were no firemen, no fire engines, no men fighting with dynamite. The district had been absolutely abandoned. I stood at the corner of Kearney and Market, in the very innermost heart of San Francisco. Kearney Street was deserted. Half a dozen blocks away it was burning on both sides. The street was a wall of flame, and against this wall of flame, silhouetted sharply, were two United States cavalrymen sitting their horses, calmly watching. That was all. Not another person was in sight. In the intact heart of the city two troopers sat their horses and watched.

Spread of the Conflagration

Surrender was complete. There was no water. The sewers had long since been pumped dry. There was no dynamite. Another fire had broken out further uptown, and now from three sides conflagrations were sweeping down. The fourth side had been burned earlier in the day. In that direction stood the tottering walls of the Examiner building, the burned-out Call building, the smoldering ruins of the Grand Hotel, and the gutted, devastated, dynamited Palace Hotel.

The following will illustrate the sweep of the flames and the inability of men to calculate their spread. At eight o'clock Wednesday evening I passed through Union Square. It was packed with refugees. Thousands of them had gone to bed on the grass. Government tents had been set up, supper was being cooked, and the refugees were lining up for free meals.

At half-past one in the morning three sides of Union Square were in flames. The fourth side, where stood the great St. Francis Hotel, was still holding out. An hour later, ignited from top and sides, the St. Francis was flaming heavenward. Union Square, heaped high with mountains of trunks, was deserted. Troops, refugees, and all had retreated.

A Fortune for a Horse!

It was at Union Square that I saw a man offering a thousand dollars for a team of horses. He was in charge of a truck piled high with trunks for some hotel. It had been hauled here into what was considered safety, and the horses had been taken out. The flames were on three sides of the Square, and there were no horses.

Also, at this time, standing beside the truck, I urged a man to seek safety in flight. He was all but hemmed in by several conflagrations. He was an old man and he was on crutches. Said he, "Today is my birthday. Last night I was worth thirty thousand dollars. I bought five bottles of wine, some delicate fish, and other things for my birthday dinner. I have had no dinner, and all I own are these crutches."

I convinced him of his danger and started him limping on his way. An hour later, from a distance, I saw the truckload of trunks burning merrily in the middle of the street.

On Thursday morning, at a quarter past five, just twenty-four hours after the earthquake, I sat on the steps of a small residence on Nob Hill. With me sat Japanese, Italians, Chinese, and Negroes—a bit of the cosmopolitan flotsam of the wreck of the city. All about were the palaces of the nabob pioneers of Forty-nine. To the east and south, at right angles, were advancing two mighty walls of flame.

I went inside with the owner of the house on the steps of which I sat. He was cool and cheerful and hospitable. "Yesterday morning," he said, "I was worth six hundred thousand dollars. This morning this house is all I have left. It will go in fifteen minutes." He pointed to a large cabinet "That is my wife's collection of china. This rug upon which we stand is a present. It cost fifteen

hundred dollars. Try that piano. Listen to its tone. There are few like it. There are no horses. The flames will be here in fifteen minutes."

Outside, the old Mark Hopkins residence, a palace, was just catching fire. The troops were falling back and driving the refugees before them. From every side came the roaring of flames, the crashing of walls, and the detonations of dynamite.

The Dawn of the Second Day

I passed out of the house. Day was trying to dawn through the smoke-pall. A sickly light was creeping over the face of things. Once only the sun broke through the smoke-pall, blood-red, and showing quarter its usual size. The smoke-pall itself, viewed from beneath, was a rose color that pulsed and fluttered with lavender shades. Then it turned to mauve and yellow and dun. There was no sun. And so dawned the second day on stricken San Francisco.

An hour later I was creeping past the shattered dome of the City Hall. Than it there was no better exhibit of the destructive forces of the earthquake. Most of the stone had been shaken from the great dome, leaving standing the naked frame-work of steel. Market Street was piled high with wreckage, and across the wreckage lay the overthrown pillars of the City Hall shattered into short crosswise sections.

This section of the city, with the exception of the Mint and the Post-Office, was already a waste of smoking ruins. Here and there through the smoke, creeping warily under the shadows of tottering walls, emerged occasional men and women. It was like the meeting of the handful of survivors after the day of the end of the world.

Beeves Slaughtered and Roasted

On Mission Street lay a dozen steers, in a neat row stretching across the street, just as they had been struck down by the flying ruins of the earthquake. The fire had passed through afterward and roasted them. The human dead had been carried away before the fire came. At another place on Mission Street I saw a milk wagon. A steel telegraph pole had smashed down sheer through the driver's seat and crushed the front wheels. The milkcans lay scattered around.

All day Thursday and all Thursday night, all day Friday and Friday night, the flames still raged.

Friday night saw the flames finally conquered, though not until Russian Hill and Telegraph Hill had been swept and three-quarters of a mile of wharves and docks had been licked up.

The Last Stand

The great stand of the fire-fighters was made Thursday night on Van Ness Avenue. Had they failed here, the comparatively few remaining houses of the city would have been swept. Here were the magnificent residences of the

second generation of San Francisco nabobs, and these, in a solid zone, were dynamited down across the path of the fire. Here and there the flames leaped the zone, but these fires were beaten out, principally by the use of wet blankets and rugs.

San Francisco, at the present time, is like the crater of a volcano, around which are camped tens of thousands of refugees. At the Presidio alone are at least twenty thousand. All the surrounding cities and towns are jammed with the homeless ones, where they are being cared for by the relief committees. The refugees were carried free by the railroads to any point they wished to go, and it is estimated that over one hundred thousand people have left the peninsula on which San Francisco stood. The Government has the situation in hand, and, thanks to the immediate relief given by the whole United States, there is not the slightest possibility of a famine. The bankers and business men have already set about making preparations to rebuild San Francisco.

This report covers a specific time frame, Wednesday through Friday. Note that the introductory and concluding paragraphs provide a context for the events. Along with the major events of the narrative, London also includes descriptions that help the reader visualize the events he is recounting.

WRITING STRATEGIES

When you begin writing a narrative, think about the events as an interconnected series. You may find the following questions to be helpful.

- What are the events in your narrative?
- How do the forces interact?
- What is the crisis?
- How is the conflict resolved?
- Where does the narrative take place?
- Who is the narrator?

NARRATION OF PROCESS

A narration of process does not have the five stages that a narration of event has. All events in a narration of process are of equal importance. There is no point of crisis. The resolution is simply the last event. As a result, tension is not increased as the series of events is presented to the reader.

Most narrations of process are written in the present tense. This feature gives the presentation a sense of immediacy and reinforces the reader's impression that the process can be repeated over and over.

INSTRUCTIONAL PROCESS

Some narrations of process tell "how to" do something. They are written in the second person (you) and the imperative mood (commands). A set of instructions is an instructional process. It gives steps that must be completed to perform the activity.

AN EXAMPLE

In his book *The Relaxation Response* (1975), Herbert Benson, a medical doctor and an Associate Professor at The Harvard Medical School, explains how to elicit the Relaxation Response.

The Relaxation Response

HERBERT BENSON

It is important to remember that there is not a single method that is unique in eliciting the Relaxation Response. For example, Transcendental Meditation is one of the many techniques that incorporate these components. However, we believe it is not necessary to use the specific method and specific *secret,* personal sound taught by Transcendental Meditation. Tests at *the Thorndike Memorial Laboratory of Harvard have shown that a similar technique used with any sound or phrase or prayer or mantra brings forth the same physiologic changes noted during Transcendental Meditation:* decreased oxygen consumption; decreased carbon-dioxide elimination; decreased rate of breathing. In other words using the basic necessary components, any one of the age-old or the newly derived techniques produces the same physiological results regardless of the mental device used. The following set of instructions, used to elicit the Relaxation Response, was developed by our group at Harvard's Thorndike Memorial Laboratory and was found to produce the same physiologic changes we had observed during the practice of Transcendental Meditation. This technique is now being used to lower blood pressure in certain patients. A noncultic technique, it is drawn with little embellishment from the four basic components found in the myriad of historical methods. We claim no innovation but simply a scientific validation of age-old wisdom. The technique is our current method of eliciting the Relaxation Response in our continuing studies at the Beth Israel Hospital of Boston.

(1) *Sit quietly in a comfortable position.*
(2) Close *your eyes.*
(3) Deeply relax *all your muscles, beginning at your feet and progressing up to your face. Keep them relaxed.*
(4) *Breathe through your nose. Become aware of your breathing. As you breathe out, say the word, "ONE," silently to yourself. For example,*

breathe IN... OUT, "ONE"; IN... OUT, "ONE"; etc. Breathe easily and naturally.

(5) *Continue for 10 to 20 minutes. You may open your eyes to check the time, but do not use an alarm. When you finish, sit quietly for several minutes, at first with your eyes closed and later with your eyes opened. Do not stand up for a few minutes.*

(6) *Do not worry about whether you are successful in achieving a deep level of relaxation. Maintain a passive attitude and permit relaxation to occur at its own pace. When distracting thoughts occur, try to ignore them by not dwelling upon them and return to repeating "ONE." With practice, the response should come with little effort. Practice the technique once or twice daily, but not within two hours after any meal, since the digestive processes seem to interfere with the elicitation of the Relaxation Response.*

The subjective feelings that accompany the elicitation of the Relaxation Response vary among individuals. The majority of people feel a sense of calm and feel very relaxed. A small percentage of people immediately experience ecstatic feelings. Other descriptions that have been related to us involve feelings of pleasure, refreshment, and well-being. Still others have noted relatively little change on a subjective level. Regardless of the subjective feelings described by our subjects, we have found that the physiologic changes such as decreased oxygen consumption are taking place.

There is no educational requirement or aptitude necessary to experience the Relaxation Response. Just as each of us experiences anger, contentment, and excitement, each has the capacity to experience the Relaxation Response. It is an innate response within us. Again, there are many ways in which people bring forth the Relaxation Response, and your own individual considerations may be applied to the four components involved. You may wish to use the technique we have presented but with a different mental device. You may use a syllable or phrase that may be easily repeated and sounds natural to you.

Another technique you may wish to use is a prayer from your religious tradition. Choose a prayer that incorporates the four elements necessary to bring forth the Relaxation Response. As we have shown in Chapter 5, we believe every religion has such prayers. We would reemphasize that we do not view religion in a mechanistic fashion simply because a religious prayer brings forth this desired physiologic response. Rather, we believe, as did William James, that these age-old prayers are one way to remedy an inner incompleteness and to reduce inner discord. Obviously, there are many other aspects to religious beliefs and practices which have little to do with the Relaxation Response. However, there is little reason not to make use of an appropriate prayer within the framework of your own beliefs if you are most comfortable with it.

Your individual considerations of a particular technique may place different emphasis upon the components necessary to elicit the Relaxation Response and also may incorporate various practices into the use of the technique. For example, for some a quiet environment with little distraction is crucial. However, others prefer to practice the Relaxation Response in subways or trains. Some people choose always to practice the Relaxation Response in the same place and at a regular time.

This instructional process tells the reader how to experience the relaxation response. Obviously, following the directions will enable the reader to reproduce the effects explained by Benson.

INFORMATIONAL PROCESS

An informational process is written in the third person. It tells how something is done, not how to do something.

AN EXAMPLE

In his book *The Relaxation Response* (197'5), Herbert Benson explains physiological response called "the fight-or-flight response."

The Fight-or-Flight Response

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HERBERT BENSON

The stressful consequences of living in our modern, Western society—constant insecurity in a job, inability to make deadlines because of the sheer weight of obligations, or the shift in social rules once binding and now inappropriate—will be described here in a manner that clearly explains how they lead to the ravaging diseases such as hypertension which are prevalent today and which are likely to become more widespread in the years ahead. We are all too familiar with the stresses we encounter. However, we are less knowledgeable about the consequences of these stresses, not only psychological but physiologic. Humans, like other animals, react in a predictable way to

This innate fight-or-flight reaction is well recognized in animals. A frightened cat standing with arched back and hair on end, ready to run or fight; an enraged dog with dilated pupils, snarling at its adversary; an African gazelle running from a predator; all are responding by activation of the fight-or-flight response. Because we tend to think of man in Cartesian terms, as essentially a rational being, we have lost sight of his origins and of his Darwinian struggle for survival where the successful use of the fight-or-flight response was a matter of life or death.

Man's ancestors with the most highly developed fight-or-flight reactions had an increased chance of surviving long enough to reproduce. Natural selection favored the continuation of the response. As progeny of ancestors who developed the response over millions of years, modern man almost certainly still possesses it.

In fact, the fight-or-flight response, with its bodily changes of increased blood pressure, rate of breathing, muscle blood flow, metabolism, and heart rate, has been measured in man. Situations that demand that we adjust our behavior elicit this response. It is observed, for example, among athletes prior to a competitive event. But the response is not used as it was intended—that is, in preparation for running or fighting with an enemy. Today, it is often brought on by situations that require behavioral adjustments, and *when not used appropriately, which is most of the time, the fight-or-flight response repeatedly elicited may ultimately lead to the dire diseases of heart attack and stroke.*

Benson's informational process outlines the processes associated with the inborn fight-or-flight response. He explains the physiological mechanisms involved.

VARIATIONS IN NARRATION OF PROCESS

When the purpose of a narration of process changes, elements consistent with that purpose are introduced. In general, although the events recorded in all kinds of narration of process will receive equal emphasis, the number of events included will vary when the purpose is different.

EXPRESSIVE NARRATION OF PROCESS

Obviously, expressive narration of process will be in the first person. The writer is explaining how he or she usually completes some task. As a result, the events in the process will be unique to that person and will probably be different from the way other people might complete the same task.

AN EXAMPLE

Henry David Thoreau, in an excerpt from his journal in 1852, tells how he keeps a journal.

On Keeping a Journal

AN EXAMPLE

Henry David Thoreau, in an excerpt from his journal in 1852, tells how he keeps a journal.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

> To set down such choice experiences that my own writings may inspire me and at last I may make wholes of parts. Certainly it is a distinct profession to rescue from oblivion and to fix the sentiments and thoughts which visit all men more or less generally, that the contemplation of the unfinished picture may suggest its harmonious completion. Associate reverently and as much as you can with your loftiest thoughts. Each thought that is welcomed and recorded is a nest egg, by the side of which more will be laid. Thoughts accidentally thrown together become a frame in which more may be developed and exhibited. Perhaps this is the main value of a habit of writing, of keeping a journal—that so we remember our best hours and stimulate ourselves. My thoughts are my company. They have a certain individuality and separate existence, aye, personality. Having by chance recorded a few disconnected thoughts and then brought them into juxtaposition, they suggest a whole new field in which it was possible to labor and to think. Thought begat thought.

Thoreau's journal entry illustrates how an expressive purpose can affect a narration of process. He tells how he keeps a journal, but the presentation shifts from first person to third person to second person. The explanation is not an orderly account; rather it touches on those features of journal writing that Thoreau sees as most important and most valuable.

LITERARY NARRATION OF PROCESS

A narration of process with a literary purpose will include elements that are intended to entertain the reader. In fact, the process itself may be an imaginary creation with little or no correspondence to anything anybody would ever actually do.

AN EXAMPLE

In the following excerpt, the humorist Robert Benchley offers a delightful account of how he goes about writing a novel.

How I Create

ROBERT BENCHLEY

In an article on How Authors Create, in which the writing methods of various masters of English prose like Conrad, Shaw, and Barrie are explained (with photographs of them in knickerbockers plaguing dogs and pushing against sundials), I discover that I have been doing the whole thing wrong all these years. The interviewer in this case hasn't got around to asking me yet—doubtless because I have been up in my room with the door shut and not answering the bell—but I am going to take a chance anyway and tell him how I do my creative work and just how much comes from inspiration and how much from hashish and other perfumes. I may even loosen up and tell him what my favorite hot weather dishes are.

When I am writing a novel I must actually live the lives of my characters. If, for instance, my hero is a gambler on the French Riviera, I make myself pack up and go to Cannes or Nice, willynilly, and there throw myself into the gay life of the gambling set until I really feel that I am Paul De Lacroix, or Ed Whelan, or whatever my hero's name is. Of course this runs into money, and I am quite likely to have to change my ideas about my hero entirely and make him a bum on a tramp steamer working his way back to America, or a young college boy out of funds who lives by his wits until his friends at home send him a hundred and ten dollars.

One of my heroes (Dick Markwell in "Love's How-do-you-do"), after starting out as a man-about-town in New York who "never showed his liquor" and was "an apparently indestructible machine devoted to pleasure," had to be changed into a patient in the Trembly Ward of a local institution, whose old friends didn't recognize him and furthermore didn't want to.

But, as you doubtless remember, it was a corking yarn.

This actually living the lives of my characters takes up quite a lot of time and makes it a little difficult to write anything. It was not until I decided to tell stories about old men who just sit in their rooms and shell walnuts that I ever got around to doing any work. It doesn't make for very interesting novels, but at any rate the wordage is there and there is something to show the publishers for their advance royalties. (Publishers are crotchety that way. They want copy, copy, copy all the time, just because they happen to have advanced a measly three hundred dollars a couple of years before. You would think that printing words on paper was their business.)

And now you ask me how I do my work, how my inspiration comes? I will tell you, Little Father. Draw up your chair and let me put my feet on it. Ah, that's better! Now you may go out and play!

Very often I must wait weeks and weeks for what you call "inspiration." In the meantime I must sit with my quill pen poised in air over a sheet of foolscap, in case the divine spark should come like a lightning bolt and knock me off my chair on to my head. (This has happened more than once.) While I am waiting I mull over in my mind what I am going to do with my characters.

Shall I have Mildred marry Lester, or shall Lester marry Evelyn? ("Who is Evelyn?" I often say to myself, never having heard of her before.) Should the French proletariat win the Revolution, or should Louis XVI come back suddenly and establish a Coalition Cabinet? Can I afford to let Etta clean up those dishes in the sink and get them biscuits baked, or would it be better to keep her there for another year, standing first on one foot and then on the other?

You have no idea how many problems an author has to face during those feverish days when he is building a novel, and you have no idea how he solves them. Neither has he.

Sometimes, while in the throes of creative work, I get out of bed in the morning, look at my writing desk piled high with old bills, odd gloves, and empty gingerale bottles, and go right back to bed again. The next thing I know it is night once more, and time for the Sand Man to come around. (We have a Sand Man who comes twice a day, which makes it very convenient. We give him five dollars at Christmas.)

Even if I do get up and put on a part of my clothes—I do all my work in a Hawaiian straw skirt and a bow tie of some neutral shade—I often can think of nothing to do but pile the books which are on one end of my desk very neatly on the other end and then kick them one by one off on to the floor with my free foot.

But all the while my brain is work, work, working, and my plot is taking shape. Sometimes it is the shape of a honeydew melon and sometimes a shape which I have never been quite able to figure out. It is a sort of amorphous thing with two heads but no face. When this shape presents itself, I get right back in bed again. I'm no fool.

I find that, while working, a pipe is a great source of inspiration. A pipe can be placed diagonally across the keys of a typewriter so that they will not function, or it can be made to give out such a cloud of smoke that I cannot see the paper. Then, there is the process of lighting it. I can make lighting a pipe a ritual which has not been equaled for elaborateness since the five-day festival to the God of the Harvest. (See my book on Rituals: the Man.)

In the first place, owing to twenty-six years of constant smoking without once calling in a plumber, the space left for tobacco in the bowl of my pipe is now the size of a medium body pore. Once the match has been applied to the tobacco therein, the smoke is over. This necessitates refilling, relighting, and reknocking. The knocking out of a pipe can be made almost as important as the smoking of it, especially if there are nervous people in the room. A good, smart knock of a pipe against a tin wastebasket and you will have a neurasthenic out of his chair and into the window sash in no time.

The matches, too, have their place in the construction of modern literature. With a pipe like mine, the supply of burnt matches in one day could be floated down the St. Lawrence River with too men jumping them. . . .

When the novel is finished, it is shipped to the Cutting and Binding Room, where native girls roll it into large sheets and stamp on it with their bare feet. This accounts for the funny look of some of my novels. It is then taken back

to the Drying Room, where it is rewritten by a boy whom I engage for the purpose, and sent to the publishers. It is then sent back to me.

And so you see now how we creative artists work. It really isn't like any other kind of work, for it must come from a great emotional upheaval in the soul of the writer himself; and if that emotional upheaval is not present, it must come from the works of any other writers which happen to be handy and easily imitated.

Benchley, in this humorous narration of process, exaggerates most of the events he includes in the essay. His creation of absurd situations is designed to make light of a process most people think of as a very serious activity. He distorts some actions, like the account of his ritual of smoking a pipe, in order to entertain. The events included in the process are selected for the humorous effect they have, rather than for their accuracy and comprehensiveness.

PERSUASIVE NARRATION OF PROCESS

A persuasive narration of process will support a claim advising the reader that an action should be performed in a certain way. In essence, the process is a set of rules for right behavior.

AN EXAMPLE

Ben Jonson (1572-1637), a contemporary of William Shakespeare, gives sound advice about writing well.

On Style

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strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest; or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favor of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent does please us in the conception or birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment and handle over again those things the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings; they imposed upon themselves care and industry; they did nothing rashly: they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter showed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered; their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing: yet, when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it; as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stirs his mettle. Again, whither a man's genius is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend, lift, and dilate itself, as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so ofttimes get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavor by their faculties: so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own; and such as accustom themselves, and are familiar with the best authors, shall never and anon find somewhat of them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly: and though a man be more prone and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

)onson gives a number of steps that someone wanting to write well should follow. He especially addresses the matter of style and supports an implied claim that those wanting to improve their ability should practice writing and follow his advice. The elaboration of the process supports the claim. He addresses the reader directly using the imperative mood. His also uses analogy as rational and stylistic appeal.

REFERENTIAL NARRATION OF PROCESS

As we have seen previously, referential narration of process will include all the steps in the process so that the reader can either perform the process (instructional process) or understand it completely (informational).

AN EXAMPLE

This work explains the complex process of counting populations of animals.

How Do They Count Populations of Animals?

AN EXAMPLE

This work explains the complex process of counting populations of animals.

CAROLINE SUTTON

Humans are the only beasts who use telephones or permanent addresses, or fill out census forms. How are the other animals counted? How can anyone tell that the timber wolf and the California condor are rare and "endangered"? How do we know how many robins chirp every spring? The task of taking a census of wild animals is one of the most difficult in biology.

The methods of enumeration scientists use vary with the species; its size, behavior, and habitat make certain ways more practical than others. The best way to count ducks, whistling swans, elephants, antelope, caribou, and timber wolves is to fly over them in a helicopter or bush plane and count them one by one, taking photographs to verify the number. This is obviously not a good method for counting field mice; they are too small to be seen from the air, are too well camouflaged by the color of their fur, and spend too much time in their burrows. The only way to determine the number of mice living in a field is by "saturation trapping"—catching every single mouse until no more are left and counting them.

Lizards are counted by the "capture, recapture" method. To find the population in a certain area, a herpetologist (one who studies reptiles and amphibians) might catch 50 lizards, mark them all with a harmless paint or metal tag, and set them free again. After a few weeks, the marked lizards have dispersed back into the general population. The scientist then captures another 50 lizards and finds that some of this batch are creatures he marked in his first catch, and some are unmarked—meaning they were not in the first batch. The herpetologist's next step is to make assumptions for the purpose of his census. He assumes that the new batch of 50 marked and unmarked lizards is a representative sample—a microcosm—of the population as a whole. He assumes that after he marked the first 50 lizards and released them, they distributed themselves at random throughout the population. Thus, when he catches the second 50 and finds that he earlier marked, say, 10 of them—or 20 percent—he assumes that 20 percent of the *entire lizard population* is marked. He knows that he originally marked 50 lizards; concluding from the second sample that 20 percent were marked, he assumes that 50 is 20 percent of the total population. Since 5 x 20% = 100%, 5 times 50 lizards is the whole population: 250 lizards.

Fish are counted a similar way. Experimenters put a knockout solution in the water, which does the fish no permanent harm but makes them float to the surface belly-up. They then collect the fish, count them, mark them with dye or tags, and revive and release them. The same number are later recaptured, the marked ones counted, and the total figured as for lizards.

How about animals that are harder to grab, such as songbirds? Ornithologists often use a grid system in a wooded area to get an approximate number. They mark evenly spaced, parallel straight trails through the region that interests them. People carrying pads and pens walk down the trails in a phalanx, each member keeping another in sight to the left and right, counting every bird they see or hear. Each member only counts birds observed a certain distance to either side of him, so that two people don't count the same bird. This ritual is performed several times and the results averaged.

How does one count things as small as the microscopic plankton that live in the ocean? A sample of ocean water is whipped around in a centrifuge, so that all the solids collect at one end, including the tiny plankton. This residue is slid under a microscope bit by bit and the plankton counted. That gives the plankton per unit volume of ocean water.

As you can see, different methods are needed to keep track of animals living in different niches or habitats. To get an idea of the total number of a species in an entire region or country (or planet), scientists determine the size of the habitat available to the species, instead of counting individuals, and multiply by the number of individuals that usually live in a given area of habitat. It is in the nature of living things that they fill any habitat with as many individuals as the food and space in the area will allow.

Knowing the number of acres of woodland, mountain, prairie, and city in the United States, we can arrive at a ballpark estimate of 6 billion land birds of all kinds in the country. By contrast, some water birds such as the whooping crane are not nearly so adaptable; whoopers can live only in certain areas of Texas marshland, where about 100 nest each year.

Other forms of life build on a minuscule scale and fit vast numbers of individuals into their ecological niches. Insects have adapted through evolution to live in an incredible variety of conditions. The world population of insects in their many habitats is estimated to total a *billion billion,* or 10 to the 18th power (10^{18})—the number 1 followed by 18 zeroes. That's roughly a billion times the world's human population; if the world insect population were represented by a bucketful of sand, the human population would be a single grain of sand in that bucket. More amazing still, if we look closely at the bodies of those insects, we find as many as a hundred thousand one-celled animals called protozoa living in the digestive tract of *each insect,* eating what the insect is unable to digest. There are therefore about 10^{23} of these digestive protozoa living in the world's insects. That number is greater than the number of stars in the universe.

As Jonathan Swift wrote after the invention of the microscope, which revealed for the first time the existence of protozoa, animals smaller than the naked eye could see:

Big fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite'em;
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum.

This narration of process is in fact an explanation of a series of processes. Each one of the explanations is complete in itself, but taken together they reveal the complexity of counting animals.

WRITING STRATEGIES

Consider the following questions as you write a narration of process.

- What type of process are you narrating?
- What are the steps?
- Are they in the proper sequence?
- What is the goal of the process?
- Have you given the audience enough information?

CAUSE AND EFFECT

As with narration of event and narration of process when we organize with cause and effect, we arrange events as they occur in time. When organizing with cause and effect, however, we are interested in telling not only what happened, but also *why* it happened.

Causes and effects are implicit in all narrations. When we organize with cause and effect, we make them explicit. For example, a story about an automobile accident (that a car going through an intersection failed to stop and hit another car, critically injuring both drivers) would be a narration of an event. An explanation of why the accident happened (because the driver's brakes failed) and what the results of the accident were (the cars were totalled and the drivers were taken to the hospital) would have a cause and effect organization.

THE STRUCTURE

The structure of cause and effect narratives reflects not only the time order that all narratives have, but also two levels of causation—immediate and ultimate. In the previous example, attributing the immediate cause of the accident (that the driver's brakes failed) to the driver's failure to perform preventive maintenance on the car would be giving an ultimate cause. Similarly, going beyond the immediate effect (the drivers' being hospitalized) to explain some long-term disability (that they were confined to wheelchairs) would be explaining an ultimate effect.

Extensive analyses of both immediate and ultimate causes and effects are frequently used in historical writing. Explaining causes and effects allows scholars to support interpretations of events studied in their disciplines.

AN EXAMPLE

In the following essay, which first appeared in *The Immense journey* (1957), Loren Eisley explains the causal relationship between the emergence of flowers and the development of mammals and birds.

How Flowers Changed the World

AN EXAMPLE

In the following essay, which first appeared in *The Immense journey* (1957), Loren Eisley explains the causal relationship between the emergence of flowers and the development of mammals and birds.

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LOREN EISELEY

If it had been possible to observe the Earth from the far side of the solar system over the long course of geological epochs, the watchers might have been able to discern a subtle change in the light emanating from our planet. That world of long ago would, like the red deserts of Mars, have reflected light from vast drifts of stone and gravel, the sands of wandering wastes, the blackness of naked basalt, the yellow of dust of endlessly moving storms. Only the ceaseless marching of the clouds and the intermittent flashes from the restless surface of the sea would have told a different story, but still essentially a barren one. Then, as the millennia rolled away and age followed age, a new and greener light would, by degrees, have come to twinkle across those endless miles.

This is the only difference those far watchers, by use of subtle instruments, might have perceived in the whole history of the planet Earth, Yet that slowly growing green twinkle would have contained the epic march of life from the tidal oozes upward across the raw and unclothed continents. Out of the vast chemical bath of the sea—not from the deeps, but from the element-rich, light-exposed platforms of the continental shelves—wandering fingers of green had crept upward along the meanderings of river systems and fringed the gravels of forgotten lakes.

In those first ages plants clung of necessity to swamps and watercourses. Their reproductive processes demanded direct access to water. Beyond the primitive ferns and mosses that enclosed the borders of swamps and streams the rocks still lay vast and bare, the winds still swirled the dust of a naked planet. The grass cover that holds our world secure in place was still millions of years in the future. The green marchers had gained a soggy foothold upon the land but that was all. They did not reproduce by seeds but by microscopic swimming sperm that had to wriggle their way through water to fertilize the female cell. Such plants in their higher forms had clever adaptations for the use of rain water in their sexual phases, and survived with increasing success in a wet land environment. They now seem part of man's normal environment. The truth is, however, that there is nothing very "normal" about nature. Once upon a time there were no flowers at all.

Somewhere, just a short time before the close of the Age of Reptiles, there occurred a soundless, violent explosion. It lasted millions of years, but it was an explosion, nevertheless. It marked the emergence of the angiosperms —the flowering plants. Even the great evolutionist, Charles Darwin, called them "an abominable mystery," because they appeared so suddenly and spread so fast.

Flowers changed the face of the planet. Without them, the world we know—even man himself—would never have existed. Francis Thompson, the English poet, once wrote that one could not pluck a flower without troubling a star. Intuitively he had sensed like a naturalist the enormous interlinked complexity of life. Today we know that the appearance of the flowers contained also the equally mystifying emergence of man.

If we were to go back into the Age of Reptiles, its drowned swamps and birdless forest would reveal to us a warmer but, on the whole, a sleepier world than that of today. Here and there, it is true, the serpent heads of bottom-feeding dinosaurs might be upreared in suspicion of their huge flesh-eating compatriots. Tyrannosaurs, enormous bipedal caricatures of men, would stalk mindlessly across the sites of future cities and go their slow way down into the dark of geologic time.

In all that world of living things nothing saw save with the intense concentration of the hunt, nothing moved except with the grave sleepwalking intentness of the instinct-driven brain. Judged by modern standards, it as a world in slow motion, a cold-blooded world whose occupants were most active at noonday but torpid on chill nights, their brains damped by a slower metabolism than any known to even the most primitive of warm-blooded animals today.

A high metabolic rate and the maintenance of a constant body temperature are supreme achievements in the evolution of life. They enable an animal to escape, within broad limits, from the overheating or the chilling of its immediate surroundings, and at the same time to maintain a peak mental efficiency. Creatures without a high metabolic rate are slaves to weather. Insects in the first frosts of autumn all run down like little clocks. Yet if you pick one up and breathe warmly upon it, it will begin to move about once more.

In a sheltered spot such creatures may sleep away the winter, but they are hopelessly immobilized. Though a few warm-blooded mammals, such as the woodchuck of our day, have evolved a way of reducing their metabolic rate in order to undergo winter hibernation, it is a survival mechanism with drawbacks, for it leaves the animal helplessly exposed if enemies discover him during his period of suspended animation. Thus bear or woodchuck, big animal or small, must seek, in this time of descending sleep, a safe refuge in some hidden den or burrow. Hibernation is, therefore, primarily a winter refuge of small, easily concealed animals rather than of large ones.

A high metabolic rate, however, means a heavy intake of energy in order to sustain body warmth and efficiency. It is for this reason that even some of these later warm-blooded mammals existing in our day have learned to descend into a slower, unconscious rate of living during the winter months when food may be difficult to obtain. On a slightly higher plane they are following

the procedure of the cold-blooded frog sleeping in the mud at the bottom of a frozen pond.

The agile brain of the warm-blooded birds and mammals demands a high oxygen consumption and food in concentrated forms, or the creatures cannot long sustain themselves. It was the rise of flowering plants that provided that energy and changed the nature of the living world. Their appearance parallels in a quite surprising manner the rise of the birds and mammals.

Slowly, toward the dawn of the Age of Reptiles, something over two hundred and fifty million years ago, the little naked sperm cells wriggling their way through dew and raindrops had given way to a kind of pollen carried by the wind. Our present-day pine forests represent plants of a pollen-disseminating variety. Once fertilization was no longer dependent on exterior water, the march over drier regions could be extended. Instead of spores simple primitive seeds carrying some nourishment for the young plants had developed, but true flowers were still scores of millions of years away. After a long period of hesitant evolutionary groping, they exploded upon the world with truly revolutionary violence.

The event occurred in Cretaceous times in the close of the Age of Reptiles. Before the coming of the flowering plants our own ancestral stock, the warm-blooded mammals, consisted of a few mousy little creatures hidden in trees and underbrush. A few lizard-like birds with carnivorous teeth flapped awkwardly on ill-aimed flights among archiac shubbery. None of these insignificant creatures gave evidence of any remarkable talents. The mammals in particular had been around for some millions of years, but had remained well lost in the shadow of the mighty reptiles. Truth to tell, man was still, like the genie in the bottle, encased in the body of a creature about the size of a rat.

As for the birds, their reptilian cousins the Pterodactyls, flew farther and better. There was just one thing about the birds that paralleled the physiology of the mammals. They, too, had evolved warm blood and its accompanying temperature control. Nevertheless, if one had been seen stripped of its feathers, he would still have seemed a slightly uncanny and unsightly lizard.

Neither the birds nor the mammals, however, were quite what they seemed. They were waiting for the Age of Flowers. They were waiting for what flowers, and with them the true encased seed, would bring. Fish-eating, gigantic leather-winged reptiles, twenty-eight feet from wing tip to wing tip, hovered over the coasts that one day would be swarming with gulls.

Inland the monotonous green of the pine and spruce forests with their primitive wooden cone flowers stretched everywhere. No grass hindered the fall of the naked seeds to earth. Great sequoias towered to the skies. The world of that time has a certain appeal but it is a giant's world, a world moving slowly like the reptiles who stalked magnificently among the boles of its trees.

The trees themselves are ancient, slow-growing, and immense, like the redwood groves that have survived to our day on the California coast. All is stiff, formal, upright and green, monotonously green. There is no grass as yet; there are no wide plains rolling in the sun, no tiny daisies dotting the

meadows underfoot. There is little versatility about this scene; it is, in truth, a giant's world.

A few nights ago it was brought home vividly to me that the world has changed since that far epoch. I was awakened out of a sleep by an unknown sound in my living room. Not a small sound—not a creaking timber or a mouse's scurry—but a sharp, rending explosion as though an unwary foot had been put down upon a wine glass. I had come instantly out of sleep and lay tense, unbreathing. I listened for another step. There was none.

Unable to stand the suspense any longer, I turned on the light and passed from room to room glancing uneasily behind chairs and into closets. Nothing seemed disturbed, and I stood puzzled in the center of the living room floor. Then a small button-shaped object upon the rug caught my eye. It was hard and polished and glistening. Scattered over the length of the room were several more shining up at me like wary little eyes. A pine cone that had been lying in a dish had been blown the length of the coffee table. The dish itself could hardly have been the source of the explosion. Beside it I found two ribbon-like strips of velvety-green. I tried to place the two strips together to make a pod. They twisted resolutely away from each other and would no longer fit.

I relaxed in a chair, then, for I had reached a solution of the midnight disturbance. The twisted strips were wisteria pods that I had brought in a day or two previously and placed in the dish. They had chosen midnight to explode and distribute their multiplying fund of life down the length of the room. A plant, a fixed, rooted thing, immobolized in a single pod, had devised a way of propelling its offspring across open space. Immediately there passed before my eyes the million airy troopers of the milkweed pod and the clutching hooks of the sandburs. Seeds on the coyote's tail, seeds on the hunter's coat, thistledown mounting on the winds—all were somehow triumphing over life's limitations. Yet the ability to do this had not been with them at the beginning. It was the product of endless effort and experiment,

The seeds on my carpet were not going to lie stiffly where they had dropped like their antiquated cousins, the naked seeds on the pine-cone scales. They were travelers. Struck by the thought, I went out the next day and collected several other varieties. I line them up now in a row on my desk—so many little capsules of life, winged, hooked or spiked. Every one is an angiosperm, a product of the true flowering plants. Contained in these little boxes is the secret of that far-off Cretaceous explosion of a hundred million years ago that changed the face of the planet. And somewhere in here, I think, as I spoke seriously at one particularly resistant seedcase of a wild grass, was once man himself.

Eisley explains the series of causes that began with the development the angiosperms at the end of the Age of Reptiles. He shows how the explosion of flowering plants created an environment where mammals and birds could

thrive. At the end of the essay, his example of the explosion of some seedpods he had left in his living room graphically illustrates the power of flowering plants.

VARIATIONS IN CAUSE AND EFFECT

When the purpose of the writing changes, the author will alter the use of cause and effect accordingly. Both causes and effects will be treated in light of the demands of the purpose.

EXPRESSIVE CAUSE AND EFFECT

In expressive cause and effect writers will often look at events that have shaped identity and values and have had an impact on subsequent events.

AN EXAMPLE

Eldridge Cleaver examines forces that caused him to leave the country in light of his identity and his value system.

Why I Left the U.S. and Why I Am Returning

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ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

I am often asked why I want to return to the United States. This question never fails to bowl me over, and I find it impossible to answer. I also feel that it is an improper question. In fact, most people who ask are not really interested in that question. What they actually want to know is what will I do if they allow me to return.

I always take the opportunity to explain why I left in the first place. Lots of people believe I left because I preferred to go live in a Communist country, and that now, several years and many Communist countries later, I find the

Department refused to allow me to go free on bail, claiming jurisdiction over me as a parole violator.

I pleaded not guilty. Without a trial or hearing of any sort, the prison authorities were prejudging my case, declaring me guilty, and, in effect, sentencing me to prison. My attorneys filed a petition for a writ of habeas corpus. A hearing was held before Chief Judge Raymond J. Sherwin of the Solano County Superior Court.

Judge Sherwin ordered me free on bail. I quote . . . from his decision:

> The record here is that though the petitioner was arrested and his parole cancelled more than two months ago, hearings before the Adult Authority [the state parole board for male felons] have not even been scheduled.
>
> There is nothing to indicate why it was deemed necessary to cancel his parole before his trial on the pending criminal charges of which he is presumed innocent.
>
> It has to be stressed that the uncontradicted evidence presented to this Court indicated that the petitioner had been a model parolee. The peril to his parole status stemmed from no failure of personal rehabilitation, but from his undue eloquence in pursuing political goals, goals which were offensive to many of his contemporaries.
>
> Not only was there absence of cause for the cancellation of parole, it was the product of a type of pressure unbecoming, to say the least, to the law enforcement paraphernalia of this state.

Judge Sherwin's decision exploded like a bomb inside California legal, political and police circles, because it missed the whole point: From Governor Ronald Reagan down, the politicians wanted me silenced, and here Judge Sherwin was talking about due process of law!

People who supported my fight for my rights posted $50,000 bail, and I was free.

The law-enforcement paraphernalia was not stopped by Judge Sherwin's condemnation, and the Adult Authority moved swiftly to have his ruling reversed in the Appellate Court. The court refused to examine the facts at issue in the case and instead simply affirmed the arbitrary power of the Adult Authority to revoke parole. Because of a technicality in court procedure, the ruling ordering me returned to prison could not become effective for sixty days. I was due to surrender on November 27. That day, I was in Montreal. That was seven years ago.

History shows that when the American political system is blocked and significant segments of the population are unable to have their will brought to bear on the decision-making process, you can count upon the American people to revolt, to take it out into the streets, in the spirit of the Boston Tea Party.

During the 1960's, the chips were down in a fateful way, uniting the upsurge of black Americans against the oppressive features of the system, and

the gargantuan popular opposition to the Indochina wars. It was left to the Nixon Administration to bring the issues to a head. In the end, the system rejected President Nixon and reaffirmed its own basic principles.

A fabulous new era of progress is opening up to the world, and coping with all of the problems unleashed by Watergate has opened up a creative era for American democracy. I believe that every American, regardless of his politics, has a duty to reexamine some of his beliefs.

This is particularly true of those active at both extremes of the political spectrum. Those of us who developed a psychology of opposition must take a pause and sum up our experiences. We must recognize that in a sense we are playing in a brand new ball game. The slogans of yesterday will not get us through the tasks at hand. I believe that for America to deal with problems posed on the world level, a fundamental reorientation in the relationship between the American people is absolutely necessary.

We can not afford to refight battles that have already been either won or lost. If Richard Nixon and his friends had accepted the verdict of the people in 1960, rejecting him at the polls, the nation would have been spared the debacle of Watergate. But the truth is that nations do get the leaders they deserve.

With all of its faults, the American political system is the freest and most democratic in the world. The system needs to be improved, with democracy spread to all areas of life, particularly the economic. All of these changes must be conducted through our established institutions, and people with grievances must find political methods for obtaining redress.

Each generation subjects the world it inherits to severe criticism. I think that my generation has been more critical than most, and for good reason. At the same time, at the end of the critical process, we should arrive at some conclusions. We should have discovered which values are worth conserving. It is the beginning of another fight, the fight to defend those values from the blind excesses of our fellows who are still caught up in the critical process. It is my hope to make a positive contribution in this regard.

1975

In this essay Cleaver uses cause and effect to justify his actions and defend his beliefs. His reaction to the influences on his life are shaped by his values and his self-definition.

LITERARY CAUSE AND EFFECT

In literary works, we are usually more interested in the narrative itself than we are in the causes and effects that are embedded in the structure of the plots. But causes and effects are sometimes explored by writers who are influenced by a theory of naturalism. In stories by such writers, we become aware of the underlying causes that motivate and control characters.

AN EXAMPLE

Katherine Anne Porter explores the causes that motivate her characters in this story.

The Necessary Enemy

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

She is a frank, charming, fresh-hearted young woman who married for love. She and her husband are one of those gay, good-looking young pairs who ornament this modern scene rather more in profusion perhaps than ever before in our history. They are handsome, with a talent for finding their way in their world, they work at things that interest them, their tastes agree and their hopes. They intend in all good faith to spend their lives together, to have children and do well by them and each other—to be happy, in fact, which for them is the whole point of their marriage. And all in stride, keeping their wits about them. Nothing romantic, mind you; their feet are on the ground.

Unless they were this sort of person, there would be not much point to what I wish to say; for they would seem to be an example of the high-spirited, right-minded young whom the critics are always invoking to come forth and do their duty and practice all those sterling old-fashioned virtues which in every generation seem to be falling into disrepair. As for virtues, these young people are more or less on their own, like most of their kind; they get very little moral or other aid from their society; but after three years of marriage this very contemporary young woman finds herself facing the oldest and ugliest dilemma of marriage.

She is dismayed, horrified, full of guilt and forebodings because she is finding out little by little that she is capable of hating her husband, whom she loves faithfully. She can hate him at times as fiercely and mysteriously, indeed in terribly much the same way, as often she hated her parents, her brothers and sisters, whom she loves, when she was a child. Even then it had seemed to her a kind of black treacherousness in her, her private wickedness that, just the same, gave her her only private life. That was one thing her parents never knew about her, never seemed to suspect. For it was never given a name. They did and said hateful things to her and to each other as if by right, as if in them it was a kind of virtue. But when they said to her, "Control your feelings," it was never when she was amiable and obedient, only in the black times of her hate. So it was her secret, a shameful one. When they punished her, sometimes for the strangest reasons, it was, they said, only because they loved her—it was for her good. She did not believe this, but she thought herself guilty of something worse than ever they had punished her for. None of this really frightened her: the real fright came when she discovered that at times her father and mother hated each other; this was like standing on the doorsill of a familiar room and seeing in a lightning flash that the floor was gone, you were on the edge of a bottomless pit. Sometimes she felt that both of them hated her, but that passed, it was simply not a thing to be thought of,

much less believed. She thought she had outgrown all this, but here it was again, an element in her own nature she could not control, or feared she could not. She would have to hide from her husband, if she could, the same spot in her feelings she had hidden from her parents, and for the same no doubt disreputable, selfish reason: she wants to keep his love.

Above all, she wants him to be absolutely confident that she loves him, for that is the real truth, no matter how unreasonable it sounds, and no matter how her own feelings betray them both at times. She depends recklessly on his love; yet while she is hating him, he might very well be hating her as much or even more, and it would serve her right. But she does not want to be served right, she wants to be loved and forgiven—that is, to be sure he would forgive her anything, if he had any notion of what she had done. But best of all she would like not to have anything in her love that should ask forgiveness. She doesn't mean about their quarrels—they are not so bad. Her feelings are out of proportion, perhaps. She knows it is perfectly natural for people to disagree, have fits of temper, fight it out; they learn quite a lot about each other that way, and not all of it disappointing either. When it passes, her hatred seems quite unreal. It always did.

Love. We are early taught to say it. I love you. We are trained to the thought of it as if there were nothing else, or nothing else worth having without it, or nothing worth having which it could not bring with it. Love is taught, always by precept, sometimes by example. Then hate, which no one meant to teach us, comes of itself. It is true that if we say I love you, it may be received with doubt, for there are times when it is hard to believe. Say I hate you, and the one spoken to believes it instantly once for all.

Say I love you a thousand times to that person afterward and mean it every time, and still it does not change the fact that once we said I hate you, and meant that too. It leaves a mark on that surface love had worn so smooth with its eternal caresses. Love must be learned, and learned again and again; there is no end to it. Hate needs no instruction, but waits only to be provoked . . . hate, the unspoken word, the unacknowledged presence in the house, that faint smell of brimstone among the roses, that invisible tongue-tripper, that unkempt finger in every pie, that sudden oh-so-curiously chilling look-could it be boredom?—on your dear one's features, making them quite ugly. Be careful: love, perfect love, is in danger.

If it is not perfect, it is not love, and if it is not love, it is bound to be hate sooner or later. This is perhaps a not too exaggerated statement of the extreme position of Romantic Love, more especially in America, where we are all brought up on it, whether we know it or not. Romantic Love is changeless, faithful, passionate, and its sole end is to render the two lovers happy. It has no obstacles save those provided by the hazards of fate (that is to say, society), and such sufferings as the lovers may cause each other are only another word for delight: exciting jealousies, thrilling uncertainties, the ritual dance of courtship within the charmed closed circle of their secret alliance; all real troubles come from without, they face them unitedly in perfect confidence. Marriage is not the end but only the beginning of true happiness, cloudless,

changeless to the end. That the candidates for this blissful condition have never seen an example of it, nor ever knew anyone who had, makes no difference. That is the ideal and they will achieve it.

How did Romantic Love manage to get into marriage at last, where it was most certainly never intended to be? At its highest it was tragic: the love of Heloise and Abelard. At its most graceful, it was the homage of the trouvere for his lady. In its most popular form, the adulterous strayings of solidly married couples who meant to stray for their own good reasons, but at the same time do nothing to upset the property settlements or the line of legitimacy; at its most trivial, the pretty trifling of shepherd and shepherdess.

This was generally condemned by church and state and a word of fear to honest wives whose mortal enemy it was. Love within the sober, sacred realities of marriage was a matter of personal luck, but in any case, private feelings were strictly a private affair having, at least in theory, no bearing whatever on the fixed practice of the rules of an institution never intended as a recreation ground for either sex. If the couple discharged their religious and social obligations, furnished forth a copious progeny, kept their troubles to themselves, maintained public civility and died under the same roof, even if not always on speaking terms, it was rightly regarded as a successful marriage. Apparently this testing ground was too severe for all but the stoutest spirits; it too was based on an ideal, as impossible in its way as the ideal Romantic Love. One good thing to be said for it is that society took responsibility for the conditions of marriage, and the sufferers within its bounds could always blame the system, not themselves. But Romantic Love crept into the marriage bed, very stealthily, by centuries, bringing its absurd notions about love as eternal springtime and marriage as a personal adventure meant to provide personal happiness. To a Western romantic such as I, though my views have been much modified by painful experience, it still seems to me a charming work of the human imagination, and it is a pity its central notion has been taken too literally and has hardened into a convention as cramping and enslaving as the older one. The refusal to acknowledge the evils in ourselves which therefore are implicit in any human situation is as extreme and unworkable a proposition as the doctrine of total depravity; but somewhere between them, or maybe beyond them, there does exist a possibility for reconciliation between our desires for impossible satisfactions and the simple unalterable fact that we also desire to be unhappy and that we create our own suffering; and out of these sufferings we salvage our fragments of happiness.

Our young woman who has been taught that an important part of her human nature is not real because it makes trouble and interferes with her peace of mind and shakes her self-love, has been very badly taught; but she has arrived at a most important stage of her re-education. She is afraid her marriage is going to fail because she has not love enough to face its difficulties; and this because at times she feels a painful hostility toward her husband, and cannot admit its reality because such an admission would damage in her own eyes her view of what love should be, an absurd view, based on her vanity of power. Her hatred is real as her love is real, but her hatred has the ad-

vantage at present because it works on a blind instinctual level, it is lawless; and her love is subjected to a code of ideal conditions, impossible by their very nature of fulfillment, which prevents its free growth and deprives it of its right to recognize its human limitations and come to grips with them. Hatred is natural in a sense that love, as she conceives it, a young person brought up in the tradition of Romantic Love, is not natural at all. Yet it did not come by hazard, it is the very imperfect expression of the need of the human imagination to create beauty and harmony out of chaos, no matter how mistaken its notion of these things may be, nor how clumsy its methods. It has conjured love out of the air, and seeks to preserve it by incantations; when she spoke a vow to love and honor her husband until death, she did a very reckless thing, for it is not possible by an act of the will to fulfill such an engagement. But it was the necessary act of faith performed in defense of a mode of feelings, the statement of honorable intention to practice as well as she is able the noble, acquired faculty of love, that very mysterious overtone to sex which is the best thing in it. Her hatred is part of it, the necessary enemy and ally.

1948

Porter explores the effects of Romantic Love on a young woman in a marriage. She also reveals how the attitudes of the characters in her narrative are shaped by social and culture forces.

PERSUASIVE CAUSE AND EFFECT

Cause and effect can provide a powerful argument for a persuasive claim. If a writer is able to convince the reader that a disaster will occur because of a certain cause, then an argument will have some force.

AN EXAMPLE

Joseph Wood Krutch argues that humans must learn to share the earth with other creatures.

Conservation Is Not Enough

Porter explores the effects of Romantic Love on a young woman in a marriage. She also reveals how the attitudes of the characters in her narrative are shaped by social and culture forces.

PERSUASIVE CAUSE AND EFFECT

Cause and effect can provide a powerful argument for a persuasive claim. If a writer is able to convince the reader that a disaster will occur because of a certain cause, then an argument will have some force.

AN EXAMPLE **Conservation Is Not** [illegible] with

food they eat, but often simply because when he sees a creature not of his kind or a man not of his race his first impulse is "kill it."

Hence it is that even in the desert, where space is cheaper than in most places, the wild life grows scarcer and more secretive as the human population grows. The coyote howls further and further off. The deer seek closer and closer cover. To almost everything except man the smell of humanity is the most repulsive of all odors, the sight of man the most terrifying of all sights. Biologists call some animals "cryptozoic," that is to say "leading hidden lives." But as the human population increases most animals develop, as the deer has been developing, cryptozoic habits. Even now there are more of them around than we realize. They see us when we do not see them—because they have seen us first. Albert Schweitzer remarks somewhere that we owe kindness even to an insect when we can afford to show it, just because we ought to do something to make up for all the cruelties, necessary as well as unnecessary, which we have inflicted upon almost the whole of animate creation.

Probably not one man in ten is capable of understanding such moral and aesthetic considerations, much less of permitting his conduct to be guided by them. But perhaps twice as many, though still far from a majority, are beginning to realize that the reckless laying waste of the earth has practical consequences. They are at least beginning to hear about "conservation," though they are not even dimly aware of any connection between it and a large morality and are very unlikely to suppose that "conservation" does or could mean anything more than looking after their own welfare.

Hardly more than two generations ago Americans first woke up to the fact that their land was not inexhaustible. Every year since then more and more has been said, and at least a little more has been done about "conserving resources," about "rational use" and about such reconstruction as seemed possible. Scientists have studied the problem, public works have been undertaken, laws passed. Yet everybody knows that the using up still goes on, perhaps not so fast nor so recklessly as once it did, but unmistakably nevertheless. And there is nowhere that it goes on more nakedly, more persistently or with a fuller realization of what is happening than in the desert regions where the margin to be used up is narrower.

First, more and more cattle were set to grazing and overgrazing the land from which the scanty rainfall now ran off even more rapidly than before. More outrageously still, large areas of desert shrub were rooted up to make way for cotton and other crops watered by wells tapping underground pools of water which are demonstrably shrinking fast. These pools represent years of accumulation not now being replenished and are exhaustible exactly as an oil well is exhaustible. Everyone knows that they will give out before long, very soon, in fact, if the number of wells continues to increase as it has been increasing. Soon dust bowls will be where was once a sparse but healthy desert, and man, having uprooted, slaughtered or driven away everything which lived healthily and normally there, will himself either abandon the country or die. There are places where the creosote bush is a more useful plant than cotton.

To the question why men will do or are permitted to do such things there are many answers. Some speak of population pressures, some more brutally of unconquerable human greed. Some despair; some hope that more education and more public works will, in the long run, prove effective. But is there, perhaps, something more, something different, which is indispensable? Is there some missing link in the chain of education, law and public works? Is there not something lacking without which none of these is sufficient?

After a lifetime spent in forestry, wild-life management and conservation of one kind or another, after such a lifetime during which he nevertheless saw his country slip two steps backward for every one it took forward, the late Aldo Leopold pondered the question and came up with an unusual answer which many people would dismiss as "sentimental" and be surprised to hear from a "practical" scientific man. He published his article originally in the *Journal of Forestry* and it was reprinted in the posthumous volume, *A Sand County Almanac,* where it was given the seemingly neutral but actually very significant title "The Land Ethic."

This is a subtle and original essay full of ideas never so clearly expressed before and seminal in the sense that each might easily grow into a separate treatise. Yet the conclusion reached can be simply stated. Something *is* lacking and because of that lack education, law and public works fail to accomplish what they hope to accomplish. Without that something, the high-minded impulse to educate, to legislate and to manage become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. And the thing which is missing is love, some feeling for, as well as some understanding of, the inclusive community of rocks and soils, plants and animals, of which we are a part.

It is not, to put Mr. Leopold's thoughts in different words, enough to be enlightenedly selfish in our dealings with the land. That means, of course, that it is not enough for the farmer to want to get the most out of his farm and the lumberer to get the most out of his forest without considering agriculture and wood production as a whole both now and in the future. But it also means more than that. In the first place enlightened selfishness cannot be enough because enlightened selfishness cannot possibly be extended to include remote posterity. It may include the children, perhaps, and grandchildren, possibly, but it cannot be extended much beyond that because the very idea of "self" cannot be stretched much further. Some purely ethical considerations must operate, if anything does. Yet even that is not all. The wisest, the most enlightened, the most remotely long-seeing exploitation of resources is not enough, for the simple reason that the whole concept of exploitation is so false and so limited that in the end it will defeat itself and the earth will have been plundered no matter how scientifically and farseeingly the plundering has been done.

To live healthily and successfully on the land we must also live with it, We must be part not only of the human community, but of the whole community; we must acknowledge some sort of oneness not only with our neighbors, our countrymen and our civilization but also some respect for the natural as well as for the man-made community. Ours is not only "one world" in the sense

usually implied by that term. It is also "one earth." Without some acknowledgment of that fact, men can no more live successfully than they can if they refuse to admit the political and economic interdependency of the various sections of the civilized world. It is not a sentimental but a grimly literal fact that unless we share this terrestrial globe with creatures other than ourselves, we shall not be able to live on it for long.

You may, if you like, think of this as a moral law. But if you are skeptical about moral laws, you cannot escape the fact that it has its factual, scientific aspect. Every day the science of ecology is making clearer the factual aspect as it demonstrates those more and more remote interdependencies which, no matter how remote they are, are crucial even for us.

Before even the most obvious aspects of the balance of nature had been recognized, a greedy, self-centered mankind naively divided plants into the useful and the useless. In the same way it divided animals into those which were either domestic on the one hand or "game" on the other, and the "vermin" which ought to be destroyed. That was the day when extermination of whole species was taken as a matter of course and random introductions which usually proved to be either complete failures or all too successful were everywhere being made. Soon, however, it became evident enough that to rid the world of vermin and to stock it with nothing but useful organisms was at least not a simple task—if you assume that "useful" means simply "immediately useful to man."

Yet even to this day the *ideal* remains the same for most people. They may know, or at least they may have been told, that what looks like the useless is often remotely but demonstrably essential. Out in this desert country they may see the land being rendered useless by overuse. They may even have heard how, when the mountain lion is killed off, the deer multiply; how, when the deer multiply, the new growth of trees and shrubs is eaten away; and how, when the hills are denuded, a farm or a section of grazing land many miles away is washed into gulleys and made incapable of supporting either man or any other of the large animals. They may even have heard how the wonderful new insecticides proved so effective that fish and birds died of starvation; how on at least one Pacific island insects had to be reintroduced to pollinate the crops; how when you kill off almost completely a destructive pest, you run the risk of starving out everything which preys upon it and thus run the risk that the pest itself will stage an overwhelming comeback because its natural enemies are no more. Yet, knowing all this and much more, their dream is still the dream that an earth for man's use only can be created if only we learn more and scheme more effectively. They still hope that nature's scheme of checks and balances which provides for a varied population, which stubbornly refuses to scheme only from man's point of view and cherishes the weeds and "vermin" as persistently as she cherishes him, can be replaced by a scheme of his own devising. Ultimately they hope they can beat the game. But the more the ecologist learns, the less likely it seems that man can in the long run do anything of the sort.

Krutch uses cause and effect to suggest that the actions of human beings are having a disastrous effect on the earth and that we should change our behavior and learn to live with the land.

REFERENTIAL CAUSE AND EFFECT

In many academic disciplines, but especially in the social sciences and the natural sciences, analysis of cause and effect is fundamental. To understand ourselves and our world, we rely on studies that tell us why phenomena of all kinds occur.

AN EXAMPLE

In the following essay, Lewis Thomas discusses the effects of science.

On the True Nature of Science

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AN EXAMPLE

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LEWIS THOMAS

The transformation of human society by science is probably only at its beginning, and nobody can guess at how it will all turn out. At the moment, the most obvious and visible effects on our lives are those resulting from the technology that derives from science, for better or worse, and much of today's public argument over whether science is good or bad is really an argument about the value of the technology, not about science.

Walking around on the moon was a feat of world-class engineering, made possible by two centuries of classical physics, most of it accomplished by physicists with no faintest notion of walking on the moon.

Penicillin was a form of technology made feasible by sixty years of fundamental research in bacteriology. You had to have streptococci and staphylococci in hand, and you had to know their names as well as their habits, before you could begin thinking of such things as antibiotics.

Nuclear bombs, nuclear power plants, and radioisotopes for the study of human disease symbolize the range of society's choices for the application of mid-twentieth-century science, as were in their day the light bulb, the automobile, and the dial telephone.

We are not as informed about our role in the universe as we thought we were a few centuries ago, and despite our vast population we live more in loneliness and, at many times, dismay. Science is said to be the one human endeavor above all others that we should rely on for making predictions (after all, prediction is a central business of science), yet, for all the fact that we live in the Age of Science, we feel less able to foretell the future than ever before in our history.

This is, to date, the most wrenching of all the transformations that science has imposed on human consciousness—in the Western world, anyway. We have learned that we do not really understand nature at all, and the more information we receive, the more strange and mystifying is the picture before us.

There was a time, just a few centuries back, when it was not so. We thought then that we could comprehend almost all important matters: the earth was the centerpiece of the universe, we humans were the centerpiece of the earth, God was in his heaven just beyond what we have now identified as a narrow layer of ozone, and all was essentially right with the world; we were in full charge, for better or worse.

Now, we know different, or think we do. There is no center holding anywhere, as far as we can see, and we can see great distances. What we thought to be the great laws of physics turn out to be local ordinances, subject to revision any day. Time is an imaginary space.

We live in a very small spot, and for all we know, there may be millions of other small spots like ours in the millions of other galaxies; in theory, the universe can sprout life any old time it feels like it, anywhere, even though the other parts of our own tiny solar system have turned out to be appallingly, depressingly dead. The near views we have had of Mars, and what we have seen of the surfaces of Jupiter and Venus, are a new cause of sadness in our culture; humans have never before seen, close up, so vast a lifelessness. It is, when you give it a thought, shocking.

It is sometimes made to seem that the sciences have already come most of their allotted distance and we have learned most of what we will ever know. Lord Kelvin is reported to have concluded as much for physics, near the turn of this century, with an announcement that physics was a finished, perfected discipline with only a few odds and ends needing tidying up; soon thereafter came X rays, quantum theory, and relativity—and physics was back at the beginning again.

I believe this is the true nature of science, and I can imagine no terminal point of human inquiry into nature, ever.

Thomas tells us that science has effects not only on technology, but also on human thought. He further discusses some of the implications of the continuing effect of science on our perceptions and attitudes.

WRITING STRATEGIES

You may want to consider the following questions if you are writing about causes and effects.

- What important events occurred?
- What are the immediate causes of each event?
- What are the ultimate causes?



8 Evaluation

When we organize with evaluation, we show a relationship between values and judgments. Evaluation involves saying whether the subject of evaluation is good or bad or something in between. The words *good* and *bad* or synonyms of relative degrees of goodness and badness appear in evaluations. Most of us make evaluations every day. Someone who said that a meal was *delicious* or that a movie was *terrible* would be making an evaluation.

VALUES

Values are those principles that tell us that something is worthwhile and desirable. Values tell us what we want and what we need. For instance, those possessions that we acquire and keep are usually what we consider to be valuable. Those possessions that we throw away or reject are what we consider to be worthless, without value.

THE STRUCTURE OF EVALUATION

Evaluation when used to organize any piece of writing will have a structure controlled by three elements: the presentation of the subject to be evaluated, the judgment, and the criteria.

THE SUBJECT PRESENTED

Whatever we are evaluating must be presented to the reader in some way. That presentation will depend on another pattern of organization: narration, description, or classification. What details we use to present the subject (narrative, descriptive, or classificatory) will affect how the audience perceives the evaluation and, to a certain extent, how we apply the criteria we are using.

THE JUDGMENT

The judgment is the outcome of our evaluation of the subject. The judgment may be positive, negative, or mixed depending on how the subject is viewed in relation to the criteria. Whatever the judgment is, it will reflect the connections we have made between the subject and the values that are controlling the evaluation.

THE CRITERIA

Criteria are the standards by which we make judgments. They are derived from the system of values relevant to the evaluation. These standards may be stated or unstated in the evaluation. But regardless, they are essential to making a judgment. A judgment cannot be made without criteria.

These standards are stated in such a way that they could be applied to other things that are in the same category as the subject being evaluated. In evaluating a particular community college, Austin Community College for instance, we might generate the criteria that a community college is good if it has

qualified teachers,
convenient locations,
adequate library resources,
low tuition, and
a broad curriculum.

(Of course, other criteria are possible, but these illustrate the kinds of standards that would be considered in an evaluation.) Notice that these criteria could be used to evaluate another community college, that is, any member of the group that Austin Community College belongs to.

THE EVALUATION POSTULATE

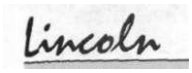
Evaluation can be reduced to a single statement called an evaluation postulate. That statement is a kind of formula that includes those elements essential for any evaluation. Evaluations are usually not reduced to such brief terms, but the evaluation postulate does allow us to see clearly the essential elements of an evaluation. Sometimes it can be helpful to think about an evaluation in terms of its basic structure.

The following pattern can be used to create an evaluation postulate of any evaluation.

If something (the subject) has certain characteristics (the criteria), then it is good or bad (the judgment).

AN EXAMPLE

In 1862 Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of *The Scarlet Letter,* wrote this evaluation of Abraham Lincoln.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Of course, there was one other personage, in the class of statesmen, whom I should have been truly mortified to leave Washington without seeing; since (temporarily, at least, and by force of circumstances) he was the man of men. But a private grief had built up a barrier about him, impeding the customary free intercourse of Americans with their chief magistrate; so that I might have come away without a glimpse of his very remarkable physiognomy, save for a semi-official opportunity of which I was glad to take advantage. The fact is, we were invited to annex ourselves, as supernumeraries, to a deputation that was about to wait upon the President, from a Massachusetts whip factory, with a present of a splendid whip.

Our immediate party consisted only of four or five (including Major Ben Perley Poore, with his note-book and pencil), but we were joined by several other persons, who seemed to have been lounging about the precincts of the White House, under the spacious porch, or within the hall, and who swarmed in with us to take the chances of a presentation. Nine o'clock had been appointed as the time for receiving the deputation, and we were punctual to the moment; but not so the President, who sent us word that he was eating breakfast, and would come as soon as he could. His appetite, we were glad to think, must have been a pretty fair one; for we waited about half an hour in one of the antechambers, and then were ushered into a reception-room, in one corner of which sat the Secretaries of War and the Treasury, expecting, like ourselves, the termination of the Presidential breakfast. During this interval there were several new additions to our group, one or two of whom were in a working-garb, so that we formed a very miscellaneous collection of people, mostly unknown to each other, and without any common sponsor, but all with an equal right to look our head servant in the face.

By and by there was a little stir on the staircase and in the passageway, and in lounged a tall, loose-jointed figure, of an exaggerated Yankee port and demeanor, whom (as being about the homeliest man I ever saw, yet by no means repulsive or disagreeable) it was impossible not to recognize as Uncle Abe.

Unquestionably, Western man though he be, and Kentuckian by birth, President Lincoln is the essential representative of all Yankees, and the veritable specimen, physically, of what the world seems determined to regard as our characteristic qualities. It is the strangest and yet the fittest thing in the jumble of human vicissitudes, that he, out of so many millions, unlooked for, unselected by any intelligible process that could be based upon his genuine qualities, unknown to those who chose him, unsuspected of what endowments may adapt him for his tremendous responsibility, should have found the

way open for him to fling his lank personality into the chair of state—where, I presume, it was his first impulse to throw his legs on the council-table, and tell the Cabinet Ministers a story. There is no describing his lengthy awkwardness, nor the uncouthness of his movement; and yet it seemed as if I had been in the habit of seeing him daily, and had shaken hands with him a thousand times in some village street; so true was he to the aspect of the pattern American, though with a certain extravagance which, possibly, I exaggerated still further by the delighted eagerness with which I took it in. If put to guess his calling and livelihood, I should have taken him for a country school-master as soon as anything else. He was dressed in a rusty black frock coat and pantaloons, unbrushed, and worn so faithfully that the suit had adapted itself to the curves and angularities of his figure, and had grown to be an outer skin of the man. His hair was black, still unmixed with gray, stiff, somewhat bushy, and had apparently been acquainted with neither brush nor comb that morning, after the disarrangement of the pillow; and as to a nightcap, Uncle Abe probably knows nothing of such effeminacies. His complexion is dark and sallow, betokening, I fear, an insalubrious atmosphere around the White House; he has thick black eyebrows and an impending brow; his nose is large, and the lines around his mouth are very strongly defined.

The whole physiognomy is as coarse a one as you would meet anywhere in the length and breadth of the States; but, withal, it is redeemed, illuminated, softened, and brightened by a kindly though serious look out of his eyes, and an expression of homely sagacity, that seems weighted with rich results of village experience. A great deal of native sense; no bookish cultivation, no refinement; honest at heart, and thoroughly so, and yet, in some sort, sly—at least, endowed with a sort of tact and wisdom that are akin to craft, and would impel him, I think, to take an antagonist in flank, rather than to make a bull-run at him right in front. But, on the whole, I like this sallow, queer, sagacious visage, with the homely human sympathies that warmed it; and, for my small share in the matter, would as lief have Uncle Abe for a ruler as any man whom it would have been practicable to put in his place.

Immediately on his entrance the President accosted our member of Congress, who had us in charge, and, with a comical twist of his face made some jocular remark about the length of his breakfast. He then greeted us all round, not waiting for an introduction, but shaking and squeezing everybody's hand with the utmost cordiality, whether the individual's name was announced to him or not. His manner towards us was wholly without pretence, but yet had a kind of natural dignity, quite sufficient to keep the forwardest of us from clapping him on the shoulder and asking him for a story. A mutual acquaintance being established, our leader took the whip out of its case, and began to read the address of presentation. The whip was an exceedingly long one, its handle wrought in ivory (by some artist in the Massachusetts State Prison, I believe), and ornamented with a medallion of the President, and other equally beautiful devices; and along its whole length there was a succession of golden bands and ferrules. The address was shorter than the whip, but equally well made, consisting chiefly of an explanatory description of these artistic designs, and

closing with a hint that the gift was a suggestive and emblematic one, and that the President would recognize the use to which such an instrument should be put.

This suggestion gave Uncle Abe rather a delicate task in his reply, because, slight as the matter seemed, it apparently called for some declaration, or intimation, or faint foreshadowing of policy in reference to the conduct of the war, and the final treatment of the Rebels. But the President's Yankee aptness and not-to-be-caughtness stood him in good stead, and he jerked or wiggled himself out of the dilemma with an uncouth dexterity that was entirely in character; although, without his gesticulation of eye and mouth—and especially the flourish of the whip, with which he imagined himself touching a pair of fat horses—I doubt whether his words would be worth recording, even if I could remember them. The gist of the reply was, that he accepted the whip as an emblem of peace, not punishment; and, this great affair over, we retired out of the presence in high good humor, only regretting that we *cou\d* not have seen the President sit down and fold up his legs (which is said to be a most extraordinary spectacle), or have heard him tell one of those delectable stories for which he is so celebrated. A good many of them are afloat upon the common talk of Washington, and are certainly the aptest, pithiest, and funniest little things imaginable; though, to be sure, they smack of the frontier freedom, and would not always bear repetition in a drawing-room, or on the immaculate page of the Atlantic.

Good Heavens! what liberties have I been taking with one of the potentates of the earth, and the man on whose conduct more important consequences depend than on that of any other historical personage of the century! But with whom is an American citizen entitled to take a liberty, if not with his own chief magistrate? However, lest the above allusions to President Lincoln's little peculiarities (already well known to the country and to the world) should be misinterpreted, I deem it proper to say a word or two in regard to him, of unfeigned respect and measurable confidence. He is evidently a man of keen faculties, and, what is still more to the purpose, of powerful character. As to his integrity, the people have that intuition of it which is never deceived. Before he actually entered upon his great office, and for a considerable time afterwards, there is no reason to suppose that he adequately estimated the gigantic task about to be imposed on him, or, at least, had any distinct idea how it was to be managed; and I presume there may have been more than one veteran politician who proposed to himself to take the power out of President Lincoln's hands into his own, leaving our honest friend only the public responsibility for the good or ill success of the career. The extremely imperfect development of his statesmanly qualities, at that period, may have justified such designs. But the President is teachable by events, and has now spent a year in a very arduous course of education; he has a flexible mind, capable of much expansion, and convertible towards far loftier studies and activities than those of his early life; and if he came to Washington a backwoods humorist, he has already transformed himself into as good a statesman (to speak moderately) as his prime minister.

Hawthorne's evaluation presents his subject Abraham Lincoln in several different ways, using several different patterns of organization. He describes Lincoln as "a tall, loose-jointed figure" and as "the homeliest man" he as ever seen. He talks further about his "awkwardness" and "the uncouthness of his movement." Finally Hawthorne makes the physical description even more detailed when he refers to Lincoln's hair, "black, still unmixed with gray, stiff, somewhat bushy," to his "thick black eyebrows," and to his large nose. Overall he regards Lincoln's appearance as "coarse." In contrast to those rather negative features, Hawthorne says that he has a "serious look," "an expression of homely sagacity," and a "great deal of native sense." In addition, to the physical descriptions, Hawthorne narrates the events surrounding his meeting the president. When Lincoln is presented with the gift of a whip from a Massachusetts whip factory, we discover that he is quick witted and diplomatic.

Toward the end of the evaluation, Hawthorne makes his judgment of Lincoln and reveals his "unfeigned respect" for and "confidence" in the president, remarking on Lincoln's "powerful character" and "his integrity." Finally, he observes that the president had become a "good statesman." These judgments are based on criteria that most people would agree are valid for measuring the performance of a political leader.

VARIATIONS IN EVALUATION

A change of purpose will create a different evaluation. As we saw in Chapter I, expressive writing involves an articulation of a value system, so the potential for evaluation is always there. Persuasion, too, often involves using social and cultural values to convince the reader of the validity of a claim.

EXPRESSIVE EVALUATION

In expressive evaluations the criteria are often unstated. Because the writer of self-expression is defining the self at least partially in terms of a value system, the statement of values is usually inextricably intertwined with the identity of the writer.

AN EXAMPLE

After surrendering to U.S. troops in 1832, Black Hawk, chief of the Sauk tribe in the Midwest, delivered this speech. He evaluates himself, the Indians, and white men.

Black Hawk's Farewell Address

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BLACK HAWK

You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. The first one was not so wise. When I saw that I could not beat you by Indian fighting, I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in the winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and papooses, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal.

An Indian who is as bad as the white men could not live in our nation; he would be put to death, and eaten up by the wolves. The white men are bad schoolmasters; they carry false looks, and deal in false actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian to cheat him; they shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, to deceive them, and to ruin our wives. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on, and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us, like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them, hypocrites and liars, adulterers, lazy drones, all talkers, and no workers.

We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our great father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction. Things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled; the springs were drying up, and our squaws and papooses without victuals to keep them from starving; we called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs and die. We all spoke before the council fire. It was warm and pleasant. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him.

Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. The white men do not scalp the head; but they do worse—they poison the heart; it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you can't trust them, and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order.

Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk.

This speech illustrates what evaluation looks like with an expressive purpose. Based on the criteria that people are good if they are honest, brave, and hard working, Black Hawk makes judgments about white men and Indians. He says that "the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal," and that any "Indian who is as bad as the white men could not live in our nation. . . ." Further he calls white men "bad schoolmasters" who "carry false looks," "deal in false actions," and "cheat" the Indian. He evaluates himself and gives a self-definition when he says, "Black Hawk is a true Indian. . . ." In this speech the self-expression is achieved through an evaluation of white and Indian culture.

LITERARY EVALUATION

The writer of literary evaluation tends to engage in satire and humor and often has a persuasive intent as well.

AN EXAMPLE

Twain creates a humorous parody of the advice adults frequently offer to young people.

Advice to Youth

MARK TWAIN

Being told I would be expected to talk here, I inquired what sort of a talk I ought to make. They said it should be something suitable to youth—something didactic, instructive, or something in the nature of good advice. Very well. I have a few things in my mind which I have often longed to say for the instruction of the young, for it is in one's tender early years that such things

will best take root and be most enduring and most valuable. First, then, I will say to you, my young friends—and I say it beseechingly, urgingly—

Always obey your parents, when they are present. This is the best policy in the long run, because if you don't they will make you. Most parents think they know better than you do, and you can generally make more by humoring that superstition than you can by acting on your own better judgment.

Be respectful to your superiors, if you have any, also to strangers, and sometimes to others. If a person offend you, and you are in doubt as to whether it was intentional or not, do not resort to extreme measures; simply watch your chance and hit him with a brick. That will be sufficient. If you shall find that he had not intended any offense, come out frankly and confess yourself in the wrong when you struck him; acknowledge it like a man and say you didn't mean to. Yes, always avoid violence; in this age of charity and kindliness, the time has gone by for such things. Leave dynamite to the low unrefined.

Go to bed early, get up early—this is wise. Some authorities say get up with the sun; some others say get up with one thing, some with another. But a lark is really the best thing to get up with. It gives you a splendid reputation with everybody to know that you get up with the lark; and if you get the right kind of a lark, and work at him right, you easily train him to get up at half past nine, every time—it is no trick at all.

Now as to the matter of lying. You want to be very careful about lying; otherwise you are nearly sure to get caught. Once caught, you can never again be, in the eyes of the good and the pure, what you were before. Many a young person has injured himself permanently through a single clumsy and illfinished lie, the result of carelessness born of incomplete training. Some authorities hold that the young ought not to lie at all. That, of course, is putting it rather stronger than necessary; still, while I cannot go quite so far as that, I do maintain, and I believe I am right, that the young ought to be temperate in the use of this great art until practice and experience shall give them that confidence, elegance, and precision which alone can make the accomplishment graceful and profitable. Patience, diligence, painstaking attention to detail—these are the requirements; these, in time, will make the student perfect; upon these, and upon these only, may he rely as the sure foundation for future eminence. Think what tedious years of study, thought, practice, experience, went to the equipment of that peerless old master who was able to impose upon the whole world the lofty and sounding maxim that "truth is mighty and will prevail"—the most majestic compound fracture of fact which any of woman born has yet achieved. For the history of our race, and each individual's experience, are sown thick with evidence that a truth is not hard to kill and that a lie told well is immortal. There is in Boston a monument of the man who discovered anaesthesia; many people are aware, in these latter days, that that man didn't discover it at all, but stole the discovery from another man. Is this truth mighty, and will it prevail? Ah no, my hearers, the monument is made of hardy material, but the lie it tells will outlast it a million

years. An awkward, feeble, leaky lie is a thing which you ought to make it your unceasing study to avoid; such a lie as that has no more real permanence than an average truth. Why, you might as well tell the truth at once and be done with it. A feeble, stupid, preposterous lie will not live two years—except it be a slander upon somebody. It is indestructible, then, of course, but that is no merit of yours. A final word: begin your practice of this gracious and beautiful art early—begin it now. If I had begun earlier, I could have learned how.

Never handle firearms carelessly. The sorrow and suffering that have been caused through the innocent but heedless handling of firearms by the young! Only four days ago, right in the next farmhouse to the one where I am spending the summer, a grandmother, old and gray and sweet, one of the loveliest spirits in the land, was sitting at her work, when her young grandson crept in and got down an old, battered, rusty gun which had not been touched for many years and was supposed not to be loaded, and pointed it at her, laughing and threatening to shoot. In her fright she ran screaming and pleading toward the door on the other side of the room; but as she passed him he placed the gun almost against her very breast and pulled the trigger! He had supposed it was not loaded. And he was right—it wasn't. So there wasn't any harm done. It is the only case of that kind I ever heard of. Therefore, just the same, don't you meddle with old unloaded firearms; they are the most deadly and unerring things that have ever been created by man. You don't have to take any pains at all with them; you don't have to have a rest, you don't have to have any sights on the gun, you don't have to take aim, even. No, you just pick out a relative and bang away, and you are sure to get him. A youth who can't hit a cathedral at thirty yards with a Gatling gun in three-quarters of an hour, can take up on old empty musket and bag his grandmother every time, at a hundred. Think what Waterloo would have been if one of the armies had been boys armed with old muskets supposed not to be loaded, and the other army had been composed of their female relations. The very thought of it makes one shudder.

There are many sorts of books; but good ones are the sort for the young to read. Remember that. They are a great, an inestimable, an unspeakable means of improvement. Therefore be careful in your selection, my young friends; be very careful; confine yourselves exclusively to Robertson's Sermons, Baxter's *Saint's Rest, The Innocents Abroad,* and works of that kind.

But I have said enough. I hope you will treasure up the instructions which I have given you, and make them a guide to your feet and a light to your understanding. Build your character thoughtfully and painstakingly upon these precepts, and by and by, when you have got it built, you will be surprised and gratified to see how nicely and sharply it resembles everybody else's.

Mark Twain, in this literary evaluation, entertains the reader by offering unexpected bits of advice. The style of the writing is didactic and at first seems

to contain the kind of advice we might expect an adult to give to a young person. But as we read, we discover that every moral truism we anticipate is contradicted. In this way Twain delights us with humorous, outlandish twists on the expected. He reveals the true subject of the evaluation at the end of the essay. Rather than evaluating the behavior of young people, as he maintains at the beginning, he is really evaluating the behavior of everyone else. He makes this clear in the last sentence when he suggests that if young people will follow his contradictory advice, then they will "be surprised and gratified to see how nicely and sharply" their behavior "resembles everybody else's." At this point we become aware of a secondary persuasive purpose at work, a satire on human behavior.

PERSUASIVE EVALUATION

Evaluations tend toward persuasion, so persuasion is often a part of an evaluation no matter what other purpose the writer has. Any evaluation will become persuasive if an imperative is added, as in the following statement: this thing (subject) is good (judgment), so you should try it (persuasive assertion).

AN EXAMPLE

The following student essay offers a persuasive evaluation of a restaurant.

A Rare Find

CHRIS WOFFENDEN

Living in Texas, it's never hard to find a Tex-Mex restaurant around. You run into them on just about every other street corner it seems. I have eaten at many Tex-Mex joints, and I'll say that most of them have been decent. *Decent.* It's very rare that you come across a restaurant that captures the taste of Mom's home cooking, whether it's Mexican food, Chinese, or just a plain ol' steak house. It was only by chance that I found this perfect Tex-Mex restaurant. It's the closest thing to my mother's cooking I have ever tasted. It's a little pink house on East Seventh Street, just east of the Interstate, across from the downtown area. Angie's Mexican Restaurant delivers a combination of service, taste, and atmosphere like no other restaurant I have ever set foot in. Let me tell you about the magic that is Angie's.

The service is superb. As soon as you walk through the door, you are greeted with a smile by one of about five or six servers who work there. Having such a small wait staff all but eliminates the possibility of getting bad service. I know each one of them and have always been treated like a special guest. Barring weekday lunch hours, it never takes more than about five minutes to get a table. The staff is fast and friendly and does a wonderful job of

keeping your glass full and a smile on your face with pleasant conversation. Even the busboy there is a delight to talk to. Each time I eat there, he comes out from the back room and says hello and chats with me a bit, usually about cars or football. I have never been to a restaurant with a staff that, as a whole, is as friendly as Angie's. They make you feel as if you are a long-lost cousin visiting from a distant city. They are open every day from 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. and are closed on Tuesday. They are just as happy to see you at ten 'til 4 as they are at opening time.

Once you are seated, you'll get started with chips and salsa, a custom at just about any Mexican restaurant. But this is not your average salsa. Oh, no. It is a perfect blend of tomatoes, jalapenos, and onions that'll set your mouth on fire. After munching on the appetizer and sipping your iced tea for a short time, you get to the real good stuff. There are a number of platters to choose from including tacos, chalupas, and enchiladas. Any of these delicious dishes come with corn tortillas that are made right in the back of the restaurant every day. If you choose the enchilada or taco platter, you have a choice of beef or chicken, either of which are perfectly seasoned with salt, ground cominos, and diced bell pepper. The chalupas are pretty messy, but definitely worth the wash your hands will need afterward. All platters are served with beans, rice, and two hot flour tortillas. My personal favorite is the beef enchilada platter. When the plate comes, it is steaming hot, and the cheese melts in with the chili sauce to form an enchilada base that has no equal. For dessert you can choose from any of the common goodies they serve like cobbler, pecan pie, etc. But if you want to finish the meal off right, have a bowl of homemade flan. It's a custard-like dessert topped with a vanilla liqueur. Simply delicious! By the way, anything on the menu is all available for take-out if you are in a rush, and you can pay by check or credit card if you are short on cash.

As you sit, savoring each bite of this authentic Mexican food, you will also be treated to traditional Mexican surroundings. The limited space of Angie's always gives me a feeling that I'm back home eating freshly cooked food at my mom's small kitchen table. The tables are situated fairly close together giving it a very intimate setting. The building is an old house that was converted into a restaurant, so it's got a very homey feel. It's not fancy, but it is very clean and attractive. And if, for some reason, you do not care for the interior of Angie's, you can request outdoor seating which is situated right under a cluster of nice shade trees. They always have beautiful Mexican music playing, and the sound of accordion and Spanish guitar fill the room. There is nothing quite like feasting on a tasty Mexican meal and listening to Ana Gabriel while you enjoy every last morsel. On one of the walls in the restaurant there is a mural of the skyline of Austin that was painted by an employee there. Looking out the west window, you have a beautiful view of the real Austin skyline. On the ceiling, there are paintings of the constellations, which may sound a bit strange. But all these things combine to put forth a very unpretentious setting that is very relaxing.

A few days ago, some friends of mine came into town and were in the mood for some good Mexican cooking. Since my mother lives in Abilene, the choice was clear. Without disagreement, we decided on Angie's not only for the excellent food, but also for the stellar service and comfortable setting. So, if you are ever in the mood for authentic Mexican food and you're in the downtown area, give Angie's a try. Heck, even if you aren't downtown, make the trip. You won't be disappointed.

Chris Woffenden's evaluation supports his persuasive claim that the reader should "give Angie's a try." The evaluation, based on three criteria (service, taste, and atmosphere), develops the persuasive argument. The descriptive and narrative details show how the restaurant meets the criteria. In addition, those details create both rational and emotional appeals. The writer's account of his own experiences in the restaurant creates a personal appeal.

REFERENTIAL EVALUATION

Criteria in referential evaluations are derived by objective means. Writers of referential evaluations will need to consider the necessity of validating the criteria they use or at least making sure that there is a general agreement about the validity of the criteria used.

AN EXAMPLE

This essay evaluates one of the classic novels in American literature.

Why "Huckleberry Finn" is a Great World Novel

LAURIAT LANE, JR.

Of all forms of literature, the novel is in many ways the hardest to describe with any precision. Its relative newness as a form and its varied and complex nature combine to make this so. Whenever we try to view such a full and living book as *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, some of it always escapes our gaze. In fact, apart from its mere physical presence, paper, ink, glue, covers, and so forth, it is often easiest to assume that the novel does not exist at all, but only the experience of reading it. Each time we read *Huckleberry Finn* we read a certain book, and each time we read it we read a different book. No one of these books is the real *Huckleberry Finn;* in a sense, they all are.

At the heart of *Huckleberry Finn* lies a story about real human figures with genuine moral and ethical problems and decisions, figures placed in a society which we recognize as having everywhere in it the flavor of authenticity—the whole combination treated, for the most part, as directly and realistically as possible. I would like to move beyond this primary description or definition of *Huckleberry Finn,* however, and suggest that the novel may contain other elements equally important to a full appreciation. I would like to extend the novel in three directions, in space, in time, and in degree: in space, by considering some of the ways in which the book extends beyond its position as one of the masterworks of American fiction and becomes, if the term be allowed, a world novel; in time, by considering how much *Huckleberry Finn* resembles a literary form much older than the novel, the epic poem; and in degree, by considering just how much *Huckleberry Finn* transcends its position as a realistic novel and takes on the forms and qualities of allegory.

I

A world novel may be defined as that kind of novel whose importance in its own literature is so great, and whose impact on its readers is so profound and far-reaching, that it has achieved world-wide distinction. In the total picture of world literature, such a novel stands out as a work always to be reckoned with. The world novel, however, achieves its position not only through its importance but also because of its essential nature. And in discussing *Huckleberry Finn* as a world novel I shall deal not so much with this importance, as measured by permanent popularity and influence, as with the special qualities *Huckleberry Finn* has in common with certain other world novels.

The first real novel and the first world novel is, by almost universal consent, Cervantes' *The Adventures of Don Quixote.* The most important thing which *Don Quixote* has bequeathed to the novels after it (apart of course from the all-important fact of there being such a thing as a novel at all) is the theme which is central to Don *Quixote* and to almost every great novel since, the theme of appearance versus reality. This theme is also central to *Huckleberry Finn.*

Even on the simplest plot level the world of *Huckleberry Finn* is one of deception. The very existence of Huck at all is a continual deception—he is supposed to be dead. This falseness in his relations with the world at large merely reflects the difference between his standards and those of the outside world. Huck's truth and the truth of the world are diametrically opposed. Throughout the novel his truth is always cutting through the surfaces of the world's appearance and learning the contrary reality beneath. At the climax Huck tells himself, "You can't pray a lie—I found that out." That is to say, the lie of appearance is always far different from the truth of reality, and to the truly heroic and individual conscience no amount of self-delusion can ever bridge the gap lying between.

In the final section of the book, the theme of appearance versus reality reaches almost philosophical proportions. Both because of the way in which

Jim's escape is carried out and because of the underlying fact of there being no need for him to escape at all, the situation is one of total dramatic and moral irony. At the end, however, Twain relaxes the tone, straightens out the plot complications, and lets the moral issue fade away. He avoids, in fact, the logical conclusion to the kind of disorder he has introducted into his world-in-fiction, a world in which the distinction between appearance and reality has, from the reader's point of view, been lost forever. For if we cannot tell appearance from reality, if the two do become totally confused and impossible to distinguish, the only answer can be the one Twain eventually came to in his most pessimistic work, *The Mysterious Stranger;* that all is illusion, and nothing really exists. In *Huckleberry Finn,* Twain does not yet reach this point of despair. By centering his action within the essentially balanced mind of the boy, Huck, he keeps his hold on reality and manages to convey his hold to the reader. But the main issue of the novel, between the way things seem and the way they are, is nevertheless one that trembles in the balance almost up to the final page.

Huckleberry Finn also gains its place as a world novel by its treatment of one of the most important events of life, the passage from youth into maturity. The novel is a novel of education. Its school is the school of life rather than of books, but Huck's education is all the more complete for that reason. Huck, like so many other great heroes of fiction—Candide, Tom Jones, Stephen Dedalus, to mention only a few—goes forth into life that he may learn. One of the central patterns of the novel is the progress of his learning.

Yet another theme which *Huckleberry Finn* shares with most of the world's great novels is that of man's obsession with the symbols of material wealth. The book opens with an account of the six thousand dollars Huck got from the robber's hoard and ends on the same note. Throughout the intervening pages gold is shown to be not only the mainspring of most human action, but usually the only remedy mankind can offer to atone for the many hurts they are forever inflicting on one another. And as Mr. Lionel Trilling has remarked, in a certain sense all fiction is ultimately about money.

The world novel may also convey a total vision of the nation or people from which it takes its origin. It not only addresses the world in a language which is uniquely the language of that nation or people, but it brings before the view of the world at large many character types which are especially national. In *Huckleberry Finn* we recognize in Jim, in the Duke and the Dauphin, in Aunt Sally, and in Huck himself, typically American figures whom Twain has presented for inspection by the world's eye. *Huckleberry Finn* gains much of its justification as a world novel from the fact that it is an intensely American novel as well.

II

In his essay on "The Poetic Principle" Poe remarks that "no very long poem will ever be popular again." In part, no doubt, Poe bases this remark on his own special definition of poetry. But he is also recognizing that during the

eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the epic poem was gradually dying out as a literary form. Or, to be more precise, it was gradually merging with another form, the novel. Much of the poetic form of the epic came from the requirements of oral rendition; with the invention of printing, these requirements vanished. More and more writers gradually turned to prose fiction as the appropriate form to accomplish what had once been accomplished in the epic poem. Some novelists, such as Fielding or Scott, drew quite consciously on epic tradition; other novelists and novels, by a more indirect drawing on tradition, took over some of the qualities originally associated with epic poetry.

One quality of the epic poem is simply scope. Some novels confine themselves to treating exhaustively and analytically a limited segment of life. But others seem to be constantly trying to gather all life into their pages and to say, within a single story, all the important things that need to be said. Such novels derive much of their strength from the epic tradition, and *Huckleberry Finn* is such a novel. It has geographical scope. It ranges down the length of the great river and cuts through the center of a whole nation. As it does so, it gains further scope by embracing all levels of society, from the lowest to the highest. And it has the added scope of its own varying qualities, ranging from high comedy to low farce, from the poetic tranquility of life on the raft to the mob violence and human depravity always waiting on the shore.

Epic poetry gives literary form to the national destiny of the people for whom it is written. *Huckleberry Finn* gives literary form to many aspects of the national destiny of the American people. The theme of travel and adventure is characteristically American, and in Twain's day it was still a reality of everyday life. The country was still very much on the move, and during the novel Huck is moving with it. Huck's movements also embody a desire to escape from the constrictions of civilized society. Such a desire is of course not uniquely American, but during the nineteenth century Americans took it and made it their own. The American of that time could always say, as did Huck at the very end of the story, "I reckon I got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before."

The epic hero is usually an embodiment of some virtue or virtues valued highly by the society from which he has sprung. Huck has many such virtues. He holds a vast store of practical knowledge which makes itself felt everywhere in the story. He knows the river and how to deal with it; and he knows mankind and how to deal with it. And he has the supreme American virtue of never being at a loss for words. In fact Huck, though he still keeps some of the innocence and naivete of youth, has much in common with one of the greatest epic heroes, Odysseus, the practical man. Jim also has some of the qualities of an epic hero. He has strength and courage, and he possesses the supreme virtue of epic poetry, loyalty. It is part of Twain's irony that in Huck and Jim we have, in one sense, the two halves of an epic hero. In Huck, the skill and canniness; in Jim, the strength and simple loyalty.

In the society along the shore we see traces of other epic values, values which have survived from a more primitive world. The Grangerford-Shepherdson feud strikes the modern reader as a senseless mess, but as Huck says, "There ain't a coward amongst them Shepherdsons—not a one. And there ain't no cowards amongst the Grangerfords either." Huck sees the essential folly behind this courage, but the reader, one degree further removed from the harsh reality, is allowed the luxury of a double vision. Similarly, Colonel Sherburn, destroying a lynching mob merely by the courage of his presence, illustrates another epic theme, the bravery of one against many.

One final quality which *Huckleberry Finn* derives from its epic ancestry is its poetry. The novel is full of poetry. Not just the passages of lyric description, which mark a pause between the main actions and give a heightened and more literary tone just as they often did in the traditional epic, but also the many similes and turns of speech Huck uses, which, if they are not quite Homeric, are certainly unforgettable. And much of the exaggerated language of the frontier world, one not far removed in kind from that of the primitive migrations, is also a natural part of the epic style.

III

Allegory may be defined simply as the representation of one thing in the form of another. A second definition, more germane to literature, is that allegory is a process by which the spiritual is embodied in the physical. To go one step further, the main purpose of allegory is somehow to embody a spiritual action in a physical action. By making a suitable physical object stand for some metaphysical one, or at least for one which cannot be contained in the terms of normal, everyday life, the writer carries out one of the main purposes of all art, which is to bring to its audience, through the representation of real objects, an awareness and knowledge which transcend the limitations of such reality. Allegory, that is, deals primarily with matters of the spirit.

This assumption helps to explain why the great allegories deal either with a physical journey or a physical conflict or both. For a spiritual change, when embodied allegorically, will take the form of a meaningful physical journey through symbolic space. And a spiritual conflict, when embodied allegorically, will take the form of a real physical conflict between significant forces, each of them representing some metaphysical quality.

Although all novels are in a certain sense descended from *Don Quixote,* it is also true that in another sense all novels, and especially English ones, are descended from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* The main difference between the allegorical novel as we know it today and Bunyan's narrative of the human soul is that whereas *Pilgrim's Progress* we have an allegory that tends to turn into a novel, in most modern instances we have a novel that tends to turn into an allegory. As the author, whether he be Melville or Mann or Twain, develops and elaborates his original materials, he may become aware of certain meaningful connections which are tending to establish themselves between the physical objects and the physical narrative he is describing and the related

spiritual values and conflicts. Drawing on a tradition which has existed for a long time in literature and which is a natural part of the artistic process in any form, the author finds himself writing allegory. And this is what happened to Mark Twain. Writing as he was a great novel, his masterpiece in fact, he organized and related certain physical materials to certain metaphysical conditions so that their relationship became meaningful in a special way—became, in short, allegory.

Huckleberry Finn is the story of a journey, a real journey. If we are to find any meaning in Huck's journey beyond the literal level, we must seek it first in the medium through which Huck journeys, in the great river down which he drifts during much of the story. And Huck's movements take on at least the external form of a basic symbolic pattern, one seen in such poems as Shelley's *Alastor,* Arnold's *The Future,* and Rimbaud's *Bateau Ivre,* a pattern stated most directly in *Prometheus Unbound,* "My soul is an enchanted boat." Implicit in this pattern is the suggestion that the river journey can have a distinctly metaphysical quality, that it can be, in fact, a journey of the soul as well as of the body. This suggestion is not at all arbitrary. Of all forms of physical progression, that of drifting downstream in a boat, or on a raft, is the most passive one possible. The mind under such conditions is lulled, as Huck's mind is, into the illusion that it has lost all contact with reality and is drifting bodilessly through a world of sleep and of dreams. Thus the nakedness of Huck and Jim when they are alone on the raft becomes a symbol of how they have shucked off the excrescences of the real world, their clothes, and have come as close as possible to the world of the spirit.

All journeys, even allegorical ones, must have a goal. What is the goal of Huck's journey? We find the answer in what happens while Huck and Jim float down the river. The pattern is, very simply, one of an ever-increasing engagement of the world of the raft, of the spirit, with the world of the shore, of reality. As the book progresses, more and more Huck tells about events that take place on the banks, and less and less he tells about those that take place out on the river. No matter how hard Huck and Jim try to escape, the real world is always drawing them back into it. Finally, in the Duke and the Dauphin, themselves fleeing for the moment from the harsh reality of the river's shores, the real world invades the world of the raft, and the latter loses forever the dream-like and idyllic quality it has often had for the two voyagers. The climax of Huck's lyric praise of the river comes significantly just before this mood is shattered forever by the arrival of the Duke and Dauphin.

Parallel to this pattern of the ever-increasing engagement of the world of the shore with that of the raft is a pattern which begins with Huck's pretended death, a death which is actual to all the world but Huck and Jim. The symbolic fact of his death accomplished, Huck must find an identity with which he can face the real world. His assumptions of various such identities forms a significant pattern. The various masks he assumes, starting with that of a girl, as far removed from the reality as possible, gradually draw back nearer the truth. Huck's final disguise, as Tom Sawyer, is only slightly removed from his

real self. When he is about to reveal this real self and is instead taken for Tom, Huck almost recognizes the meaning of his journey. For he says to himself, "But if they was joyful, it warn't nothing to what I was; for it was like being born again, I was so glad to find out who I was."

This, then, is the allegory of *Huckleberry Finn.* Dying symbolically almost at the opening of the novel, Huck journeys through the world of the spirit, ever working out a pattern of increasing involvement with the world of reality and with his own self, both cast aside at the beginning of the journey. Only when he is finally forced to assume this real self in the eyes of the world, through the sudden arrival of Aunt Polly, is he allowed to learn the all-important truth Jim has kept from him throughout the novel, that his Pap, "ain't comin back no mo." We cannot say that Huck has undergone a total initiation and is now fully prepared to take on adulthood, but neither can we doubt that he has undergone a knowledgeful and maturing experience. And at the end of the story he is about to undertake another journey, this time to the west, in search of further experience and further knowledge.

In this essay, Lane evaluates *Huckleberry Finn* by examining it according to several clearly stated criteria: the significance of its themes, its scope, and its allegorical pattern. By analyzing the novel according to these criteria, the author is able to show us why the novel is a great one.

WRITING STRATEGIES

Part of writing an evaluation is choosing words that accurately communicate the judgment you are making. Creating a list of possible words to use to make the judgment can be helpful. Write down the subject of the evaluation and use free association (putting down on paper whatever comes to mind) to create a list of words that express your judgment.

Consider these questions as you create an evaluation.

- How is the subject to be evaluated presented to the reader? (What other patterns of organization are used?)
- What judgment or judgments are you making about the subject?
- What criteria are you using to make the judgment?
- How can you defend the criteria?
- How does your presentation fit the characteristics of your primary purpose?



Ideas

The writing process usually begins before you actually start putting words down. Before you can do anything else, you must have an idea. Depending on the occasion that has prompted your writing, your idea may take one of two different forms: it may be rather vague and undefined, or it may be fairly well focused on a general subject or even on a specific topic. Your use of the techniques suggested in this chapter will vary depending on how far along you are in shaping your topic. If your idea is vague and undefined, you will probably need to use a number of the strategies suggested in this chapter to define the subject a little more clearly. These strategies include using techniques of free association, working with your journal, and doing background research.

If you have already decided on a general subject, you will need to narrow the the scope of the subject so that it is a manageable topic. As your topic becomes more clearly defined, you may still use the techniques suggested in this chapter, but in more definitive way. For instance, you would probably start a free association activity with an explicit focus in mind. Similarly, research, rather than being concerned with general background information, would become more precise in its focus.

FREE ASSOCIATION

One of the most straightforward ways to get ideas is by using one of several different free association activities. These activities allow you to gain access to the creative flow of ideas in your mind.

BRAINSTORMING

Brainstorming is the most unstructured of all free association activities. It can be done individually or in a group. (Group brainstorming has the advantage of bringing a broad range of perspectives to bear on a topic.) Anything goes in brainstorming. You may jot down words and phrases or even draw pictures and doodle. No possible avenue of exploration should be rejected. Brainstorming will open up your mind to whatever resources you have available. After you

have made some notes (10 minutes is usually enough), you can go back and restructure, or you can start over again and explore the subject from a different perspective.

LISTING

Listing is a bit more structured than brainstorming. The advantage is that you can generate quite a lot of relevant information quickly. The list can be totally random, or it can begin from a general subject, of even a specific topic.

An Example of Listing on the Topic of Bird Watching

have made some notes (10 minutes is usually enough), you can go back and restructure, or you can start over again and explore the subject from a different perspective.

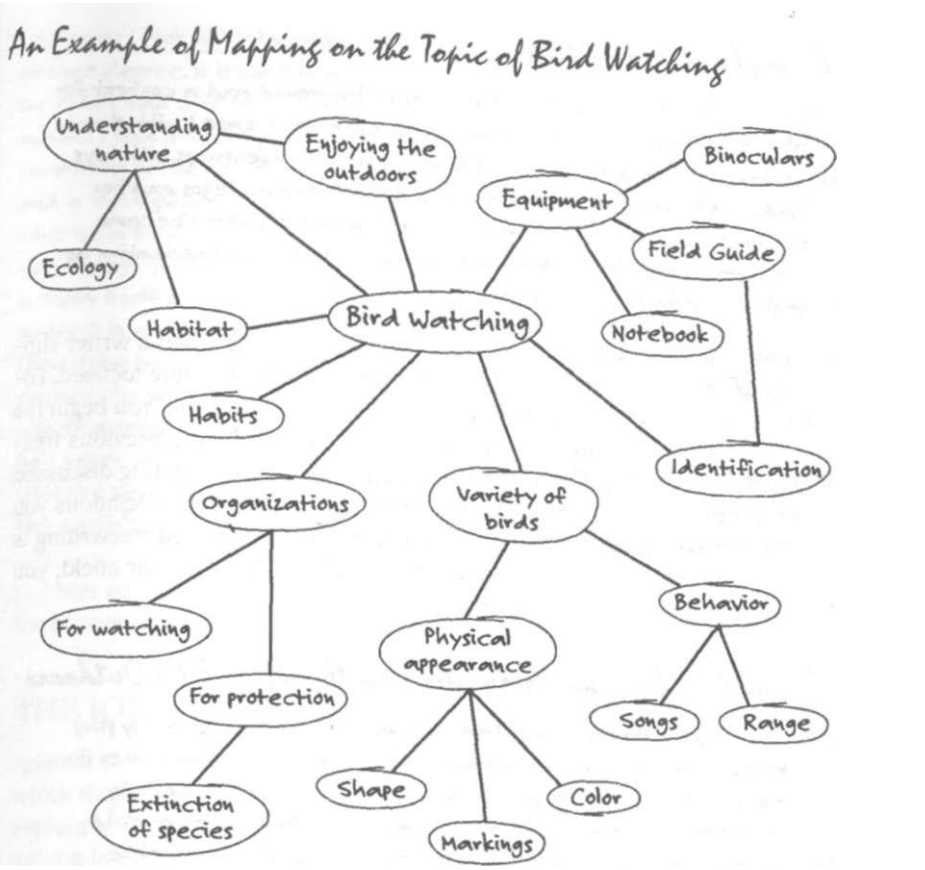
LISTING

Listing is a bit more structured than brainstorming. The advantage is that you can generate quite a lot of relevant information quickly. The list can be totally random, or it can begin from a general subject, of even a specific topic.

colors
feathers
shapes of birds—pelicans, woodpeckers . . .
drab colored birds
camouflage
brightly colored birds
mating
feathers for flight
feathers for warmth
structure of the body
how they fly
songs
identifying birds—by songs, by shape, by flight
field guides
notebooks
observing—how to observe, what to look for
habitat—trees, water, ground
habits—breeding, migration, nesting
ecology—range
distribution of birds over the world
classification of birds
evolution

MAPPING

Mapping is a way of organizing information visually. You begin with a word or phrase in the middle of a page and then add words and phrases around it, connecting them to the central idea with lines. Then you add more words and phrases around those, and so on, until you have a complex web of ideas that are related to each other in various ways. Mapping is a way to explore your ideas graphically.



FREEWRITING

Freewriting is, in effect, "talking on paper." It is an attempt to capture in written form the natural, spontaneous flow of conversation. As with other forms of free association, you follow wherever the associations take you, but freewriting is in sentence form. Often, freewriting can open you up to the flow of ideas as no other technique can because freewriting stimulates thinking in terms that can be translated immediately into writing. It can also be a kind of "warmup" to prepare you for writing a draft, or it may even be a part of the initial draft itself. Freewriting is such a versatile technique that you can use it anytime you get stuck and need to start the flow of words again.

An Example of Freewriting

When I was a child the world of nature was a playground and a context for the world of fantasy that was my main preoccupation. I romped with playmates, both real and imaginary, and had imaginary adventures with toys of all kinds. I'm thinking about my stuffed animals and my legos and my action figures. It was a time of freedom and happiness. Later I became aware of nature and found that the natural world was as fascinating as the imaginary world I had created.

The example of freewriting above illustrates what happens when a writer simply lets associations occur freely. But freewriting can also be more focused. Focused freewriting lets you get at your ideas about a specific topic. You begin the process with a focus, a thesis or a claim, or a sentence from a previous freewriting activity. You then follow the same pattern as with freewriting discussed above by simply letting your mind go and putting together the associations you have. What makes focused freewriting different from unfocused freewriting is that you keep your focus always in mind. If you begin to go too far afield, you will need to come back to the focus.

An Example of Focused Freewriting on the Topic of the Outdoors

I have always been interested in the outdoors. As a child most of my play time was spent outdoors, weather permitting, and even sometimes when it didn't, much to Mom's dismay. As I grew up the kind of outdoor activity changed. In contrast to the wild, exuberant unstructured play of childhood, I began as an adolescent to enjoy more purposeful activities like fishing and hunting. Now as an adult I have discovered other outdoor pastimes, less aggressive. These turn out to be both physical and intellectual. Like, last year I took up bird watching. I have found that bird watching fulfills my desire for enjoying the world of nature, while, at the same time allowing me to assemble a body of knowledge about that world.

Focused freewriting can be repeated again and again by *looping* back to another focus. Simply identify a new focus and begin again. The following is an example of a focused freewriting activity that begins with the sentence *last year I took up bird watching* taken from the previous exercise.

Last year I took up bird watching. I guess I have always been a bird watcher to some degree. It is something children do naturally. When we were children, we didn't find it necessary to label ourselves as much as we do when we are adults. I find it necessary to call myself a bird watcher, perhaps as a way of committing to the activity and justifying myself in doing it. If you buy binoculars and a field guide and tramp around in the woods looking for birds, then you must be a bird watcher. I mean, I kind of feel guilty spending all this time and money—so I better have a good reason—like being a bird watcher. But the activity itself should, and does for most people who do it, come from an abiding interest in and a curiosity about the natural environment. Finding and identifying birds in some ways is an excuse for indulging an interest in natural science. For some people it is a hobby; for others, a sport; and for still others, almost a religion. Like Bill who's making a pilgrimage to Alaska to see a bird he's never seen. But bird watchers all share a common bond—a fascination with the working of nature, and birds are perhaps the most fascinating of the earth's fauna: after all, they can actually fly.

You could keep going with this kind of activity by identifying a phrase in the previous exercise and using it as the focus of a new freewriting activity.

THE JOURNAL

Another source of ideas is the journal. Many writers keep personal journals in which they record reactions to what is happening to them, ideas of interest, and explorations of the self. The section on the personal perspective of expressive writing in Chapter I explains the characteristics of the journal.

Keeping a personal journal will allow you to experiment with style, explore ideas for your writing assignments, and become more comfortable with writing. Even if your writing instructor doesn't require you to keep a journal, you should consider doing it on your own. You may be surprised at what you discover.

RESEARCH

If you are searching for ideas, casual exploration can help you uncover things that interest you and help you shape your ideas. Watching television, reading the newspaper, surfing the net, or simply talking with friends can all be sources of material to include in your writing projects. This kind of background research can be used as a stimulus for free association or for journal writing. It may help you remember things that you had forgotten. So even if your topic is personal in nature, some background research may be beneficial.

If you already have a subject or a topic in mind, your research will be more focused than it would be if you were doing background research.

Gathering information through focused research enables you to explore ideas systematically that are relevant to your topic. Some general sources, like encyclopedias and almanacs, may give you an initial overview of your topic, but chances are you will need to consult other sources, like books on the topic and articles in periodicals.

Research may simply help you understand your topic better, or it may become an integral part of your composition. How you use research information will, of course, depend on your topic, your purpose, and your audience.

NARROWING A SUBJECT

When you first get an idea, you may have a subject that is too broad. You will need to narrow it to a topic that is manageable. Usually, this means making the topic more specific and concrete. You may discover ways to narrow your topic while you are doing free association activities, as you are doing research, or while you are writing in your journal.

Creating a ladder can help you narrow a subject that is too general. Begin with the general subject and list below it more specific and concrete topics.

AN EXAMPLE

The Environment
Pollution
Air Pollution
Sources of Air Pollution

Each related idea above is more specific than the one above it. *The environment* is a broad concept that suggests related ideas like the general subject *pollution. Air pollution* is more specific than *pollution* and more general than *sources of pollution.*



Once you have a manageable topic, you will need to add details to it. You may not always know in advance that the topic is manageable until you begin working with it by generating detail. If it is still too broad, you may need to go back and try to narrow it more.

In this part of the writing process, you will be interested in translating your ideas into words. You may have already begun to do that if you used freewriting and journal entries as a way of exploring a topic that were discussed in the previous chapter. Other techniques discussed in this chapter such as asking questions and using specific kinds of elaboration are also helpful techniques that will enable you to generate details.

QUESTIONS

In one sense, writing is answering questions that arise naturally in relation to the topic you are considering. Journalists' questions and logical questions can help you create content for your paper. Your response to questions will determine in part the pattern of organization you will use.

JOURNALISTIC QUESTIONS

In putting together news stories, journalists often rely on a questioning technique to make sure that they have all the facts necessary. They ask who? what? when? where? how? and why?

These questions are especially helpful when your topic is an informative narrative because they will help you achieve the comprehensiveness usually required in informative writing. In other words, if you answer these six questions, you can be sure that all essential information will be included in your paper.

LOGICAL QUESTIONS

Logical questions are those that grow naturally out of the topic. You will notic that the questions in the following lists suggest a number of the patterns of ganization discussed in Chapters 5-8.

A Person (e.g., a relative or a celebrity)
What does he or she look like?
What does he or she do?
How does he or she behave?
What is his or her personality like?
What is unusual or notable about him or her?

A Place (e.g., a city or a landmark)
Where is it?
What are its characteristics?
What is it similar to?
How is it unusual?
How old is it?

A Thing (e.g., a car or a painting)
What is it made of?
What are its parts?
How is it used?
What is it similar to?
Where did it come from?

An Event (e.g., an athletic event or the French Revolution)
Where did it happen?
When did it happen?
What happened before and after it?
What caused it?
What is its significance?

A Process (e.g., cooking or working out)
What are its steps?
What is it similar to?
How difficult is it?
What causes it to happen?
What are its consequences?

An Abstraction (e.g., freedom or justice)
What is its definition?
What is its significance?
What is it similar to?

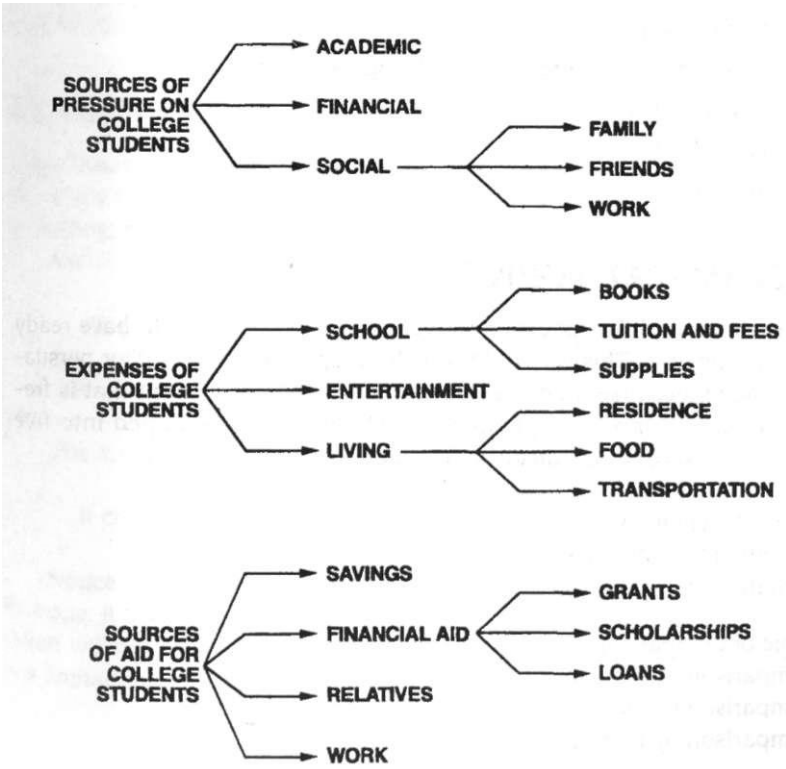
What forms does it take?
What is it related to?

A Problem (e.g., overpopulation or drug abuse)
What causes it?
Why does it occur?
Who or what does it affect?
What are some related problems?
What are some possible solutions?

QUESTIONS ABOUT CATEGORIES

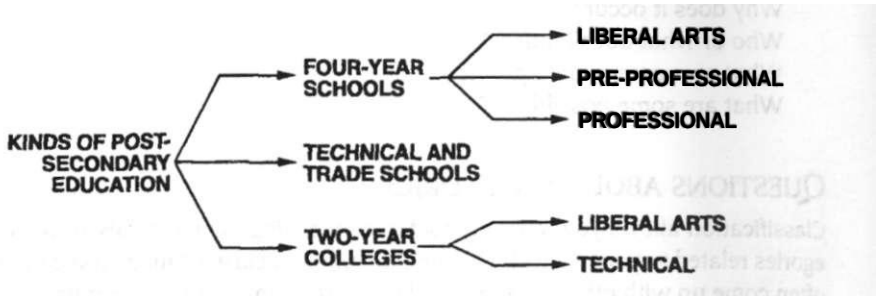
Classification allows you to explore a topic by asking questions about the categories related to your topic. By shifting the basis of classification, you can very often come up with other patterns of classification that you may not have considered initially.

Tree diagrams are useful tools for exploring topics that are organized by classification. The three diagrams that follow are interconnected and illustrate how classification can be used to explore a topic. Look at them and study the connections among them.



THE OUTLINE

The outline is a common way of representing classification systems. For example, the topic "Kinds of Post-Secondary Education" could be represented by the following tree diagram.



LIBERAL ARTS
TECHNICAL

Or the same information could be presented as an outline.

I. Universities and Colleges
 A. Liberal Arts
 B. Pre-Professional
 C. Professional
II. Business, Industrial, Technical, and Trade Schools
III. Two-Year Colleges
 A. Liberal Arts
 B. Technical

THE CLASSICAL TOPICS

Greek and Roman philosophers developed the topics as a way to have ready access to arguments. This way of looking at a topic can be useful for persuasive arguments because it enables you to come up with content that is frequently used as support in persuasion. The topics are grouped into five categories with several subcategories for each.

Topic of Definition
Definition by Classification
Definition by Division

Topic of Comparison
Comparison by Similarity
Comparison by Difference
Comparison by Degree

Topic of Relationship
Relationship of Cause and Effect
Relationship of Antecedent and Consequent
Relationship of Contraries and Contradictories

Topic of Circumstance
Circumstance—the Possible and Impossible
Circumstance—Past Fact and Future Fact

Topic of Evidence
Evidence of Authority
Evidence of Testimonial
Evidence of Statistics
Evidence of Maxims and Proverbs
Evidence of Law
Evidence of Precedent

You will notice that a number of the categories are discussed as patterns of organization, particularly classification (Chapter 5), division (Chapter 6), comparison and contrast (Chapter 5), and cause and effect (Chapter 7). Other categories, like maxims and proverbs, are discussed in the Chapter 3, Persuasive Writing.

ELABORATION

Elaboration means that you need to make sure that you have said enough about the topic. There are four ways that you can add depth to any given piece of writing: reiteration, generalization, contrast, and exemplification.

Consider the following sentence:

Air pollution adversely affects almost everybody.

Any sentence that follows it will elaborate in one of four ways mentioned above.

The following sentence is a reiteration or restatement of the same idea:

It creates a problem for our society.

Notice that this sentence is at roughly the same level of generality as the first one. It simply restates in other words, the same idea. This kind of elaboration will not produce the kind of detail that you need in most situations, so it has limitations.

Another way to elaborate on the idea in the first sentence is by generalization:

> All environmental problems create problems for our society.

This sentence is more general than the first one, but it too has limitations as a method of elaboration. Usually the most general statement in a paragraph or in a paper will be the main idea and, as a result, will need to be developed by statements that follow it. General statements like this frequently appear at the beginning of a paper as part of the introduction or perhaps at the end as part of the conclusion.

A third way to elaborate on an idea is by contrast, as in the following sentence:

> However, the problem is usually worse in large cities.

Developing by contrast takes the ideas off in a different direction.

The fourth way to elaborate on an idea is by exemplification, as in this sentence:

> On days when the levels are high, especially in the summer, some people cannot engage in outdoor activities.

This sentence is more specific than the first one. It gives a specific example of the idea in the first sentence. Exemplification is the most common method of elaborating detail. Writing that moves back and forth between general and specific statements is usually easier for the reader to follow.

THE INITIAL DRAFT

An initial draft is a first attempt to put ideas into words in a way that roughly approximates what the final paper will be like. It may begin as a freewriting activity, but will probably be a bit more unified.

As you write the rough draft, you will become aware of an emerging main idea. Depending on the purpose, the main idea will be a self-definition (expressive writing), a theme (literary writing), a claim (persuasive writing), or a thesis (referential writing). (See the discussion of purpose in the introductory chapter.) If the main idea is actually stated in the paper, it will be in the form of a generalization.

The nature of an initial draft will vary from person to person and from paper to paper for the same writer. At times an initial draft will be more highly developed than at others depending on how familiar the writer is with the topic and under what circumstances the paper is being produced.

AN EXAMPLE

Take a look at the following passage:

> Look at the problems with the environment. Like air pollution. Air pollution adversely affects almost everybody.)ust look at the smog that covers our cities like a blanket. It's stifling. Smoke stacks are belching out toxic wastes. On bad smog days, I can hardly breath. Fish are dying in the oceans. We should really try to do something about it before it destroys the earth. I mean, this is a serious problem that many people aren't even aware of. Acid rain kills trees in the forests.

This passage from an initial draft represents the writer's effort to get something down in writing. The writer reflects some personal experiences by saying, "I can hardly breath," as well as showing values by saying, "I mean, this is a serious problem." These examples reflect the writer's initial conception of purpose. The style is natural and conversational, and so we might assume that the writing is going to be controlled by an expressive purpose. However, a persuasive intent has caused the writer to characterize the issue as a "problem" and to make an appeal to "do something about it." An awareness of the potential audience is revealed by the sentence, "Air pollution adversely affects almost everybody."



A lthough you may engage in focusing activities at all stages of of the writ-
f] ing process, usually you will do more of it in the intermediate drafts. After all, you can't really focus ideas, structure details, and clarify points if you don't have something to work with. This focusing can be explained by three concepts: clarity, unity, and coherence.

CLARITY

Clarity means that the individual sentences and the ideas presented are clear to the reader. As you are drafting, especially the initial draft, you may create sentences that are not as clear as they could be. As you are revising your work, you will need to be sensitive so that all sentences are clear to the reader.

Although a great many things can go wrong with a sentence, and you may need to consult a handbook of writing for some of them, often unclear sentences can be corrected by simply reading your work aloud. Sometimes we fall into traps by trying to impress the reader with words and phrases we may not feel comfortable with. Try first to communicate your ideas clearly and simply. Save stylistic niceties for later drafts once you have said what you want to say.

UNITY

Unity means that everything included in a piece of writing relates to the main idea (the self-definition in expressive writing, the theme in literary writing, the claim in persuasive writing, or the thesis in referential writing). Any sentence that isn't related to the main idea in some way will distract the reader.

In addition, each paragraph in a piece of writing will have a main idea, sometimes called a topic sentence. Each sentence in the paragraph should be related to that topic sentence.

Notice how the writer of the following passage maintains unity:

> That sandwich man I'd replaced had little chance of getting his job back. I went bellowing up and down those train aisles. I sold sandwiches, coffee, candy, cake, and ice cream as fast as the railroad's commissary department could supply them. It didn't take me a week to learn that all you had to do was give white people a show and they'd buy anything you offered them. It was like popping your shoeshine rag. The dining car waiters and Pullman porters knew it too, and they faked their Uncle Tomming to get bigger tips. We were in that world of Negroes who are both servants and psychologists, aware that white people are so obsessed with their own importance that they will pay liberally, even dearly, for the impression of being catered to and entertained.
>
> —Malcolm X, with the assistance of Alex Haley, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*

The first six sentences in this passage lead up to and contribute to our understanding of the paragraph's main idea stated in the last sentence.

COHERENCE

Coherence means that the sentences are connected to each other in a natural way and that the movement from one sentence to the next is smooth and easy for the reader to follow. Coherence can be increased in three ways: by using transitional words and phrases, by using pronouns, and by repeating key words and phrases.

TRANSITIONS

Transitional words and phrases show relationships between sentences and ideas. Typically, they appear at the beginning of a sentence and indicate what kind of relationship it has to sentences that preceded it. Some commonly used transitions and their functions follow:

To indicate an addition: *again, and, also, finally, furthermore, in addition, likewise, moreover, next, second, similarly, then*

To introduce a contrast: *but, conversely, however, instead, or, nevertheless, nor, on the contrary, on the other hand, still*

To mark a conclusion: *accordingly, as a result, consequently, in conclusion, in other words, then, therefore, thus*

To introduce an example: *for example, for instance, in other words, namely, that is, thus*

Notice how transitions are used in the following example:

> In all our literary experience there are two kinds of response. There is the direct experience of the work itself, while we're reading a book or seeing a play, especially for the first time. The experience is uncritical, or rather pre-critical, so it's not infallible. If our experience is limited, we can be roused to enthusiasm or carried away by something that we can later see to have been second-rate or even phony. Then there is the conscious, critical response we make after we've finished reading or left the theatre, where we compare what we've experienced with other things of the same kind, and form a judgment of value and proportion on it. This critical response, with practice, gradually makes our pre-critical responses more sensitive and accurate, or improves our taste, as we say. But behind our responses to individual works, there's a bigger response to our literary experience as a whole, as a total possession.
>
> —Northrop Frye, *The Educated Imagination*

Frye has used three transitions (so, *then,* and *but)* to help maintain coherence. Especially important is his use of the word *then* to mark the second of the two kinds of response.

PRONOUNS

Pronouns will help you achieve coherence in papers because they tie together the pronouns and the words they refer back to.

Notice how pronouns are used to create coherence in the following passage:

> No matter how far-ranging some of the mental probes that man has philosophically devised, by his own created nature he is forced to hold the specious and emerging present and transform it into words. The words are startling in their immediate effectiveness, but at the same time they are always finally imprisoning because man has constituted himself a prison keeper. He does so out of no conscious intention, but because for immediate purposes he has created an unnatural world of his own, which he calls the cultural world, and in which he feels at home. It defines his needs and allows him to lay a

> small immobilizing spell upon the nearer portions of his universe. Nevertheless, it transforms that universe into a cosmic prison house which is no sooner mapped than man feels its inadequacy and his own.
>
> —Loren Eiseley, *The Invisible Pyramid*

In this passage Eiseley uses twelve personal pronouns to refer to the word *man.* He uses the word *it* three times, once to refer to the word *present* and twice to refer to the word *world.* Finally, he uses the words *they* and *their* to refer to the word *words.*

REPETITION

Although the repetition of words can be monotonous if used clumsily, when it is used skillfully, it can help achieve coherence.

Notice how repetition is used in the following passage:

> Our lives are completely dominated by the fundamental rhythms. My breathing, my pulse, my unconscious processes of digestion, my hearing, my eyesight, my sense of touch, my speech, my thought- all are matters of rhythm. Life is governed by the rhythms. The female animal has rhythmic periods of fertility. The sex act of fertilization is rhythmic. Birth is accomplished in rhythmic labor. And all the rhythmic processes in us, pulse to speech, are a part of growth, maturity, life's continuation. When they cease, a unit of life has come to its physical end. When my pulse stops, I die. But my progeny, in whom the rhythm continues, live on, the next step, the next beat, in the rhythm of life.
>
> —Hal Borland, *What We Save Now*

Borland uses the repetition of forms of the word *rhythm* nine times. In this passage it does not seem to be excessive, but rather allows the reader to see the connections more clearly.

AN EXAMPLE

Notice how the following passage illustrates all three techniques of achieving coherence:

> The good educator is very serious but also very sensible. And somewhere in his soul there is a saving lightness. He understands, to begin with, the meaning of a recent remark: "Not everything can be learned." Some things are never taught; they are simply known. Other things cannot in the nature of things be known, either by

> student or by teacher. And then there is that endless series of knowable things only a few of which can be bestowed upon the student during the fragment of his life he spends in school.
>
> —Mark Van Doren, *Liberal Education*

The personal pronouns *his* and *he* refer back to the word *educator.* The phrases *some things* and *other things* are a repetition of *everything.* In addition, Van Doren uses the transitions *and* and *and then* to show relationships between his ideas.

INTERMEDIATE DRAFTS

Intermediate drafts, and there may be several of them, can be thought of as the essential building blocks that create the final product. Each time you do an intermediate draft, you will no doubt add something essential to the work, change what you have already written, or delete material altogether.

In intermediate drafts you may still be creating ideas and generating details as well as focusing what you have already done. If you do generate detail at this stage, it will probably take on a character different from the previously produced work in that it will in some way be related to that original material and will serve to make the work clearer, more unified, or more coherent.

AN EXAMPLE

Consider this revision of the previous draft in Chapter 10:

> Never before have we had such problems with the quality of our environment. Air pollution in particular affects all of us. For example, just look at the smog that covers cities like a blanket. It's stifling. Smoke stacks and exhaust pipes are belching out toxic wastes. On bad smog days, I can hardly breath. We should really try to do something about it before it destroys the earth. I mean, this is a serious problem that many people aren't even aware of. We should enact some laws that restrict the use of fossil fuels.

You will notice that this draft, in contrast to the one in Chapter 10, is more unified and more coherent. The ideas have been arranged into a more understandable pattern and the main idea, "We should enact some laws that restrict the use of fossil fuels" has been added to clarify the meaning. Because the main idea reflects a persuasive intent, the purpose has been made clearer by this more explicit statement. The phrase "exhaust pipes" has been added to make the statement about emissions more complete and more understandable. The second sentence was created by combining two sentences, thus giving more

power and clarity to the idea that air pollution affects everybody. The addition of the phrase "for example" in the third sentence makes the passage more coherent. Two sentences from the previous draft that were not relevant to the topic, "Fish are dying in the oceans" and "Acid rain is killing trees in the forests," have been deleted. Leaving them in this part of paper would have distracted the reader from the main idea, which addresses air pollution only.

12 Refinement

Usually toward the end of the drafting process, but not exclusively, you will begin to refine the work. That is, you will begin to be more concerned about stylistic details than you were in earlier drafts. In this final revision of your work, you will make fewer changes in content. Rather you do a kind of fine tuning, making adjustments in the way you say what you have already decided you are going to say.

In some cases you will streamline what you have said by making the language used more economical. In other cases you will embellish by adding variety to sentence structure. Finally, you will need to be attentive to the requirements of grammar and usage that are appropriate to your writing project.

ECONOMY

Sometimes you say too much in the early drafts and the extraneous material will need to be cut away. In a sense, this process is the opposite of elaboration. You may have already done some deleting in the intermediate drafts, but in the final draft, it becomes even more important.

Some words communicate very little information and so should be cut. You will want to become sensitive to words that take up space but contribute little to either the meaning or the readability of what you have written. The following suggestions will help you make your work more concise.

NOUNS

- You should try to figure out ways to eliminate vague nouns like these: *area, aspect, concept, condition, consideration, factor, indication, infrastructure, parameter, phase,* and *situation.*
- You will make your work more readable if you eliminate nouns created from verbs. When these nouns create wordy verb phrases, replace them with the original verbs.

 give consideration to: consider
 give encouragement to: encourage

is reflective of: reflects
is representative of: represents
make adjustments: adjust
make an approximation of: approximate

MODIFIERS

- Other wordy phrases can also be replaced by single words.
 at the present time: now
 due to the fact that: because
 during the course of: during
 for the simple reason that: because
 in a very real sense: truly
 in spite of the fact: although
 in view of the fact: since
 on the part of: by
 owing to the fact that: because
- Some modifiers that carry very little meaning can usually be eliminated from your drafts: *absolutely basically, certainly, definitely, incredibly, intensely, just, of course, perfectly, positively, quite, really, simply,* and *very.*
- A cliche is an overused expression. They were once original metaphors, but they have now lost that freshness. They should be eliminated from your drafts. Some examples follow: *quick as a cat, strong as an ox, sly as a fox,* and *green as grass.*

VERBS

When you revise, you will find that in some cases simply changing verbs can make a real difference in the impact of sentences. In particular, you should pay attention to forms of the verb *to be (be, been, being, am, is, are, was,* and *were). To be* verbs create passive voice, linking constructions, and the progressive tense. These three forms have legitimate uses and certainly writers use them all the time. But, as a general rule, eliminating to *be* verbs will make your writing more effective.

The following sentence is written in the passive voice:
Stress can be reduced by exercise.

The more straightforward active voice is probably better:
Exercise can reduce stress.

Occasionally, the passive may be preferable if, for example, the receiver of the action is more important than the doer of the action, as in the following sentence:

The house has just been remodeled.

The passive may also be preferable if the action itself is more important than the doer of the action, as in this sentence:

Talking is not allowed during the performance.

Look carefully at each *to be* verb as you proofread. If you don't have a specific reason for keeping it, you will probably improve the sentence by changing it.

VARIETY

A monotonous presentation will make any piece of writing more difficult for the reader, so it is important to for you to consider ways of creating variety. You can accomplish this in two ways, by varying sentence length and by varying sentence structure.

LENGTH

Readers can begin to lose track of the content if the sentences in a paragraph are all the same length.

Notice the following paragraph:

Pollution is a problem. It seems to be getting worse. Cars are a major source of air pollution. There are many cars in the world. They are increasing in number. They emit carbon dioxide. Carbon dioxide is a greenhouse gas. Greenhouse gases contribute to the greenhouse effect. The greenhouse effect causes global warming.

Obviously, this is not an effectively written paragraph. Try your hand at rewriting it. Simply combining a few sentences will make a noticeable difference in readability.

Similarly, if all sentences are long, information can become obscured. Using a variety of sentence lengths helps the reader focus on important ideas more easily.

STYLE

By paying attention to the structure of sentences, you can make your writing more interesting and more accurate. With more highly structured sentences, it is possible to show relationships between ideas that would be impossible in simple sentences.

Notice how the following base sentence can be changed by the addition of a variety of sentence elements.

The bridge collapsed.

Adjective

The **ancient** bridge collapsed.

Adverb

The bridge collapsed **violently.**

Prepositional Phrases

After the snow, the bridge collapsed **in a heap.**

Participial Phrases

Weakened by time, the bridge collapsed, **tumbling into the chasm.**

Absolute Phrase

Metal twisting and snapping, the bridge collapsed.

Adverbial Clause

Because time and the elements had weakened the supporting structures, the bridge collapsed.

Adjective Clause

The bridge, **which spans a wild river,** collapsed.

MECHANICS

You will need to attend to all the details of standard usage. The following is a checklist that may help you spot problems while you are proofreading. If you are unfamiliar with any of these terms, you should consult a handbook of grammar and usage.

- Misspelled words
- Possessives
- Comma splices
- Sentence fragments
- Fused sentences
- Misplaced modifiers
- Subject-verb agreement
- Verb forms

- Parallelism
- Shifts in tense
- Shifts in person
- Pronoun case
- Pronoun reference
- Indefinite "you"

THE FINAL DRAFT

With the final draft, you will be refining the work primarily, but as with all phases of the writing process, you may incorporate other elements, so that you may generate details, delete, and restructure in addition to refining the work.

AN EXAMPLE

Consider the following revision of the passages presented in Chapters 10 and 11.

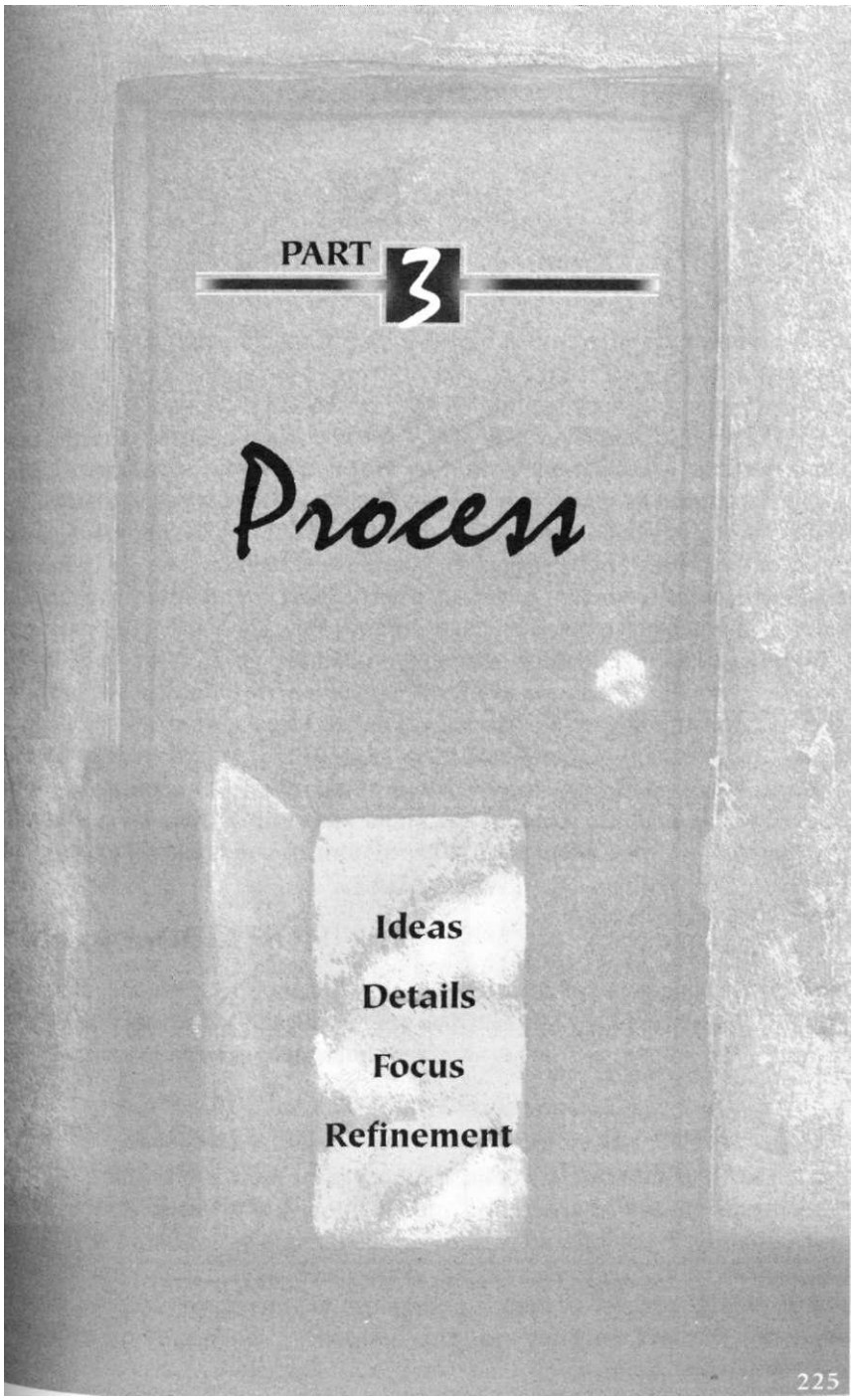
> Never before have we had such problems with the quality of our environment. Air pollution in particular affects all of us. For example, just look at the smog that covers cities like a stifling gaseous blanket. Smoke stacks and exhaust pipes are emitting greenhouse gases. On bad smog days, many people can hardly breath. We must do something about it before it destroys the earth. This is a serious problem that many people aren't even aware of. We should enact some laws that restrict the use of fossil fuels.

The changes in this version of the passage show that the writer has paid some attention to making refinements in the language. That the conversational sounding phrase "I mean" has been deleted reveals that the writer understands that a general audience would find the phrase to be too informal. The sentence "It's stifling" has been changed to a single word modifier of the word "blanket," and the word "gaseous" has been added. The phrase "belching toxic wastes" has been changed to "emitting greenhouse gases," a more accurate description. This group of changes shows a gradual elevation in the level of the style. This draft has become slightly more formal than the previous drafts and so seems to be targeting a general audience.

PART 4

Selections for Further Reading and Analysis

Social Processes and Relationships
The Individual and Identity
Education and Human Development
History and Culture
Economics and Business
Politics and Law
Language and the Arts
Nature and the Environment
Science and Technology
Philosophy and Religion


PART 3
Process
Ideas
Details
Focus
Refinement

13

Social Processes and Relationships

The Hands of Poverty

JANE ADDAMS

One of the most poignant of these experiences, which occurred during the first few months after our landing upon the other side of the Atlantic, was on a Saturday night, when I received an ineradicable impression of the wretchedness of East London, and also saw for the first time the overcrowded quarters of a great city at midnight. A small party of tourists were taken to the East End by a city missionary to witness the Saturday night sale of decaying vegetables and fruit, which, owing to the Sunday laws in London, could not be sold until Monday, and, as they were beyond safe keeping, were disposed of at auction as late as possible on Saturday night. On Mile End Road, from the top of an omnibus which paused at the end of a dingy street lighted by only occasional flares of gas, we saw two huge masses of ill-clad people clamoring around two hucksters' carts. They were bidding their farthings and ha'pennies for a vegetable held up by the auctioneer, which he at last scornfully flung, with a gibe for its cheapness, to the successful bidder. In the momentary pause only one man detached himself from the groups. He had bidden on a cabbage, and when it struck his hand, he instantly sat down on the curb, tore it with his teeth, and hastily devoured it, unwashed and uncooked as it was. He and his fellows were types of the "submerged tenth," as our missionary guide told us, with some little satisfaction in the then new phrase, and he further added that so many of them could scarcely be seen in one spot save at this Saturday night auction, the desire for cheap food being apparently the one thing which could move them simultaneously. They were huddled into ill-fitting, cast-off clothing, the ragged finery which one sees only in East London. Their pale faces were dominated by that most unlovely of human expressions, the cunning and shrewdness of the bargain-hunter who starves if he cannot make a successful trade, and yet the final impression

was not of ragged, tawdry clothing nor of pinched and sallow faces, but of myriads of hands, empty, pathetic, nerveless and workworn, showing white in the uncertain light of the street, and clutching forward for food which was already unfit to eat.

Perhaps nothing is so fraught with significance as the human hand, this oldest tool with which man has dug his way from savagery, and with which he is constantly groping forward. I have never since been able to see a number of hands held upward, even when they are moving rhythmically in a calisthenic exercise, or when they belong to a class of chubby children who wave them in eager response to a teacher's query, without a certain revival of this memory, a clutching at the heart reminiscent of the despair and resentment which seized me then.

For the following weeks I went about London almost furtively, afraid to look down narrow streets and alleys lest they disclose again this hideous human need and suffering. I carried with me for days at a time that curious surprise we experience when we first come back into the streets after days given over to sorrow and death; we are bewildered that the world should be going on as usual and unable to determine which is real, the inner pang or the outward seeming. In time all huge London came to seem unreal save the poverty in its East End.

1910

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Tell how the idea of poverty makes you feel.

RESEARCH. In a documented paper discuss the kinds of assistance available to people in the United States whose income is below poverty level.

PERSUASIVE. In a persuasive paper argue that government should provide more (or less) assistance to people in poverty than it currently does.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Addams' use of description.

INVESTIGATIVE. Identify local non-governmental groups (charities, churches, associations, etc.) that provide help for people in poverty.

The Love of a Mentor

LYMAN GRANT

I will plant companionship thick as trees along the rivers of
America, and along the shores of the Great Lakes, and all
over the prairies.
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's
necks,
By the love of comrades,
By *the manly love of comrades.*

—Walt Whitman

My friendship with William A. Owens, the man who was willing to be my mentor, began 13 years before I met him. One spring night in 1963, my mother again lost her temper and began whipping me with a leather belt. I was only 10 years old, but I knew that this night her whipping would stop. I yanked the belt from her, and she never tried to whip me again.

My friendship with Bill deepened six years later. My mother had been dead for a year. In a blizzard of mutual hatred, my father and I fought over her memory and what she meant to us. I threw him against the kitchen wall, held him by the collar, and for the first time in my life saw fear in his eyes.

By the time I entered the University of Texas, I knew that I had failed both of my parents. I was Lyman Winstead Grant, Jr., and quite aware of what I should accomplish. I should major in business management and become a personnel director like my father; I should join the ROTC, and my father, a retired Lieutenant Colonel, could proudly pin his own Lieutenant's bars upon my shoulders. It was 1971 and I would do none of these things.

By the time I met Bill Owens in 1976,1 was a lost young man with fear in my eyes and a hole in my chest. From the time I was a junior in high school, I had been emotionally on my own. Without knowing it, I had no parents. Because I was independent, rebellious, contemptuous, diffident, secretive of my talents, I attracted no adults who looked out for me, cared for me, listened to me, taught me. I desperately needed an older man, a man with authority, to tell me that what I felt was understandable, that what I desired was good and possible, that what I had done in my family relationships was acceptable.

All I knew was what I had read in Shakespeare, Thoreau and Plato, on the one hand, and Hemingway and Fitzgerald on the other. I identified with the wounded men the latter wrote about, but hoped against hope that I could find the wisdom of the former. God, I was lost. I could see lights in the distance, but saw no path at my feet. If I believed my father, I would never find it. In one of our many arguments, my father shouted that I would never be a writer because it was not in my genes to be one.

Then I met Bill Owens, and my life changed. I was 22 and had enrolled in graduate school in English without my father's knowledge. Bill was 70 years old and recently retired as dean and professor emeritus from Columbia University. Having just published his 11th book, he was returning to Texas A&M

as its writer-in-residence, where he had begun his college teaching career 30 years earlier, to begin writing his 12th book. When he arrived, I did not know the range of his work or the awards he had won. Nor did I know that he had been born in a family of poor dirt farmers in Northeast Texas, that his father died the day Bill was born, that he had struggled against all odds to get an education and become a writer.

I knew only that in the 1940s and '50s he had been the protege of Roy Bedichek, the author of one of my favorite books, *Adventures With a Texas Naturalist* When I volunteered to be Bill's graduate assistant, I thought that I might learn something about Texas and nature; I never dreamed I was meeting a man who had overcome almost every obstacle life presented him, who was dedicated to teaching other young men to do the same. I did not know that I was meeting the man who would initiate me into manhood.

Now that I have become involved with the men's movement, I understand what I experienced. As men like Robert Bly have explained, a boy must go through several stages to become a man, stages our society does not make clear. Growing up, a young boy will bond with and separate from his mother, then bond with and separate from his father. As the man begins his career, if he is lucky, he will find or be found by a mentor, what Bly calls "the male-mother."

I prefer the term "male-mother." The word "mentor" connotes a purely professional relationship between master and apprentice. The mentor in the usual sense is someone in a position of authority, such as the vice-president in a business or a professor in a university, who takes an interest in the work of younger colleagues. Mentors will discuss with the young proteges problems of a strictly professional nature; sometimes, mentors will serve as conduits to information or to other influential professionals. The male-mother performs all these, but he also nurtures the young man, cares for his entire being, his intellect and his soul.

One of the first lessons Bill Owens taught me was that success need not be bought by bartering joy. I had committed myself to write a tedious and meaningless thesis, but being the son of a personnel director, I thought success lay in boredom. Through Bill's example and his candid conversations, I learned the difference between the academic mind and the creative mind. I knew which I wanted to develop in myself and in my students. I knew which Bill believed I had a talent for. A few months later, when I read J. Frank Dobie's statement about dissertations being the transference of bones from one grave to another, I understood. I wrote the chairman of the department, asking to change thesis advisors and topics.

The lessons have continued as Bill tries to move me beyond thinking like a writer to loving like a man. In a conversation last year, we talked about the teacher's responsibilities to the whole student, not just to his or her intellect. He told me of a time 40 years ago when a student appeared at his house. "I've come to tell you I'm killing myself," the student told him. "I had to drop everything. I had to stay with him and talk, no matter how long," Bill told me.

Bill's crystalline eyes told me more. Although Bill was 83, retired tor more than a dozen years, at that moment he was face-to-face with that desperate student. He had never stopped loving him, caring for his development. The talk had helped. The student graduated and led a happy, successful life.

Bill Owens' ability and willingness to help young men (and he has helped dozens) is one of the wonders of this world, an example of how Nature compensates for loss. Orphaned by his father's death, he grew up in a strong matriarchy. From his early experience, Bill discovered the importance of older men in the lives of younger men. Throughout his life, he searched for and found several men who recognized in him his own good heart and curious mind.

In his book, *Three Friends,* Bill writes of a time when he turned to Bedichek, not for professional advice, but for nurturing, care, understanding. During the Depression, Bill traveled to the prison at Sugar Land to collect black folk songs. Instead of finding song, Bill discovered institutionalized racism. He drove straight to Austin, awoke Bedichek, and talked with him long into the night. "I had never heard anyone so sympathetic to the Negro, or so concerned over the Negro question," Bill writes. "He helped me understand a lesson I had begun to learn that day: to a collector, people must be more important than their folklore." This was a lesson that would eventually lead Owens to become a writer instead of a folklorist. As a writer, Bill has devoted much attention to the rites of passage necessary to become a man, the development of a strong sense of character, of values and integrity. His third novel, Look *to the River,* about a young country boy in the 1920s, is a direct exploration of the mentor-protege relationship. Although his character, young Jed, has found surrogate parents who will care for him, he has no chance to grow to his potential until he meets traveling John. Because of his fear and his innocence, Jed makes mistakes that, without John's aid, would have hurt him greatly. Toward the end of the novel, Jed asks, "How come you done this for me, John?" John replies, almost as Bill might reply to my same question, "It ain't easy, being a boy like you, so somebody's got to help—somebody that's been through it. I'm old now, but a long way back I went through it—not the same, but close enough." In one of my copies of Look to *the River,* Bill has written, "To Lyman Grant, a Jed of sorts."

The influence of a male-mother is broad and deep; the most important ways are personal, not professional. Although I was deeply honored when he asked me to be the co-editor of the volume of letters by Roy Bedichek, his mentor, I hold just as dear the smaller kindnesses Bill showed me. He talked with me about women and sex. He recited poetry with me. He told me of times when he was frightened and hopeless about his writing. He gave me his volume of Walt Whitman's poetry and wrote inside, "I am now giving you this book because I want you to love it." We walked through fields of wildflowers, and he told me what Bedichek had to say about them. He complimented me by soliciting my opinion on his works in progress. Most important, he listened to me talk endlessly, pointlessly, until I had found myself.

In finding myself, I let go of my father. I was given a choice of what kind of man I wanted to be. Over the years, Bill and I had often discussed his experiences in World War II. Since his experiences and opinions were so dramatically different from my father's, I listened carefully. When my father was drafted, he was offended and outraged. He viewed being a private as a personal insult and struggled single-mindedly to become an officer. He was proud he spent the entire war behind a desk in Nashville, Tennessee. Bill, on the other hand, volunteered and served most of the war as a sergeant, much of it in the Pacific Theater. My father and Bill even admired different generals. My father greatly admired Douglas MacArthur, while Owens praised Walter Krueger as the common soldier's general. Bill's latest book, Eye-Deep in *Hell,* about his experiences in World War II, is often critical of MacArthur's pomposity.

The contrast between the two men—my father and my mentor—became primarily a contrast of values. One man was elitist, the other democratic; one selfish, the other dutiful; one timid and safe, the other brave and adventurous. I knew whose values I admired and could follow.

My friendship with Bill Owens, therefore, meant that one day I would recognize that by the age of 17 I had overcome the hold my parents had on me. My will to know myself was stronger than theirs to confine me. It has taken me 20 years to understand and accept it.

A small, but personally significant act finally cut the chains. Fully aware of the importance of his suggestion, when it came time to type the title page of the book we edited together, Bill suggested that I drop the Jr. after my name. In this seemingly trivial act, I claimed a name and an identity that had always been denied me. I was no longer Lyman Jr., pale reflection of my father. Instead, I stole my father's name from him. I did not know who this new Lyman Grant was, but whoever he was, I was he, and despite his raising, he had his name on a book.

In one of the Calamus poems Bill and I read together, Whitman writes "Your novitiate would even then be long and exhausting,/ The whole past theory of your life and all conformity to the lives around you would have to be abandon'd." So it was with me. Although my father and I began to accept each other and understand each other's differences—I was at his side when he died two years ago—we finally released each other to live our separate lives.

My father and I seldom spoke about my writing; only once did we speak about Bill Owens. I began talking about the process of getting books published and how grateful I was to Bill for asking me to work with him, and how much I learned from him because he included me in all stages of publication. I talked too much, and the next thing I noticed was that my 75-year-old father had stepped into the adjoining room, slacked-shouldered, head bent. Unmistakably, he was crying and hiding his tears.

At that moment, my father realized he had lost me. Little did he know that he had lost me years before, when he decided that since I would not

emulate him, he would not encourage me in anything else. It troubles me that my father would cry about the love another man gave me. I did not want to hurt him. But if it took my father's tears for me to know Bill and appreciate what he has given me, I would make my father cry and cry again.

1992

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Discuss your relationship with your parents and explain how it has changed.

RESEARCH. Find information about different kinds of mentoring programs (e.g., Big Brothers). Write a documented paper discussing your findings.

PERSUASIVE. Write a persuasive paper arguing that young adults should either establish their independence or that they should defer to the wisdom of their elders.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Grant's use of contrast.

INVESTIGATIVE. Interview friends and classmates to find out what important ideas and life skills have been generally unavailable from their parents. Based on this information, write a guide for a mentor to use.

My Family's Language

RICHARD RODRIGUEZ

I remember to start with that day in Sacramento—a California now nearly thirty years past—when I first entered a classroom, able to understand some fifty stray English words.

The third of four children, I had been preceded to a neighborhood Roman Catholic school by an older brother and sister. But neither of them had revealed very much about their classroom experiences. Each afternoon they returned, as they left in the morning, always together, speaking Spanish as they climbed the five steps of the porch. And their mysterious books, wrapped in shopping-bag paper, remained on the table next to the door, closed firmly behind them.

An accident of geography sent me to a school where all my classmates were white, many the children of doctors and lawyers and business executives. All my classmates certainly must have been uneasy on that first day of school—as most children are uneasy—to find themselves apart from their families in the first institution of their lives. But I was astonished.

The nun said, in a friendly but oddly impersonal voice, 'Boys and girls, this is Richard Rodriguez.' (I heard her sound out: *Rich-heard Road-ree-guess.)* It was the first time I had heard anyone name me in English. 'Richard,' the nun repeated more slowly, writing my name down in her black leather book. Quickly I turned to see my mother's face dissolve in a watery blur behind the pebbled glass door.

Many years later there is something called bilingual education—a scheme proposed in the late 1960s by Hispanic-American social activists, later endorsed by a congressional vote. It is a program that seeks to permit non-English-speaking children, many from lower-class homes, to use their family language as the language of school. (Such is the goal its supporters announce.) I hear them and am forced to say no: It is not possible for a child—any child—ever to use his family's language in school. Not to understand this is to misunderstand the public uses of schooling and to trivialize the nature of intimate life—a family's 'language.'

Memory teaches me what I know of these matters; the boy reminds the adult. I was a bilingual child, a certain kind—socially disadvantaged—the son of working-class parents, both Mexican immigrants.

In the early years of my boyhood, my parents coped very well in America. My father had steady work. My mother managed at home. They were nobody's victims. Optimism and ambition led them to a house (our home) many blocks from the Mexican south side of town. We lived among *gringos* and only a block from the biggest, whitest houses. It never occurred to my parents that they couldn't live wherever they chose. Nor was the Sacramento of the fifties bent on teaching them a contrary lesson. My mother and father were more annoyed than intimidated by those two or three neighbors who tried initially to make us unwelcome. ('Keep your brats away from my sidewalk!') But despite all they achieved, perhaps because they had so much to achieve, any deep feeling of ease, the confidence of 'belonging' in public was withheld from them both. They regarded the people at work, the faces in crowds, as very distant from us. They were the others, *los gringos.* That term was interchangeable in their speech with another, even more telling, los *americanos.*

I grew up in a house where the only regular guests were my relations. For one day, enormous families of relatives would visit and there would be so many people that the noise and the bodies would spill out to the backyard and front porch. Then, for weeks, no one came by. (It was usually a salesman who rang the doorbell.) Our house stood apart. A gaudy yellow in a row of white bungalows. We were the people with the noisy dog. The people who raised pigeons and chickens. We were foreigners on the block. A few neighbors smiled and waved. We waved back. But no one in the family knew the names of the old couple who lived next door; until I was seven years old, I did not know the names of the kids who lived across the street.

In public, my father and mother spoke a hesitant, accented, not always grammatical English. And they would have to strain—their bodies tense—to

catch the sense of what was rapidly said by *los gringos*. At home they spoke Spanish. The language of their Mexican past sounded in counterpoint to the English of public society. The words would come quickly, with ease. Conveyed through those sounds was the pleasing, soothing, consoling reminder of being at home.

During those years when I was first conscious of hearing, my mother and father addressed me only in Spanish; in Spanish I learned to reply. By contrast, English *(ingles),* rarely heard in the house, was the language I came to associate with *gringos*. I learned my first words of English overhearing my parents speak to strangers. At five years of age, I knew just enough English for my mother to trust me on errands to stores one block away. No more.

I was a listening child, careful to hear the very different sounds of Spanish and English. Wide-eyed with hearing, I'd listen to sounds more than words. First, there were English *(gringo)* sounds. So many words were still unknown that when the butcher or the lady at the drugstore said something to me, exotic polysyllabic sounds would bloom in the midst of their sentences. Often, the speech of people in public seemed to me very loud, booming with confidence. The man behind the counter would literally ask, "What can I do for you?" But by being so firm and so clear, the sound of his voice said that he was a *gringo;* he belonged in public society.

I would also hear then the high nasal notes of middle-class American speech. The air stirred with sound. Sometimes, even now, when I have been traveling abroad for several weeks, I will hear what I heard as a boy. In hotel lobbies or airports, in Turkey or Brazil, some Americans will pass, and suddenly I will hear it again—the high sound of American voices. For a few seconds I will hear it with pleasure, for it is now the sound of my society—a reminder of home. But inevitably—already on the flight headed for home—the sound fades with repetition. I will be unable to hear it anymore.

When I was a boy, things were different. The accent of *los gringos* was never pleasing nor was it hard to hear. Crowds at Safeway or at bus stops would be noisy with sound. And I would be forced to edge away from the chirping chatter above me.

I was unable to hear my own sounds, but I knew very well that I spoke English poorly. My words could not stretch far enough to form complete thoughts. And the words I did speak I didn't know well enough to make into distinct sounds. (Listeners would usually lower their heads, better to hear what I was trying to say.) But it was one thing for me to speak English with difficulty. It was more troubling for me to hear my parents speak in public: their high-whining vowels and guttural consonants; their sentences that got stuck with 'eh' and 'ah' sounds; their confused syntax; the hesitant rhythm of sounds so different from the way *gringos* spoke. I'd notice, moreover, that my parents' voices were softer than those of *gringos* we'd meet.

I am tempted now to say that none of this mattered. In adulthood I am embarrassed by childhood fears. And, in a way, it didn't matter very much that my parents could not speak English with ease. Their linguistic difficulties

had no serious consequences. My mother and father made themselves understood at the county hospital clinic and at government offices. And yet, in another way, it mattered very much—it was unsettling to hear my parents struggle with English. Hearing them, I'd grow nervous, my clutching trust in their protection and power weakened.

There were many times like the night at a brightly lit gasoline station (a blaring white memory) when I stood uneasily, hearing my father. He was talking to a teenaged attendant. I do not recall what they were saying, but I cannot forget the sounds my father made as he spoke. At one point his words slid together to form one word—sounds as confused as the threads of blue and green oil in the puddle next to my shoes. His voice rushed through what he had left to say. And, toward the end, reach falsetto notes, appealing to the listener's understanding. I looked away to the lights of passing automobiles. I tried not to hear anymore. But I heard only too well the calm, easy tones in the attendant's reply. Shortly afterward, walking toward home with my father, I shivered when he put his hand on my shoulder. The very first chance that I got, I evaded his grasp and ran on ahead into the dark, skipping with feigned boyish exuberance.

But then there was Spanish. *Espahol:* my family's language. *EspaM:* the language that seemed to me a private language. I'd hear strangers on the radio and in the Mexican Catholic church across town speaking in Spanish, but I couldn't really believe that Spanish was a public language, like English. Spanish speakers, rather, seemed related to me, for I sensed that we shared-through our language—the experience of feeling apart from los *gringos.* It was thus a ghetto Spanish that I heard and I spoke. Like those whose lives are bound by a barrio, I was reminded by Spanish of my separateness from *los otros, los gringos* in power. But more intensely than for most barrio children—because I did not live in a barrio—Spanish seemed to me the language of home. (Most days it was only at home that I'd hear it.) It became the language of joyful return.

A family member would say something to me and I would feel myself specially recognized. My parents would say something to me and I would feel embraced by the sound of their words. Those sounds said: I am speaking *with ease in Spanish. I am addressing you in words I never use with los gringos. I recognize you as someone special, close, like no one outside. You belong with us. In the family.*

(Ricardo.)

At the age of five, six, well past the time when most other children no longer easily notice the difference between sounds uttered at home and words spoken in public, I had a different experience. I lived in a world magically compounded of sounds. I remained a child longer than most; I lingered too long, poised at the edge of language—often frightened by the sounds of *los gringos,* delighted by the sounds of Spanish at home. I shared with my family a language that was startlingly different from that used in the great city around us.

For me there were none of the gradations between public and private society so normal to a maturing child. Outside the house was public society; inside the house was private. Just opening or closing the screen door behind me was an important experience. I'd rarely leave home all alone or without reluctance. Walking down the sidewalk, under the canopy of tall trees, I'd warily notice the—suddenly—silent neighborhood kids who stood warily watching me. Nervously, I'd arrive at the grocery store to hear there the sounds of the *gringo*—foreign to me—reminding me that in this world so big, I was a foreigner. But then I'd return. Walking back toward our house, climbing the steps from the sidewalk, when the front door was open in summer, I'd hear voices beyond the screen door talking in Spanish. For a second or two, I'd stay, linger there, listening. Smiling, I'd hear my mother call out, saying in Spanish (words): Is that you Richard?' All the while her sounds would assure me: *You are home now; come closer; inside. With us.*

'Si,' I'd reply.

Once more inside the house I would resume (assume) my place in the family. The sounds would dim, grow harder to hear. Once more at home, I would grow less aware of that fact. It required, however, no more than the blurt of the doorbell to alert me to listen to sounds all over again. The house would turn instantly still while my mother went to the door. I'd hear her hard English sounds. I'd wait to hear her voice return to soft-sounding Spanish, which assured me, as surely as did the clicking tongue of the lock on the door, that the stranger was gone.

Plainly, it is not healthy to hear such sounds so often. It is not healthy to distinguish public words from private sounds so easily. I remained cloistered by sounds, timid and shy in public, too dependent on voices at home. And yet it needs to be emphasized: I was an extremely happy child at home. I remember many nights when my father would come back from work, and I'd hear him call out to my mother in Spanish, sounding relieved. In Spanish, he'd sound light and free notes he never could manage in English. Some night's I'd jump up just at hearing his voice. With mis *hermanos* I would come running into the room where he was with my mother. Our laughing (so deep was the pleasure!) became screaming. Like others who know the pain of public alienation, we transformed the knowledge of our public separateness and made it consoling—the reminder of intimacy. Excited, we joined our voices in a celebration of sounds. We are *speaking now the way we never speak out in public. We are alone—together,* voices sounded, surrounded to tell me. Some nights, no one seemed willing to loosen the hold sounds had on us. At dinner, we invented new words. (Ours sounded Spanish, but made sense only to us.) We pieced together new words by taking, say, an English verb and giving it Spanish endings. My mother's instructions at bedtime would be lacquered with mock-urgent tones. Or a word like *si* would become, in several notes, able to convey added measures of feeling. Tongues explored the edges of words, especially the fat vowels. And we happily sounded that military drum roll, the twirling roar of the Spanish r. Family language: my family's sounds.

The voices of my parents and sisters and brother. Their voices insisting: *You belong here. We are family members. Related. Special to one another. Listen!* Voices singing and sighing, rising, straining, then surging, teeming with pleasure that burst syllables into fragments of laughter. At times it seemed there was steady quiet only when, from another room, the rustling whispers of my parents faded and I moved closer to sleep.

1981

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Explain any words, expressions, or other uses of language unique to your family.

RESEARCH. Write a paper based on research explaining the principles and strategies used to teach children in a bilingual classroom.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper supporting the position that bilingual education should (or should not) be used in public schools.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing the different ways Rodriguez communicates his values.

INVESTIGATIVE. Interview a number of friends and classmates who have similar interests to collect examples of words and expressions that are unique to a particular subculture. Write a paper reporting your findings.

The Rights of Women

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

My own sex, I hope, will excuse me, if I treat them like rational creatures, instead of flattering their *fascinating* graces, and viewing them as if they were in a state of perpetual childhood, unable to stand alone. I earnestly wish to point out in what true dignity and human happiness consists—I wish to persuade women to endeavour and acquire strength, both of mind and body, and to convince them that the soft phrases, susceptibility of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of taste, are almost synonymous with epithets of weakness, and that those beings who are only the objects of pity and that kind of love, which has been termed its sister, will soon become objects of contempt.

Dismissing then those pretty feminine phrases, which the men condescendingly use to soften our slavish dependence, and despising that weak

elegancy of mind, exquisite sensibility, and sweet docility of manners, supposed to be the sexual characteristics of the weaker vessel, I wish to shew that elegance is inferior to virtue, that the first object of inaudable ambition is to obtain a character as a human being, regardless of the distinction of sex; and that secondary views should be brought to this simple touchstone.

This is a rough sketch of my plan; and should I express my conviction with the energetic emotions that I feel whenever I think of the subject, the dictates of experience and reflection will be felt by some of my readers. Animated by this important object, I shall disdain to cull my phrases or polish my style;—I aim at being useful, and sincerity will render me unaffected; for, wishing rather to persuade by the force of my arguments, than dazzle by the elegance of my language, I shall not waste my time in rounding periods, or in fabricating the turgid bombast of artificial feelings, which, coming from the head, never reach the heart—I shall be employed about things, not words!—and, anxious to render my sex more respectable members of society, I shall try to avoid that flowery diction which has slided from essays into novels, and from novels into familiar letters and conversation.

These pretty superlatives, dropping glibly from the tongue, vitiate the taste, and create a kind of sickly delicacy that turns away from simple unadorned truth; and a deluge of false sentiments and overstretched feelings stifling the natural emotions of the heart, render the domestic pleasures insipid, that ought to sweeten the exercise of those severe duties, which educate a rational and immortal being for a nobler field of action.

The education of women has, of late, been more attended to than formerly; yet they are still reckoned a frivolous sex, and ridiculed or pitied by the writers who endeavor by satire or instruction to improve them. It is acknowledged that they spend many of the first years of their lives in acquiring a smattering of accomplishments; meanwhile strength of body and mind are sacrificed to libertine notions of beauty, to the desire of establishing themselves—the only way women can rise in the world,—by marriage. And this desire making mere animals of them, when they marry they act as such children may be expected to act:—they dress; they paint, and nickname God's creatures.—Surely these weak beings are only fit for a seraglio!—Can they be expected to govern a family with judgment, or take care of the poor babes whom they bring into the world?

If then it can be fairly deduced from the present conduct of the sex; from the prevalent fondness for pleasure which takes place of ambition and those nobler passions that open and enlarge the soul; that the instruction which women have hitherto received has only tended, with the constitution of civil society to render them insignificant objects of desire—mere propagators of fools!—if it can be proved that in aiming to accomplish them, without cultivating their understandings, they are taken out of their sphere of duties, and made ridiculous and useless when the short-lived bloom of beauty is over, I presume that *rational* men will excuse me for endeavouring to persuade them to become more masculine and respectable.

Indeed the word masculine is only a bugbear: there is little reason to fear that women will acquire too much courage or fortitude; for their apparent inferiority with respect to bodily strength, must render them, in some degree, dependent on men in the various relations of life; but why should it be increased by prejudices that give a sex to virtue, and confound simple truths with sensual reveries?

Women are, in fact so much degraded by mistaken notions of female excellence, that I do not mean to add a paradox when I assert that this artificial weakness produces a propensity to tyrannize, and gives birth to cunning, the natural opponent of strength, which leads them to play off those contemptible infantine airs that undermine esteem even whilst they excite desire. Let men become more chaste and modest, and if women do not grow wiser in the same ratio, it will be clear that they have weaker understandings. It seems scarcely necessary to say, that I now speak of the sex in general. Many individuals have more sense than their male relatives; and, as nothing preponderates where there is a constant struggle for an equilibrium, without it has naturally more gravity, some women govern their husbands without degrading themselves, because intellect will always govern.

1792

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Tell about any events you have witnessed when a woman's rights were violated. Discuss your feelings about these events.

RESEARCH. Write a documented paper discussing the differences in women's rights in several different cultures.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper that women should have economic as well as political equality.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Wollstonecraft's use of evaluation.

INVESTIGATIVE. Find examples in popular media (advertising and entertainment) depicting female beauty and female independence. Write a paper discussing your findings.

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The Individual and Identity

The Fear of Being Alone

ANNE TAYLOR FLEMING

At the end of this past summer I had plans to go away for a week, simply a week, without my husband. It was the first time in three years that I was making such a solo pilgrimage, and I was frightened. As I walked down the long corridor to the plane, I looked straight ahead, turning a bottle of tranquilizers over and over in my pocket. I felt like a child lost in a department store; my palms were sweaty and my face was flushed. I tried to remember other solitary departures when I had been similarly discomfited: the walk to the first day of school; the bus ride to Girl Scout camp when I was 9 and my sister, who was also on the bus, was 10 and suddenly wanted nothing to do with me; the first midnight jet to college.

Of what was I so afraid? I was afraid of being by myself, of being wholly quiet, of being with people who did not know my name and did not care. I was afraid of being liked by strangers and of not being liked by strangers. Mostly I was afraid of being alone again, even for so short a time. After four and a half years of marriage I had simply lost the habit.

Marriage is not the culprit, though it is an obvious protective mantle against aloneness. The fear of being alone is not reserved for the married just as it is not reserved for women. I have heard stories like mine from young boys and have seen the same childlike fear in the faces of middle-aged men. Nor is this fear the special property of Americans. But we seem, in this county, to fan the fear of being alone. We are raised and in turn raise our children in clumps, in groups, in auditoriums and car pools and locker rooms and scout dens. Great emphasis is placed on how sociable we are as children, on how popular we are with our peers. Great emphasis is also placed on how well children mix in their own families. Despite the alleged falling apart of the American family, the dialogue about familial relations is constant, binding. If only in talk, parents and children do not leave each other much alone. Great nostalgic emphasis is still placed on the ritual togetherness of the family

meal. A solitary eater, anytime, anywhere, conjures up one of those sad, empty, too well-lighted diners of an Edward Hopper painting.

And when for children there is no meal to attend, no group activity, no distraction planned by a weekend father, there is the constant company of the people on TV. A child need never be alone, need never know silence except when asleep. Even then, for urban and suburban children, there are the nonceasing nighttime noises of cars, of neighbors, or arguing or partying parents. To be away from the noise, away from the group—parents or peers—becomes a scary thing and aloneness becomes confused and synonymous with loneliness.

I used to think that the worst thing I could say to my husband when lying next to him was, "I'm lonely." That, I thought, was very wounding, a reflection of his inability to be company to me. I think now that it's a reflection on me, on my inability to be gracefully alone even in the presence of someone I love. We all marry, in part, to avoid being alone; many of us divorce when we find we can be just as alone in marriage as before, and sometimes more so. Often, women in crumbling marriages conceive babies not to try to hold a man, as the cliche goes, but to guarantee themselves some company—even that of an infant—when that man is gone. After the divorce, for a man or woman, comes the frantic search for a replacement, a new lover, a dog, a singles club, a stronger drink or drug. Waking next to strangers in strange beds—surely, the loneliest habit—is considered preferable to being alone.

Of this random bedding there has been much written lately, especially by a handful of philosopher-journalists who blame such "promiscuity" on what they call the New Narcissism, the inward-turning, selfish, self-absorption of the American people. Each one of us, their lament goes, is "into" his or her own jollies—the pursuit of happiness having become the pursuit of hedonism—our faces resolutely turned away from the world and its problems. But this is the oddest of narcissisms then, the insecure narcissism of people who do not like to be alone. The anti-narcissists point to the prodigious number and variety of soul searchers—est devotees, Africans, Moonies, meditators and Rolfers—as proof of the neurotic self-celebration of Americans. But even these soul searchings go on in huge groups; they are orgies of mass psyche scratching. Hundreds of people writhe together on auditorium floors in an attempt to soothe their individual wounds. They jog together and ride bicycles together and walk the most beautiful country roads together in an effort to slim their individual thighs.

So even if Americans are involved in a manic and somewhat selfish pursuit of psychic and physical fitness, it is a collective not a private pursuit. Everyone is holding hands; they're one long daisy chain of self-improvement. This is, at best, a symbiotic narcissism, the narcissism of people very dependent on one another, of people afraid or bored to be alone, of people homogenizing into one sex—it is less scary and less lonely, perhaps, to bed with a body that looks and feels like one's own—of people who need to see reflected in the water not only their own faces but countless other faces as well.

I do not mean to advertise the advantages of being alone. Many have done that with more conviction than I could. I regard aloneness not as a pleasure so much as an accident that, if one is to be at all happy, must be survived. Nor do I mean to put down narcissism. On the contrary, I find no fault with a certain healthy narcissism. Few among us would undertake the saving of other souls until we first have a stab at saving our own.

The point is simply that narcissism is not the point and that in many ways it's a misnomer. A true narcissist is a true loner and most of us, raised as we are, make lousy loners. We share each other's beds somewhat freely not out of boldness but out of timidity, out of the fear of being alone. We hunt for gurus not out of self-love, or narcissism, but out of self-doubt. If we are to be even mildly happy and therefore generous of spirit—as the anti-narcissists would have us be—then what we need is more narcissism, more privatism, not less. What we need instead of soul-searching sessions are classes on how to be alone: Aloneness 1A, Intermediate Aloneness, Advanced Aloneness. The great joy of these new classes is that attendance would not only not be required, it would be forbidden.

1976

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Explain how you feel about being alone.

RESEARCH. Identify groups created to compensate for being alone. Find facts about each group and report your findings in a documented paper.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that we should learn to be alone.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Fleming's use of comparison and contrast.

INVESTIGATIVE. Design a course that teaches people how to be alone.

What Women Want

PATRICIA IRELAND

As we near the close of the twentieth century and the beginning of the twenty-first, we find ourselves at a critical point in history. Women are called upon to defend every bit of progress we have made against particularly virulent attack. But we must also hold out a vision, put forth a positive agenda of what women need and want, and then move forward toward that dream.

I would like us to construct a practical bill of rights for women, and 1 think we should include at least the following rights: to be fairly compensated for

our work and to have safe, affordable day care and other societal support for the roles we play in our families;

to be respected as fully competent, moral decision-makers; this means the right to reproductive freedom, as well as the right to make informed decisions regarding our own health;

to have a fair share of political power and policy making in the public and the private sectors;

to be free from discrimination based on race, religion, national origin, ethnicity, disability, sexual orientation, childbearing capacity or choices;

to be free from harassment and violence;

to have a constitutional guarantee of equality so clear that even this Supreme Court cannot mistake its meaning,

I want us to demand equality measured not by a male standard that provides no protection when women and men are not similarly situated, for example in pregnancy, child bearing, and rearing, but by a standard that asks whether a law or policy disadvantages women or whether it dismantles barriers that keep us from equal participation in our society.

Some will ask whether this is the time to be looking at a constitutional amendment strategy. I would urge that the need was never more apparent. With all the fights on our hands, when was it ever easier to explain why we need to have women in the Constitution? Why should we have to keep refighting these same battles over and over again? As important as it is not to let ourselves be pushed backward, I think we all get tired of playing defense. And I think a good offense is in order here.

I want us to move forward and to continue fighting for justice in those areas where triumph has so far eluded us. I want us to feel the urgency of taking action now to prevent the loss of everything we've gained over the past thirty years of progress and struggle.

I want us to feel not only our power, but the absolute necessity of using it to the fullest.

I want each of us to connect what is happening politically in the world and in our country to what is happening and will happen in our own lives, to understand the real, practical meaning of the aphorism "the personal is political." Our actual everyday lives, our ability to live in a satisfying way, to fulfill our hopes and dreams—our ability to pursue happiness—are dramatically affected by the policies of the government and of the other institutions that shape our society as well. Likewise, the choices we make daily for freedom in our individual lives shape our whole society.

What we do individually and collectively does make a difference. Each of us can, and must, play a role; we face challenges on so many fronts, and we have so much to do.

Just as we began this century by winning the right to vote, I want us to end this century by taking real political and personal power.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Discuss an experience you have had when a woman suffered discrimination.

RESEARCH. Find information about the different roles women play in our society. Write a documented paper reporting your findings.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper developing an argument either for or against one of Ireland's assertions about how women should be treated.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing the kinds of appeals Ireland uses.

INVESTIGATIVE. Interview classmates and friends to find out how they feel about one or more of the issues Ireland addresses. Report your findings in a paper.

A Shame of Silence

MAXINE HONG KINGSTON

When I went to kindergarten and had to speak English for the first time, I became silent. A dumbness—a shame—still cracks my voice in two, even when I want to say "hello" casually, or ask an easy question in front of the check-out counter, or ask directions of a bus driver. I stand frozen, or I hold up the line with the complete, grammatical sentence that comes squeaking out at impossible length. "What did you say?" says the cab driver, or "Speak up," so I have to perform again, only weaker the second time. A telephone call makes my throat bleed and takes up that day's courage. It spoils my day with self-disgust when I hear my broken voice come skittering out into the open. It makes people wince to hear it. I'm getting better, though. Recently I asked the postman for special-issue stamps; I've waited since childhood for postmen to give me some of their own accord. I am making progress, a little every day.

My silence was thickest—total—during the three years that I covered my school paintings with black paint. I painted layers of black over houses and flowers and suns, and when I drew on the blackboard, I put a layer of chalk on top. I was making a stage curtain, and it was the moment before the curtain parted or rose. The teachers called my parents to school, and I saw they had been saving my pictures, curling and cracking, all alike and black. The teachers pointed to the pictures and looked serious, talked seriously too, but my parents did not understand English. ("The parents and teachers of criminals were executed," said my father.) My parents took the pictures home. I spread them out (so black and full of possibilities) and pretended the curtains were swinging open, flying up, one after another, sunlight underneath, mighty operas.

During the first silent year I spoke to no one at school, did not ask before going to the lavatory, and flunked kindergarten. My sister also said nothing for

three years, silent in the playground and silent at lunch. There were other quiet Chinese girls not of our family, but most of them got over it sooner than we did. I enjoyed the silence. At first it did not occur to me I was supposed to talk or to pass kindergarten. I talked at home and to one or two of the Chinese kids in class. I made motions and even made some jokes. I drank out of a toy saucer when the water spilled out of the cup, and everybody laughed, pointing at me, so I did it some more. I didn't know that Americans don't drink out of saucers.

I liked the Negro students (Black Ghosts) best because they laughed the loudest and talked to me as if I were a daring talker too. One of the Negro girls had her mother coil braids over her ears Shanghai-style like mine; we were Shanghai twins except that she was covered with black like my paintings. Two Negro kids enrolled in Chinese school, and the teachers gave them Chinese names. Some Negro kids walked me to school and home, protecting me from the Japanese kids, who hit me and chased me and stuck gum in my ears. The Japanese kids were noisy and tough. They appeared one day in kindergarten, released from concentration camp, which was a tic-tac-toe mark, like barbed wire, on the map.

It was when I found out I had to talk that school became a misery, that the silence became a misery. I did not speak and felt bad each time that I did not speak. I read aloud in first grade, though, and heard the barest whisper with little squeaks come out of my throat. "Louder," said the teacher, who scared the voice away again. The other Chinese girls did not talk either, so I knew the silence had to do with being a Chinese girl.

Reading out loud was easier than speaking because we did not have to make up what to say, but I stopped often, and the teacher would think I'd gone quiet again. I could not understand "I." The Chinese "I" has seven strokes, intricacies. How could the American "I," assuredly wearing a hat like the Chinese, have only three strokes, the middle so straight? Was it out of politeness that this writer left off strokes the way a Chinese has to write her own name small and crooked? No, it was not politeness; "I" is a capital and "you" is lower-case. I stared at that middle line and waited so long for its black center to resolve into tight strokes and dots that I forgot to pronounce it. The other troublesome word was "here," no strong consonant to hang on to, and so flat, when "here" is two mountainous ideographs. The teacher, who had already told me every day how to read "I" and "here," put me in the low corner under the stairs again, where the noisy boys usually sat.

When my second grade class did a play, the whole class went to the auditorium except the Chinese girls. The teacher, lovely and Hawaiian, should have understood about us, but instead left us behind in the classroom. Our voices were too soft or nonexistent, and our parents never signed the permission slips anyway. They never signed anything unnecessary. We opened the door a crack and peeked out, but closed it again quickly. One of us (not me) won every spelling bee, though.

I remember telling the Hawaiian teacher, "We Chinese can't sing 'land where our fathers died.'" She argued with me about politics, while I meant be-

cause of curses. But how can I have that memory when I couldn't talk? My mother says that we, like the ghosts, have no memories.

After American school, we picked up our cigar boxes, in which we had arranged books, brushes, and an inkbox neatly, and went to Chinese school, from 5:00 to 7:30 p.m. There we chanted together, voices rising and falling, loud and soft, some boys shouting, everybody reading together, reciting together and not alone with one voice. When we had a memorization test, the teacher let each of us come to his desk and say the lesson to him privately, while the rest of the class practiced copying or tracing. Most of the teachers were men. The boys who were so well behaved in the American school played tricks on them and talked back to them. The girls were not mute. They screamed and yelled during recess, when there were no rules; they had fistfights. Nobody was afraid of children hurting themselves or of children hurting school property. The glass doors to the red and green balconies with the gold joy symbols were left wide open so that we could run out and climb the fire escapes. We played capture-the-flag in the auditorium, where Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek's pictures hung at the back of the stage, the Chinese flag on their left and the American flag on their right. We climbed the teak ceremonial chairs and made flying leaps off the stage. One flag headquarters was behind the glass door and the other on stage right. Our feet drummed on the hollow stage. During recess the teachers locked themselves up in their office with the shelves of books, copybooks, inks from China. They drank tea and warmed their hands at a stove. There was no play supervision. At recess we had the school to ourselves, and also we could roam as far as we could go—downtown, Chinatown stores, home—as long as we returned before the bell rang.

At exactly 7:30 the teacher again picked up the brass bell that sat on his desk and swung it over our heads, while we charged down the stairs, our cheering magnified in the stairwell. Nobody had to line up.

Not all of the children who were silent at American school found voice at Chinese school. One new teacher said each of us had to get up and recite in front of the class, who was to listen. My sister and I had memorized the lesson perfectly. We said it to each other at home, one chanting, one listening. The teacher called on my sister to recite first. It was the first time a teacher had called on the secondborn to go first. My sister was scared. She glanced at me and looked away; I looked down at my desk. I hoped that she could do it because if she could, then I would have to. She opened her mouth and a voice came out that wasn't a whisper, but it wasn't a proper voice either. I hoped that she would not cry, fear breaking up her voice like twigs underfoot. She sounded as if she were trying to sing though weeping and strangling. She did not pause or stop to end the embarrassment. She kept on going until she said the last word, and then she sat down. When it was my turn, the same voice came out, a crippled animal running on broken legs. You could hear splinters in my voice, bones rubbing jagged against one another. I was loud, though. I was glad I didn't whisper.

1975

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Tell about an experience that has caused you to feel isolated.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper explaining the cultural forces that expedite or delay assimilation into the dominant culture. Document your sources.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that immigrants should assimilate into the dominant culture or that they should maintain their native culture.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Kingston's use of narration.

INVESTIGATIVE. Create a scale to measure the degree of assimilation into the dominant culture. Interview a number of immigrants and write a paper reporting the degree of assimilation.

On Androgyny

VIRGINIA WOOLF

Now it was bringing from one side of the street to the other diagonally a girl in patent leather boots, and then a young man in a maroon overcoat; it was also bringing a taxi-cab; and it brought all three together at a point directly beneath my window; where the taxi stopped; and the girl and the young man stopped; and they got into the taxi; and then the cab glided off as if it were swept on by the current elsewhere.

The sight was ordinary enough; what was strange was the rhythmical order with which my imagination had invested it; and the fact that the ordinary sight of two people getting into a cab had the power to communicate something of their own seeming satisfaction. The sight of two people coming down the street and meeting at the corner seems to ease the mind of some strain, I thought, watching the taxi turn and make off. Perhaps to think, as I had been thinking these two days, of one sex as distinct from the other is an effort. It interferes with the unity of the mind. Now that effort had ceased and that unity had been restored by seeing two people come together and get into a taxi-cab. The mind is certainly a very mysterious organ, I reflected, drawing my head in from the window, about which nothing whatever is known, though we depend upon it so completely. Why do I feel that there are severances and oppositions in the mind, as there are strains from obvious causes on the body? What does one mean by "the unity of the mind," I pondered, for clearly the mind has so great a power of concentrating at any point at any moment that it seems to have, no single state of being. It can separate itself from the people in the street, for example, and think of itself as apart from them, at an upper window looking down on them. Or it can think with other people spontaneously, as, for instance, in a crowd waiting to hear some piece of news read out. It can think back through its fathers or through its mothers, as I

have said that a woman writing thinks back through her mother. Again if one is a woman one is often surprised by a sudden splitting off of consciousness, say in walking down Whitehall, when from being the natural inheritor of that civilisation, she becomes, on the contrary, outside of it, alien and critical. Clearly the mind is always altering its focus, and bringing the world into different perspectives. But some of these states of mind seem, even if adopted spontaneously, to be less comfortable than others. In order to keep oneself continuing in them one is unconsciously holding something back, and gradually the repression becomes an effort. But there may be some state of mind in which one could continue without effort because nothing is required to be held back. And this perhaps, I thought, coming in from the window, is one of them. For certainly when I saw the couple get into the taxi-cab the mind felt as if, after being divided, it had come together again in a natural fusion. The obvious reason would be that it is natural for the sexes to co-operate. One has a profound, if irrational, instinct in favour of the theory that the union of man and woman makes for the greatest satisfaction, the most complete happiness. But the sight of the two people getting into the taxi and the satisfaction it gave me made me also ask whether there are two sexes in the mind corresponding to the two sexes in the body, and whether they also require to be united in order to get complete satisfaction and happiness. And I went on amateurishly to sketch a plan of the soul so that in each of us two powers preside, one male, one female: and in the man's brain, the man predominates over the woman, and in the woman's brain, the woman predominates over the man. The normal and comfortable state of being is that when the two live in harmony together, spiritually co-operating. If one is a man, still the woman part of the brain must have effect; and a woman also must have intercourse with the man in her. Coleridge perhaps meant this when he said that a great mind is androgynous. It is when this fusion takes place that the mind is fully fertilised and uses all its faculties.

1929

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

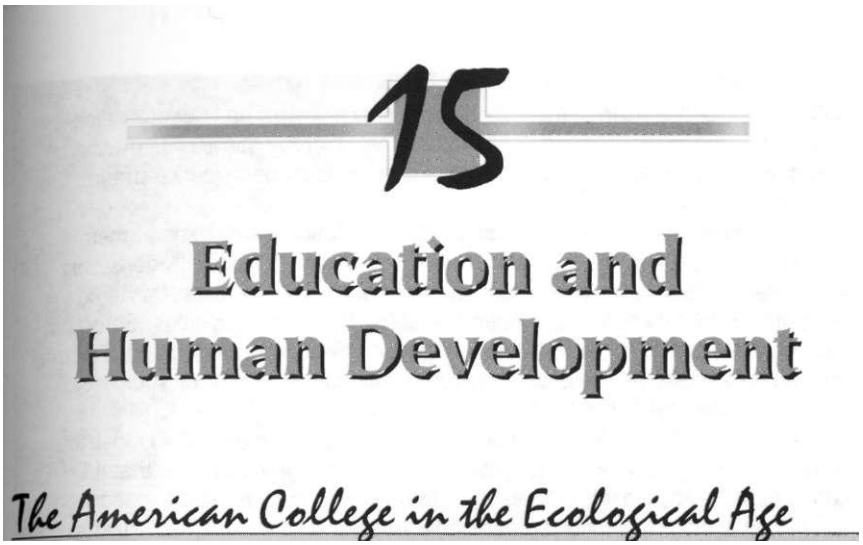
PERSONAL. Examine and discuss any parts of your personality that suggest an influence from the opposite sex.

RESEARCH. Find information about the manifestations of androgyny in our culture (clothing, hairstyles, etc.) and report your findings in a documented paper.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that a rejection of the values of either sex is destructive for our culture.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Woolf's use of description.

INVESTIGATIVE. Collect a series of images of men and women. Survey a group of classmates and friends to determine which images are most androgynous and which are least.



JU fi^hC^lc^h. College t&C E-Cott^Cfil f\^C

THOMAS BERRY

The American college may be considered a continuation, at the human level, of the self-education processes of the earth itself: universe education, earth education, and human education are stages of development in a single unbroken process. We cannot adequately discuss any stage of the development without seeing it within this comprehensive context.

By universe education I do not mean universal education or university education, but the education which identifies with the emergent universe in its variety of manifestations from the beginning until now. So, too, by earth education I do not mean education about the earth, but the earth as the immediate self-educating community of those living and nonliving beings that constitute the earth. I might also go further and designate earth as the primary educational establishment, or the primary college, with a record of extraordinary success over some billions of years.

Such fundamental issues need to be discussed because we must be absolutely clear about what we designate as "education" and what we are concerned with when we talk about "college." Our difficulty in appreciating the earth community as primary educator is that we have little sense of or feeling for the natural world in its integral dimension. Serious attention in terms of real values seems to be given to the spiritual world or to the human world. Our concern for the natural world is one of utility or as an object to satisfy intellectual curiosity or aesthetic feeling.

A sense of the earth and its meaning is particularly urgent just now, for the different sciences have developed an immense volume of information about the natural world in its physical aspects, and a corresponding power to control it. Yet the earth is still seen as so much quantified matter. Life and consciousness as integral and pervasive dimensions of the earth have until recently found little appreciation except as more advanced phases of a mechanistic process. Because of this, the human community, the psychic

component of the earth in its most complete expression, has become alienated from the larger dynamics of the planet and thereby has lost its own meaning. That we are confused about the human is a consequence of our confusion about the planet.

This disturbed situation is affecting our educational programs at their deepest levels. Some, looking for answers in the traditional civilizations, suggest that we rediscover our educational principles in the humanities. Some suggest that we turn more fervently to our spiritual-moral traditions. Some put their hope in pragmatic adaptation to the world through acceptance of its imperatives as known by physical sciences, politics, economics, or sociology. Some consider that our best guidance comes from psychology.

What is really needed is a functional cosmology. The difficulty is that the term *cosmology* is so exclusively physical in its accepted meaning that it does not indicate the integral reality of the universe. For the same reason, the term *geology* does not indicate the integral reality of the earth, but only its physical aspects. Thus these terms are not usable terms for the subject under discussion. Indeed, we do not presently have a terminology suited to a serious consideration of the earth.

The earth is the central locus in the universe of the three later phases of the fourfold evolutionary process: first, the evolution of the galaxies and the elements; second, the evolution of the solar system and of the earth with its molecular and geological formations; third, the evolution of life in all its variety; and, fourth, the evolution of consciousness and the cultural developments of the human order.

It is especially important in this discussion to recognize the unity of the total process, from that first unimaginable moment of cosmic emergence through all its subsequent forms of expression until the present. This unbreakable bond of relatedness that makes of the whole a universe becomes increasingly apparent to scientific observation, although this bond ultimately escapes scientific formulation or understanding. In virtue of this relatedness, everything is intimately present to everything else in the universe. Nothing is completely itself without everything else. This relatedness is both spatial and temporal. However distant in space or time, the bond of unity is functionally there. The universe is a communion and a community. We ourselves are that communion become conscious of itself.

As regards the planet Earth, any adequate description must include its every aspect. The simpler elements are not known fully until their integration into more comprehensive modes of being is recognized. Later complex unities are not fully intelligible until their component parts are understood. We would not know the real capacities of hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen were it not for their later expression in cellular life and indeed in the entire world of living beings, including the remarkable world of human consciousness. So with consciousness: the thoughts and emotions, the social forms and rituals of the human community, are as much "earth" as is the soil and the rocks and the trees and the flowers. We can reduce the flowers to the

atoms or the atoms to the flowers. There are no atoms that are just atoms, no flowers that are just flowers. There is no earth without the human; no human without the earth. Any other earth or any other human is a pure abstraction.

Having said all this, we might come more directly to ourselves, to our identity and our function within this comprehensive context, if we are to achieve any adequate sense of what education is, or what a college is, or what the American college should be doing. These questions identify with the question of what the earth is, what it is doing presently, and what are its directions into the future. Human education is primarily the activation of the possibilities of the planet in a way that could not be achieved apart from human intelligence and the entire range of human activities. In this sense human education is part of the larger evolutionary process.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Recount an experience you have had in education that reflects Berry's ideas.

RESEARCH. Find sources that identify several different theories about the function of education. (You can use Berry's as one of the theories.) Write a research paper explaining these ideas.

PERSUASIVE. Write a *paper* arguing that education should be changed to incorporate Berry's theory.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper examining Berry's use of definition.

INVESTIGATIVE. Look at syllabi for various college classes you have taken or plan to take. Write a paper examining to what extent they incorporate Berry's ideas.

Higher UnEducation

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

(written in Folsom Prison, October 9, 1965)

I'm perfectly aware that I'm in prison, that I'm, a Negro, that I've been a rapist, and that I have a Higher Uneducation. I never know what significance I'm supposed to attach to these factors. But I have a suspicion that, because of these aspects of my character, "free-normal-educated" people rather expect me to be more reserved, penitent, remorseful, and not too quick to shoot off my mouth on certain subjects. But I let them down, disappoint them, make them gape at me in a sort of stupor, as if they're thinking; "You've got

your nerve! Don't you realize that you owe a debt to society?" My answer to all such thoughts lurking in their split-level heads, crouching behind their squinting bombardier eyes, is that the blood of Vietnamese peasants has paid off all my debts; that the Vietnamese people, afflicted with a rampant disease called Yankees, through their sufferings—as opposed to the "frustration" of fat-assed American geeks safe at home worrying over whether to have bacon, ham, or sausage with their grade-A eggs in the morning, while Vietnamese worry each morning whether the Yankees will gas them, burn them up, or blow away their humble pads in a hail of bombs—have canceled all my IOUs.

In beginning this letter I could just as easily have mentioned other aspects of my situation; I could have said: "I'm perfectly aware that I'm tall, that I'm skinny, that I need a shave, that I'm hard-up enough to suck my grandmother's old withered tits, and that I would dig (deeper then deeply) getting clean once more—not only in the steam-bath sense, but in getting sharp as an Esquire square with a Harlem touch—or that I would like to put on a pair of bib overalls and become a Snicker, or that I'd like to leap the whole last mile and grow a beard and don whatever threads the local nationalism might require and comrade with Che Guevara, and share his fate, blazing a new pathfinder's trail through the stymied upbeat brain of the New Left, or how I'd just love to be in Berkeley right now, to roll in that mud, to frolic in that sty of funky revolution, to breathe in its heady fumes, and look with roving eyes for a new John Brown, Eugene Debs, a blacker-meaner-keener Malcolm X, a Robert Franklin Williams with less rabbit in his hot blood, an American Lenin, Fidel, a Mao-Mao, A MAO MAO, A MAO MAO, A MAO MAO, A MAO MAO, A MAO MAO, A MAO MAO

. . . All of which is true.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Tell about your reaction to some public demonstration, rally, or protest you have witnessed or participated in.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper about the causes of civil unrest. Document your sources.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that involvement in political activities is an essential part of education.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Cleaver's use of slang.

INVESTIGATIVE. Identify action groups (political, environmental, etc.) on your campus or in your neighborhood. Analyze the methods these groups use to gain support.

The Teacher

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LOREN EISELEY

It is frequently the tragedy of the great artist, as it is of the great scientist, that he frightens the ordinary man. If he is more than a popular story-teller it may take humanity a generation to absorb and grow accustomed to the new geography with which the scientist or artist presents us. Even then, perhaps only the more imaginative and literate may accept him. Subconsciously the genius is feared as an image breaker; frequently he does not accept the opinions of the mass, or man's opinion of himself. He has voiced through the ages, in one form or another, this very loneliness and detachment which Dewey saw so clearly at the outcome of our extending knowledge. The custom-bound, uneducated, intolerant man projects his fear and hatred upon the seer. The artist is frequently a human mirror. If what we see there displeases us, if we see all too clearly our own insignificance and vanity, we tend to revolt, not against ourselves, but in order to martyrize the unfortunate soul who forced us into self-examination.

In short, like the herd animals we are, we sniff warily at the strange one among us. If he is fortunate enough finally to be accepted, it is likely to be after a trial of ridicule and after the sting has been removed from his work by long familiarization and bowdlerizing, when the alien quality of his thought has been mitigated or removed. Carl Schneer recounts that Einstein made so little impression on his superiors, it was with difficulty that he obtained even a junior clerkship in the Swiss Patents office at Bern, after having failed of consideration as a scholar of promise. Not surprisingly, theoretical physicists favored his views before the experimentalists capitulated. As Schneer remarks: "It was not easy to have a twenty-six-year-old clerk in the Swiss Patents office explain the meaning of experiments on which one had labored for years." Implacable hatred, as well as praise, was to be Einstein's lot.

To an anthropologist, the social reception of invention reminds one of the manner in which a strange young male is first repulsed, then tolerated, upon the fringes of a group of howler monkeys he wishes to join. Finally, since the memories of the animals are short, he becomes familiar, is accepted, and fades into the mass. In a similar way, discoveries made by Darwin and Wallace were at first castigated and then by degrees absorbed. In the process both men experienced forms of loneliness and isolation, not simply as a necessity for discovery but as a penalty for having dared to redraw the map of our outer, rather than inner, cosmos.

This fear of the upheld mirror in the hand of genius extends to the teaching profession and perhaps to the primary and secondary school teacher most of all. The teacher occupies, as we shall see a little further on, a particularly anomalous and exposed position in a society subject to rapid change or threatened by exterior enemies. Society is never totally sure of what it wants of its educators. It wants, first of all, the inculcation of custom, tradition, and all that socializes the child into the good citizen. In the lower grades the demand for conformity is likely to be intense. The child himself, as well as the

teacher, is frequently under the surveillance of critical, if not opinionated, parents. Secondly, however, society wants the child to absorb new learning which will simultaneously benefit that society and enhance the individual's prospects of success.

Thus the teacher, in some degree, stands as interpreter and disseminator of the cultural mutations introduced by the individual genius into society. Some of the fear, the projected guilt feelings, of those who do not wish to look into the mirrors held up to them by men of the Hawthorne stamp of genius, falls upon us. Moving among innovators of ideas as we do, sifting and judging them daily, something of the suspicion with which the mass of mankind still tends to regard its own cultural creators falls upon the teacher who plays a role of great significance in this process of cultural diffusion. He is, to a degree, placed in a paradoxical position. He is expected both to be the guardian of stability and the exponent of societal change. Since all persons do not accept new ideas at the same rate, it is impossible for the educator to please the entire society even if he remains abjectly servile. This is particularly true in a dynamic and rapidly changing era like the present.

Moreover, the true teacher has another allegiance than that Lo parents alone. More than any other class in society, teachers mold the future in the minds of the young. They transmit to them the aspirations of great thinkers of which their parents may have only the faintest notions. The teacher is often the first to discover the talented and unusual scholar. How he handles and encourages, or discourages, such a child may make all the difference in the world to that child's future—and to the world. Perhaps he can induce in stubborn parents the conviction that their child is unusual and should be encouraged in his studies. If the teacher is sufficiently judicious, he may even be able to help a child over the teetering planks of a broken home and a bad neighborhood. Like a responsible doctor, he knows that he will fail in many instances—that circumstances will destroy, or genes prove defective beyond hope. There is a limit, furthermore, to the energy of one particular man or woman in dealing individually with a growing mass of students.

It is just here, however—in our search for what we might call the able, all-purpose, success-modeled student—that I feel it so necessary not to lose sight of those darker, more uncertain, late-maturing, sometimes painfully abstracted youths who may represent the Darwins, Thoreaus, and Hawthornes of the next generation. As Dr. Carroll Newsom emphasized in his admirable book, *A University President Speaks Out:* real college education is not a four-year process; it should be lifelong. Men, moreover, mature in many ways and fashions. It is uncertain what Darwin's or Wallace's chances of passing a modern college board examination might have been.

I believe it useful, and not demeaning to the teaching profession, to remember Melville's words in 1850, at a time when he was fighting horribly with the materials of what was to become his greatest book. The words, besides being prophetic in his case, bespeak the philosopher who looks beyond man as he is. He said: "I somehow cling to the wondrous fancy, that in all men hiddenly reside certain wondrous, occult properties—as in some plants and

minerals—which by some happy but very rare accident. . . may chance to be called forth here on earth."

As a teacher I know little about how these remarkable events come about, but I have seen them happen. I believe in them. I believe they are more likely to happen late in those whose background has been one of long deprivation. I believe that the good teacher should never grow indifferent to their possibility—not, at least, if there is evidence, even in the face of failure in some subjects, of high motivation and intelligence in some specific field.

At the height of his creative powers, Thoreau wrote that "we should treat our minds as innocent and ingenuous children whose guardians we are—be careful what objects and what subjects we thrust on their attention. Even the facts of science may dust the mind by their dryness, unless they are in a sense effaced each morning, or rather rendered fertile by the dews of fresh and living truth. Every thought that passes through the mind helps to wear and tear it, and to deepen the ruts, which, as in the streets of Pompeii, evince how much it has been used. How many things there are concerning which we might well deliberate whether we had better know them!"

1971

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Discuss some difficult concept you have learned through formal education.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper explaining the different ways learning can become a lifelong process.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper defending the position that teachers should preserve tradition or conversely that teachers should be the agents of social change.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Eiseley's use of example to support his main idea.

INVESTIGATIVE. Interview a number of teachers to find out what they think the function of education should be. Compile your findings in a report.

Look at Your Fish

SAMUEL SCUDDER

It was more than fifteen years ago that I entered the laboratory of Professor Agassiz, and told him I had enrolled my name in the Scientific School as a student of natural history. He asked me a few questions about my object in

coming, my antecedents generally, the mode in which I afterwards proposed to use the knowledge I might acquire, and, finally, whether I wished to study any special branch. To the latter I replied that, while I wished to be well grounded in all departments of zoology, I proposed to devote myself specially to insects.

"When do you wish to begin?" he asked.

"Now," I replied.

This seemed to please him, and with an energetic "Very well!" he reached from a shelf a huge jar of specimens in yellow alcohol. "Take this fish," he said, "and look at it; we call it a haemulon; by and by I will ask what you have seen."

With that he left me, but in a moment returned with explicit instructions as to the care of the object entrusted to me.

* "No man is fit to be a naturalist," said he, "who does not know how to take care of specimens."

I was to keep the fish before me in a tin tray, and occasionally moisten the surface with alcohol from the jar, always taking care to replace the stopper tightly. Those were not the days of ground-glass stoppers and elegantly shaped exhibition jars; all the old students will recall the huge neckless glass bottles with their leaky, wax-besmeared corks, half eaten by insects, and begrimed with cellar dust. Entomology was a cleaner science than ichthyology, but the example of the Professor, who had unhesitatingly plunged to the bottom of the jar to produce the fish, was infectious; and though this alcohol had a "very ancient and fishlike smell," I really dared not show any aversion within these sacred precincts, and treated the alcohol as though it were pure water. Still I was conscious of a passing feeling of disappointment, for gazing at a fish did not commend itself to an ardent entomologist. My friends at home, too, were annoyed when they discovered that no amount of eau-de-Cologne would drown the perfume which haunted me like a shadow.

In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish, and started in search of the Professor—who had, however, left the Museum; and when I returned, after lingering over some of the odd animals stored in the upper apartment, my specimen was dry all over. I dashed the fluid over the fish as if to resuscitate the beast from a fainting fit, and looked with anxiety for a return of the normal sloppy appearance. This little excitement over, nothing was to be done but to return to a steadfast gaze at my mute companion. Half an hour passed—an hour—another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and around; looked it in the face—ghastly; from behind, beneath, above, sideways, at a three-quarters' view—just as ghastly. I was in despair; at an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so, with infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

On my return, I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the Museum, but had gone, and would not return for several hours. My fellow-students were too busy to be disturbed by continued conversation. Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying-glass; instruments of all kinds were interdicted. My two

hands, my two eyes and the fish: it seemed a most limited field. I pushed my finger down its throat to feel how sharp the teeth were. I began to count the scales in the different rows, until I was convinced that that was nonsense. At last a happy thought struck me—I would draw the fish; and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature. Just then the Professor returned.

"That is right," he said; "a pencil is one of the best of eyes. I am glad to notice, too, that you keep your specimen wet, and your bottle corked."

With these encouraging words, he added:

"Well, what is it like?"

He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to me: the fringed gill-arches and movable operculum; the pores of the head, fleshy lips and lidless eyes; the lateral line, the spinous fins and forked tail; the compressed and arched body. When I finished, he waited as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment:

"You have not looked very carefully; why," he continued more earnestly, "you haven't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself; look again, look again!" and he left me to my misery.

I was piqued; I was mortified. Still more of that wretched fish! But now I set myself to my task with a will, and discovered one new thing after another, until I saw how just the Professor's criticism had been. The afternoon passed quickly; and when towards its close, the Professor inquired:

"Do you see it yet?"

"No," I replied, "I am certain I do not, but I see how little I saw before."

"That is next best," said he, earnestly, "but I won't hear you now; put away your fish and go home; perhaps you will be ready with a better answer in the morning. I will examine you before you look at the fish."

This was disconcerting. Not only must I think of my fish all night, studying, without the object before me, what this unknown but most visible feature might be; but also, without reviewing my discoveries, I must give an exact account of them the next day. I had a bad memory; so I walked home by Charles River in a distracted state, with my two perplexities.

The cordial greeting from the Professor the next morning was reassuring; here was a man who seemed to be quite as anxious as I that I should see for myself what he saw.

"Do you perhaps mean," I asked, "that the fish has symmetrical sides with paired organs?"

His thoroughly pleased "Of course! of course!" repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night. After he had discoursed most happily and enthusiastically—as he always did—upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next.

"Oh, look at your fish!" he said, and left me again to my own devices. In a little more than an hour he returned, and heard my new catalogue.

"That is good, that is good!" he repeated; "but that is not all; go on"; and so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else, or to use any artificial aid. "Look, look, look," was his repeated injunction.

This was the best entomological lesson I ever had—a lesson whose influence has extended to the details of every subsequent study; a legacy the Professor had left to me, as he has left it to many others, of inestimable value, which we could not buy, with which we cannot part.

A year afterward, some of us were amusing ourselves with chalking outlandish beasts on the Museum blackboard. We drew prancing starfishes; frogs in mortal combat; hydra-headed worms; stately crawfishes, standing on their tails, bearing aloft umbrellas; and grotesque fishes with gaping mouths and staring eyes. The Professor came in shortly after, and was as amused as any at our experiments. He looked at the fishes.

"Haemulons, every one of the," he said; "Mr.————drew them."

True; and to this day, if I attempt a fish, I can draw nothing but haemulons.

The fourth day, a second fish of the same group was placed beside the first, and I was bidden to point our the resemblances and differences between the two; another and another followed, until the entire family lay before me, and a whole legion of jars covered the table and surrounding shelves; the odor had become a pleasant perfume; and even now, the sight of an old, six-inch worm-eaten cork brings fragrant memories.

The whole group of haemulons was thus brought in review; and, whether engaged upon the dissection of the internal organs, the preparation and examination of the boney framework, or the description of the various part, Agassiz's training in the method of observing facts and their orderly arrangement was ever accompanied by the urgent exhortation not to be content with them.

"Facts are stupid things," he would say, "until brought into connection with some general law."

At the end of eight months, it was almost with reluctance that I left these friends and turned to insects; but what I had gained by this outside experience has been of greater value than years of later investigation in my favorite groups.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Recount an experience you have had in a science class.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper explaining beneficial study skills (e.g., time management, study environment, note taking, studying textbooks, memorization techniques). Document your sources.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper defending the idea that in order to succeed in school, students should pay attention to details.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing the structure of Scudder's narrative.

INVESTIGATIVE. Compare a lab experience you have had with Scudder's experience. Discuss the similarities and differences in a paper.

16 History and Culture

Pacific Distances

JOAN DIDION

A good part of any day in Los Angeles is spent driving, alone, through streets devoid of meaning to the driver, which is one reason the place exhilarates some people, and floods others with an amorphous unease. There is about these hours spent in transit a seductive unconnectedness. Conventional information is missing. Context clues are missing. In Culver City as in Echo Park as in East Los Angeles, there are the same pastel bungalows. There are the same leggy poinsettia and the same trees of pink and yellow hibiscus. There are the same laundromats, body shops, strip shopping malls, the same travel agencies offering bargain fares on LACSA and TACA. *San Salvador,* the signs promise, on Beverly Boulevard as on Pico as on Alvarado and Soto. *'.No mas barata!* There is the same sound, that of the car radio, tuned in my case to KRLA, an AM station that identifies itself as "the heart and soul of rock and roll" and is given to dislocating programming concepts for example doing the top hits ("Baby, It's You", "Break It to Me Gently", "The Lion Sleeps Tonight") of 1962. Another day, another KRLA concept: "The Day the Music Died", an exact radio recreation of the day in 1959, including news breaks (Detroit may market compacts), when the plane carrying Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens, and the Big Bopper crashed near Clear Lake, Iowa. A few days later, KRLA reports a solid response on "The Day the Music Died", including "a call from Ritchie Valens's aunt".

Such tranced hours are, for many people who live in Los Angeles, the dead center of being there, but there is nothing in them to encourage the normal impulse toward "recognition", or narrative connection. Those glosses on the human comedy (the widow's heartbreak, the bad cop, the mother-and-child reunion) that lend dramatic structure to more traditional forms of urban life are hard to come by here. There are, in the pages of the Los Angeles newspapers, no Crack Queens, no Coma Moms or Terror Tots. Events may be lurid, but are rarely personalized. "Mother Apologizes to Her Child, Drives Both Off Cliff," a headline read in the Los *Angeles Times one* morning in December 1988. (Stories like this are relegated in the *Times* either to the Metro

Section or to page three, which used to be referred to as "the freakdeath page", not its least freaky aspect being that quite arresting accounts of death by Clorox or by rattlesnake or by Dumpster tended to appear and then vanish, with no follow-up.) Here was the story, which had to do with a young woman who had lived with her daughter, Brooke, in a Redondo Beach condominium and was said by a neighbor to have "looked like she was a little down":

> A Redondo Beach "woman apologized to her 7-year-old daughter, then apparently tried to take both their lives by driving over a cliff in the Malibu area Tuesday morning, authorities said. The mother, identified by the county coroner's office as Susan Sinclair, 29, was killed, but the child survived without serious injury. "I'm sorry I have to do this," the woman was quoted as telling the child just before she suddenly swerved off Malibu Canyon Road about 2 1/2 miles north of Pacific Coast Highway.

"I'm sorry I have to do this." This was the last we heard of Susan and Brooke Sinclair. When I first moved to Los Angeles from New York, in 1964, I found this absence of narrative a deprivation. At the end of two years I realized (quite suddenly, alone one morning in the car) that I had come to find narrative sentimental. This remains a radical difference between the two cities, and also between the ways in which the residents of those cities view each other.

1992

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Discuss how you feel about living in a large city.

RESEARCH. Find information about the characteristics of city living.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that people should live in small towns rather than cities or that people should live in cities rather than living in small towns.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper discussing Didion's use of examples. How do they support her main idea?

INVESTIGATIVE. Explore the narrative of your home town. Report your findings in a paper.

The Roots of Altruism

RENE DUBOS

In view of the fact that human beings evolved as hunters, it is not surprising that they have inherited a biological propensity to kill, as have all animal predators. But it is remarkable that a very large percentage of human beings find killing an extremely distasteful and painful experience. Despite the most subtle forms of propaganda, it is difficult to convince them that war is desirable. In contrast, altruism has long been practiced, often going so far as self-sacrifice. Altruism certainly has deep roots in man's biological past for the simple reason that it presents advantages for the survival of the group. However, the really human aspect of altruism is not its biological origin or its evolutionary advantages but rather the fact that humankind has now made it a virtue regardless of practical advantages or disadvantages. Since earliest recorded history altruism has become one of the absolute values by which humanity transcends animality.

The existence of altruism was recognized as far back as Neanderthal times, among the very first people who can be regarded as truly human. In the Shanidar cave of Iraq, for example, there was found a skeleton of a Neanderthalian adult male, dating from approximately 50,000 years ago. He had probably been blind, and one of his arms had been amputated above the elbow early in life. He had been killed by a collapse of the cave wall. As he was 40 years old at the time of his death and must have been incapable of fending for himself during much of his lifetime, it seems reasonable to assume that he had been cared for by the members of his clan. Several similar cases that could be interpreted as examples of "charity" have been recognized in other prehistoric sites. In fact, one of the first Neanderthalian skeletons to be discovered in Europe was that of a man approximately 50 years old who had suffered from extensive arthritis. His disease was so severe that he must have been unable to hunt or to engage in other strenuous activities. He, also, must therefore have depended for his survival upon the care of his clan.

Many prehistoric finds suggest attitudes of affection. A Stone Age tomb contains the body of a woman holding a young child in her arms. Caves in North America that were occupied some 9,000 years ago have yielded numerous sandals of different sizes: those of children's sizes are lined with rabbit fur, as if to express a special kind of loving care for the youngest members of the community.

Whether or not the words of altruism and love had equivalents in the languages of the Stone Age, the social attitudes which they denote existed. The fact that the philosophy of nonviolence was clearly formulated at the time of Jesus and Buddha suggests that it had developed at a much earlier date. The Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," exists in all religious doctrines, even in those that have reached us through the very first written documents. It must therefore have an extremely ancient origin.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Tell about an experience you have had when someone acted selflessly on your behalf or when you acted selflessly on behalf of someone else.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper about kinds of charities. Document your sources.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that altruism should be encouraged in our society.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Dubos' use of inductive logic.

INVESTIGATIVE. Identify opportunities for charitable work in your neighborhood or hometown.

My Kiowa Grandmother

N. SCOTT MOMADAY

A single knoll rises out of the plain in Oklahoma, north and west of the Wichita Range. For my people, the Kiowas, it is an old landmark, and they gave it the name Rainy Mountain. The hardest weather in the world is there. Winter brings blizzards, hot tornadic winds arise in the spring, and in summer the prairie is an anvil's edge. The grass turns brittle and brown, and it cracks beneath your feet. There are green belts along the rivers and creeks, linear groves of hickory and pecan, willow and witch hazel. At a distance in July or August the steaming foliage seems almost to writhe in fire. Great green and yellow grasshoppers are everywhere in the tall grass, popping up like corn to sting the flesh, and tortoises crawl about on the red earth, going nowhere in the plenty of time. Loneliness is an aspect of the land. All things in the plain are isolate; there is no confusion of objects in the eye, but one hill or one tree or one man. To look upon that landscape in the early morning, with the sun at your back, is to lose the sense of proportion. Your imagination comes to life, and this, you think, is where Creation was begun.

I returned to Rainy Mountain in July. My grandmother had died in the spring, and I wanted to be at her grave. She had lived to be very old and at last infirm. Her only living daughter was with her when she died, and I was told that in death her face was that of a child.

I like to think of her as a child. When she was born, the Kiowas were living the last great moment of their history. For more than a hundred years they had controlled the open range from the Smoky Hill River to the Red, from the headwaters of the Canadian to the fork of the Arkansas and Cimarron. In alliance with the Comanche, they had ruled the whole of the southern Plains. War was their sacred business, and they were among the finest horsemen the world has ever known. But warfare for the Kiowas was preeminently a matter of disposition rather than of survival, and they never understood the grim, un-

relenting advance of the U.S. Cavalry. When at last, divided and ill-provisioned, they were driven onto the Staked Plains in the cold rains of autumn, they fell into panic. In Palo Duro Canyon they abandoned their crucial stores to pillage and had nothing then but their lives. In order to save themselves, they surrendered to the soldiers at Fort Sill and were imprisoned in the old stone corral that now stands as a military museum. My grandmother was spared the humiliation of those high gray walls by eight or ten years, but she must have known from birth the affliction of defeat, the dark brooding of old warriors.

Her name was Aho, and she belonged to the last culture to evolve in North America. Her forebears came down from the high country in western Montana nearly three centuries ago. They were a mountain people, a mysterious tribe of hunters whose language has never been positively classified in any major group. In the late seventeenth century they began a long migration to the south and east. It was a journey toward the dawn, and it led to a golden age. Along the way the Kiowas were befriended by the Crows, who gave them the culture and religion of the Plains. They acquired horses, and their ancient nomadic spirit was suddenly free of the ground. They acquired Tai-me, the sacred Sun Dance doll, from that moment the object and symbol of their worship, and so shared in the divinity of the sun. Not least, they acquired the sense of destiny, therefore courage and pride. When they entered upon the southern Plains they had been transformed. No longer were they slaves to the simple necessity of survival; they were a lordly and dangerous society of fighters and thieves, hunters and priests of the sun. According to their origin myth, they entered the world through a hollow log. From one point of view, their migration was the fruit of an old prophecy, for indeed they emerged from a sunless world.

Although my grandmother lived out her long life in the shadow of Rainy Mountain, the immense landscape of the continental interior lay like memory in her blood. She could tell of the Crows, whom she had never seen, and of the Black Hills, where she had never been. I wanted to see in reality what she had seen more perfectly in the mind's eye, and traveled fifteen hundred miles to begin my pilgrimage.

Yellowstone, it seemed to me, was the top of the world, a region of deep lakes and dark timber, canyons and waterfalls. But, beautiful as it is, one might have the sense of confinement there. The skyline in all directions is close at hand, the high wall of the woods and deep cleavages of shade. There is a perfect freedom in the mountains, but it belongs to the eagle and the elk, the badger and the bear. The Kiowas reckoned their stature by the distance they could see, and they were bent and blind in the wilderness.

Descending eastward, the highland meadows are a stairway to the plain. In July the inland slope of the Rockies is luxuriant with flax and buckwheat, stonecrop and larkspur. The earth unfolds and the limit of the land recedes. Clusters of trees, and animals grazing far in the distance, cause the vision to reach away and wonder to build upon the mind. The sun follows a longer course in the day, and the sky is immense beyond all comparison. The great billowing clouds that sail upon it are shadows that move upon the grain like

water, dividing light. Farther down, in the land of the Crows and Blackfeet, the plain is yellow. Sweet clover takes hold of the hills and bends upon itself to cover and seal the soil. There the Kiowas paused on their way; they had come to the place where they must change their lives. The sun is at home on the plains. Precisely there does it have the certain character of a god. When the Kiowas came to the land of the Crows, they could see the dark lees of the hills at dawn across the Bighorn River, the profusion of light on the grain shelves, the oldest deity ranging after the solstices. Not yet would they veer southward to the caldron of the land that lay below; they must wean their blood from the northern winter and hold the mountains a while longer in their view. They bore Tai-me in procession to the east.

A dark mist lay over the Black Hills, and the land was like iron. At the top of a ridge I caught sight of Devil's Tower upthrust against the gray sky as if in the birth of time the core of the earth had broken through its crust and the motion of the world was begun. There are things in nature that engender an awful quiet in the heart of man; Devil's Tower is one of them. Two centuries ago, because they could not do otherwise, the Kiowas made a legend at the base of the rock. My grandmother said:

> Eight children were there at play, seven sisters and their brother. Suddenly the boy was struck dumb; he trembled and began to run upon his hands and feet. His fingers became claws, and his body was covered with fur. Directly there was a bear where the boy had been. The sisters were terrified; they ran, and the bear after them. They came to the stump of a great tree, and the tree spoke to them. It bade them climb upon it, and as they did so it began to rise into the air. The bear came to kill them, but they were just beyond its reach. It reared against the tree and scored the bark all around with its claws. The seven sisters were borne into the sky, and they became the stars of the Big Dipper.

From that moment, and so long as the legend lives, the Kiowas have kinsmen in the night sky. Whatever they were in the mountains, they could be no more. However tenuous their well-being, however much they had suffered and would suffer again, they had found a way out of the wilderness.

My grandmother had a reverence for the sun, a holy regard that now is all but gone out of mankind. There was a wariness in her, and an ancient awe. She was a Christian in her later years, but she had come a long way about, and she never forgot her birthright. As a child she had been to the Sun Dances; she had taken part in those annual rites, and by them she had learned the restoration of her people in the presence of Tai-me. She was about seven when the last Kiowa Sun Dance was held in 1887 on the Washita River above Rainy Mountain Creek. The buffalo were gone. In order to consummate the ancient sacrifice—to impale the head of a buffalo bull upon the medicine tree—a delegation of old men journeyed into Texas, there to beg

and barter for an animal from the Goodnight herd. She was ten when the Kiowas came together for the last time as a living Sun Dance culture. They could find no buffalo; they had to hang an old hide from the sacred tree. Before the dance could begin, a company of soldiers rode out from Fort Sill under orders to disperse the tribe. Forbidden without cause the essential act of their faith, having seen the wild herds slaughtered and left to rot upon the ground, the Kiowas backed away forever from the medicine tree. That was July 20, 1890, at the great bend of the Washita. My grandmother was there. Without bitterness, and for as long as she lived, she bore a vision of deicide.

Now that I can have her only in memory, I see my grandmother in the several postures that were peculiar to her: standing at the wood stove on a winter morning and turning meat in a great iron skillet; sitting at the south window, bent above her beadwork, and afterwards, when her vision failed, looking down for a long time into the fold of her hands; going out upon a cane, very slowly as she did when the weight of age came upon her; praying. I remember her most often at prayer. She made long, rambling prayers out of suffering and hope, having seen many things. I was never sure that I had the right to hear, so exclusive were they of all mere custom and company. The last time I saw her she prayed standing by the side of her bed at night, naked to the waist, the light of a kerosene lamp moving upon her dark skin. Her long, black hair, always drawn and braided in the day, lay upon her shoulders and against her breasts like a shawl. I do not speak Kiowa, and I never understood her prayers, but there was something inherently sad in the sound, some merest hesitation upon the syllables of sorrow. She began in a high and descending pitch, exhausting her breath to silence; then again and again—and always the same intensity of effort, of something that is, and is not, like urgency in the human voice. Transported so in the dancing light among the shadows of her room, she seemed beyond the reach of time. But that was illusion; I think I knew then that I should not see her again.

Houses are like sentinels in the plain, old keepers of the weather watch. There, in a very little while, wood takes on the appearance of great age. All colors wear soon away in the wind and rain, and then the wood is burned gray and the grain appears and the nails turn red with rust. The windowpanes are black and opaque; you imagine there is nothing within, and indeed there are many ghosts, bones given up to the land. They stand here and there against the sky, and you approach them for a longer time than you expect. They belong in the distance; it is their domain.

Once there was a lot of sound in my grandmother's house, a lot of coming and going, feasting and talk. The summers there were full of excitement and reunion. The Kiowas are a summer people; they abide the cold and keep to themselves, but when the season turns and the land becomes warm and vital they cannot hold still; an old love of going returns upon them. The aged visitors who came to my grandmother's house when I was a child were made of lean and leather, and they bore themselves upright. They wore great black hats and bright ample shirts that shook in the wind. They rubbed fat upon

their hair and wound their braids with strips of colored cloth. Some of them painted their faces and carried the scars of old and cherished enmities. They were an old council of warlords, come to remind and be reminded of who they were. Their wives and daughters served them well. The women might indulge themselves; gossip was at once the mark and compensation of their servitude. They made loud and elaborate talk among themselves, full of jest and gesture, fright and false alarm. They went abroad in fringed and flowered shawls, bright beadwork and German silver. They were at home in the kitchen, and they prepared meals that were banquets.

There were frequent prayer meetings, and great nocturnal feasts. When I was a child I played with my cousins outside, where the lamplight fell upon the ground and the singing of the old people rose up around us and carried away into the darkness. There were a lot of good things to eat, a lot of laughter and surprise. And afterwards, when the quiet returned, I lay down with my grandmother and could hear the frogs away by the river and feel the motion of the air.

Now there is funeral silence in the rooms, the endless wake of some final word. The walls have closed in upon my grandmother's house. When I returned to it in mourning, I saw for the first time in my life how small it was. It was late at night, and there was a white moon, nearly full. I sat for a long time on the stone steps by the kitchen door. From there I could see out across the land; I could see the long row of trees by the creek, the low light upon the rolling plains, and the stars of the Big Dipper. Once I looked at the moon and caught sight of a strange thing. A cricket had perched upon the handrail, only a few inches away from me. My line of vision was such that the creature filled the moon like a fossil. It had gone there, I thought, to live and die, for there, of all places, was its small definition made whole and eternal, A warm wind rose up and purled like the longing within me.

The next morning I awoke at dawn and went out on the dirt road to Rainy Mountain. It was already hot, and the grasshoppers began to fill the air. Still, it was early in the morning, and the birds sang out of the shadows. The long yellow grass on the mountain shone in the bright light, and a scissortail hied above the land. There, where it ought to be, at the end of a long and legendary way, was my grandmother's grave. Here and there on the dark stones were ancestral names. Looking back once, I saw the mountain and came away.

1967

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Recount an experience when you learned something important about your ancestry.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper about the causes of immigration. Document your sources.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that people should find out as much as possible about their family histories.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper discussing the different kinds of narratives Jvlomaday uses.

INVESTIGATIVE. Find out about your family history. Report your findings in a paper.

America: The Multicultural Society

RESEARCH. Write a research paper about the causes of immigration. Document your sources.
PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that people should find out as much as possible about their family histories.
ANALYTICAL. Write a paper discussing the different kinds of narratives Momaday uses.
INVESTIGATIVE. Find out about your family history. Report your findings in a paper.

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ISHMAEL REED

> At the annual Lower East Side Jewish Festival yesterday, a Chinese woman ate a pizza slice in front of Ty Thuan Due's Vietnamese grocery store. Beside her a Spanish-speaking family patronized a cart with two signs: "Italian Ices" and "Kosher by Rabbi Alper." And after the pastrami ran out, everybody ate knishes.
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> *New York Times,* June 23, 1983

On the day before Memorial Day, 1983, a poet called me to describe a city he had just visited. He said that one section included mosques, built by the Islamic people who dwelled there. Attending his reading, he said, were large numbers of Hispanic people, forty thousand of whom lived in the same city. He was not talking about a fabled city located in some mysterious region of the world. The city he'd visited was Detroit.

A few months before, as I was leaving Houston, Texas, I heard it announced on the radio that Texas's largest minority was Mexican-American, and though a foundation recently issued a report critical of bilingual education, the taped voice used to guide the passengers on the air trams connecting termi-

original work on the influence of African cultures upon those of the Americas has led to his ostracism from some monocultural intellectual circles—walked up and down the aisle, like an old-time southern evangelist, dancing and drumming the top of the lectern, illustrating his points before some serious Afro-American intellectuals and artists who cheered and applauded his performance and his mastery of information. The professor was "white." After his lecture, he joined a group of Milwaukeeans in a conversation. All of the participants spoke Yoruba, though only the professor had ever traveled to Africa.

One of the artists told me that his paintings, which included African and Afro-American mythological symbols and imagery, were hanging in the local McDonald's restaurant. The next day I went to McDonald's and snapped pictures of smiling youngsters eating hamburgers below paintings that could grace the walls of any of the country's leading museums. The manager of the local McDonald's said, "I don't know what you boys are doing, but I like it," as he commissioned the local painters to exhibit in his restaurant.

Such blurring of cultural styles occurs in everyday life in the United States to a greater extent than anyone can imagine, and is probably more prevalent than the sensational conflict between people of different backgrounds that is played up and often encouraged by the media. The result is what the Yale Professor, Robert Thompson, referred to as a cultural bouillabaisse, yet members of the nation's present educational and cultural Elect still cling to the notion that the United States belongs to some vaguely defined entity they refer to as "Western civilization," by which they mean, presumably, a civilization created by the people of Europe, as if Europe can be viewed in monolithic terms. Is Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which includes Turkish marches, a part of Western civilization, or the late nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, whose creators were influenced by Japanese art? And what of the cubists, through whom the influence of African art changed modern painting, or the surrealists, who were so impressed with the art of the Pacific Northwest Indians that, in their map of North America, Alaska dwarfs the lower forty-eight in size?

Are the Russians, who are often criticized for their adoption of "Western" ways by Tsarist dissidents in exile, members of Western civilization? And what of the millions of Europeans who have black African and Asian ancestry, black Africans having occupied several countries for hundreds of years? Are these "Europeans" members of Western civilization, or the Hungarians, who originated across the Urals in a place called Greater Hungary, or the Irish, who came from the Iberian Peninsula?

Even the notion that North America is part of Western civilization because our "system of government" is derived from Europe is being challenged by Native American historians who say that the founding fathers, Benjamin Franklin especially, were actually influenced by the system of government that had been adopted by the Iroquois hundreds of years prior to the arrival of large numbers of Europeans.

Western civilization, then, becomes another confusing category like Third World, or Judeo-Christian culture, as man attempts to impose his small-screen

view of political and cultural reality upon a complex world. Our most publicized novelist recently said that Western civilization was the greatest achievement of mankind, an attitude that flourishes on the street level as scribbles in public restrooms: "White Power," "Niggers and Spies Suck," or "Hitler was a prophet," the latter being the most telling, for wasn't Adolph Hitler the archetypal monoculturalist who, in his pigheaded arrogance, believed that one way and one blood was so pure that it had to be protected form alien strains at all costs? Where did such an attitude, which has caused so much misery and depression in our national life, which has tainted even our noblest achievements, begin? An attitude that caused the incarceration of Japanese-Americans, the near-extermination of the Indians, and the murder and lynchings of thousands of Afro-Americans.

Virtuous, hardworking, pious, even though they occasionally would wander off after some fancy clothes, or rendezvous in the woods with the town prostitute, the Puritans are idealized in our schoolbooks as "a hardy band" of no-nonsense patriarchs whose discipline razed the forest and brought order to the New World {a term that annoys Native American historians). Industrious, responsible, it was their "Yankee ingenuity" and practicality that created the work ethic. They were simple folk who produced a number of good poets, and they set the tone for the American writing style, of lean and spare lines, long before Hemingway. They worshiped in churches whose colors blended in with the New England snow, churches with simple structures and ornate lecterns.

The Puritans were a daring lot, but they had a mean streak. They hated the theater and banned Christmas. They punished people in a cruel and inhuman manner. They killed children who disobeyed their parents. When they came in contact with those whom they considered heathens or aliens, they behaved in such a bizarre and irrational manner that this chapter in the American history comes down to us as a late-movie horror film. They exterminated the Indians, who taught them how to survive in a world unknown to them, and their encounter with the calypso culture of Barbados resulted in what the tourist guide in Salem's Witches' House refers to as the Witchcraft Hysteria.

The Puritan legacy of hard work and meticulous accounting led to the establishment of a great industrial society; it is no wonder that the American industrial revolution began in Lowell, Massachusetts, but there was the other side, the strange and paranoid attitudes toward those different from the Elect.

The cultural attitudes of that early Elect continue to be voiced in everyday life in the United States: the president of a distinguished university, writing a letter to the *Times,* belittling the study of African civilizations; the television network that promoted its show on the Vatican art with the boast that this art represented "the finest achievements of the human spirit." A modern uptempo state of complex rhythms that depends upon contacts with an international community can no longer behave as if it dwelled in a "Zion Wilderness" surrounded by beasts and pagans.

When I heard a schoolteacher warn the other night about the invasion of the American educational system by foreign curriculums, I wanted to yell at the television set, "Lady, they're already here." It has already begun because

the world is here, The world has been arriving at these shores for at least ten thousand years from Europe, Africa, and Asia. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, large numbers of Europeans arrived, adding their cultures to those of the European, African, and Asian settlers who were already here, and recently millions have been entering the country from South America and the Caribbean, making Yale professor Bob Thompson's bouillabaisse richer and thicker.

One of our most visionary politicians said that he envisioned a time when the United States could become the brain of the world, by which he meant the repository of all of the latest advanced information systems. I thought of that remark when an enterprising poet friend of mine called to say that he had just sold a poem to a computer magazine and that the editors were delighted to get it because they didn't carry fiction or poetry. Is that the kind of world we desire? A humdrum homogeneous world of all brains and no heart, no fiction, no poetry; a world of robots with human attendants bereft of imagination, of culture? Or does North America deserve a more exciting destiny? To become a place where the cultures of the world crisscross. This is possible because the United States is unique in the world: The world is here.

1988

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Write an essay about how a culture other than your own has affected your way of looking at the world.

RESEARCH. Find examples (in addition to the ones Reed identifies) of the ways cultures other than Western culture have influenced contemporary American culture. Report your finding in a documented paper.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that a "blurring of cultural styles" should be encouraged or, conversely, that cultural traditions should be preserved as they are.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Reed's use of rhetorical questions. What effect do they have on the reader.

INVESTIGATIVE. In your city or town, find evidence of multiculturalism. Report your findings in a paper.

17

Economics and Business

Uncooling Consumption

KALLE LASN

On the most basic level, demarketing is simply about not buying. An anticonsumerist lifestyle flat-out repudiates the whole idea of marketing. When you don't buy, you don't buy in to consumer culture. When you don't buy in, corporations lose their hold on you.

One increasingly visible group of people have embraced this idea as a faith. They have looked hard at the way we do things in this country and decided it's no longer their way. Somewhere between the time Faith Popcorn coined the term "cashing out" and the time actor Sherry Stringfleld walked away from the TV show *E.R.* (to rediscover the true meaning of life, a.k.a. leisure time and her partner), the downshifting movement took off. Thousands of Americans now call their lifestyle "voluntary simplicity" (after Duane Elgin's 1981 book of the same name). Some of these downshifters left high-powered jobs and took drastic pay cuts in order to make more time for family, friends, community, meaningful work. Others were wage slaves who simply decided to improve what Vicki Robin and Joe Dominguez, in *Your Money or Your Life,* call their "joy-to-stuff ratio." Away with frantic living, they have declared. Away with the acquisitive, secular culture that causes even the most sensible souls to drift out of plumb. Too much work, too much clutter, too much distance between expectation and outcome, between investment and payoff, between head and heart will spell the end of us. The downshifters concluded that a higher goal than to amass wealth is to concentrate on culture as Alexander Solzhenitsyn defined it: "the development, enrichment and improvement of non-material life." They understand intuitively what statistics bear out: The aggregate level of American life fulfillment peaked in 1957, and with a couple of brief exceptions, it's been downhill from there.

We hear many dramatic downshifting stories: the eight-figure bond trader who, while getting his shoes shined, picks up a copy of *The Tightwad Gazette* or *Living Green* ("Live simply, that all may simply live"), has an epiphany, bails

out of the modern contest and flees to the country to farm hogs or write murder mysteries. But this kind of downshifter is hardly the norm.

Many downshifters had no choice in the matter; they were canned, and that proved to be the best thing that ever happened to them. Alice Kline, whom Juliet Schor describes in The *Overspent American,* was a merchandising director for a high-fashion company. When she was wooed to return to lucrative full-time work after being laid off, Kline insisted on her own terms: chiefly, a four-day workweek. Priceless to her was the freedom to pad around dreamily in her slippers on Friday mornings. Downshifters like Kline cling to the promise of three things: more time, less stress and more balance. It's a fairly uncapitalistic brew, and to my knowledge only one advertiser has ever tried to sell it. In a network TV ad for the Mormon Church some years ago, a little boy walks tentatively into a board-meeting-in-progress, a tableful of men in suits. He shuffles over to the fellow at the end of the table, peers up and says, "Dad, is time really worth money?" The room falls silent. The boy has his father's attention. "Why yes, Jimmy, it is." Whereupon the kid plunks his piggy bank down on the table. "Well, I'd like to play ball after dinner."

Culture jammers are different from all of the downshifters thus far described. They aren't just trying to get themselves off the consumer treadmill and make more time for their kids. They dissent because they have a strong gut feeling that our culture has gone scandalously wrong and they just can't participate in it anymore. The old American dream of endless acquisition sickens them; it enervates them. For jammers downshifting is not simply a way of adjusting our routines; it's adopting a lifestyle of defiance against a culture run amok, a revolutionary step toward a fundamental transformation of the American way of life.

In *Small Is Beautiful,* a key book in the downshifting canon, E. F. Schumacher sets up an exquisitely sensible template for living. The point of life, he says, is "to obtain the maximum of well-being with the minimum of consumption." This idea is so profoundly simple that it may well become the credo—the cool—of the twenty-first century. It applies in all areas of culture, from food to cars to fashion. "It would be the height of folly . . . to go in for complicated tailoring when a much more beautiful effect can be achieved by the skillful draping of uncut material," Schumacher writes. By this reasoning, it's cooler to ride a bike than cruise around in an air-conditioned BMW. Or to wear a plain white T-shirt than, say, a $125 Ashcroft Freddy Couples golf shirt. It's true, of course. And the truly cool have always known it.

1999

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Recount an experience when you have chosen to downshift or have been forced to downshift.

RESEARCH. Find information about several different strategies for downshifting. Write a paper explaining the strengths and weaknesses of each strategy. Document your sources.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper advocating that people should look for ways to downshift or rather that people should try to accumulate as much wealth as possible.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Lasn's use of examples to support his main idea.

INVESTIGATIVE. Examine advertising on television and in magazines. In what ways does that advertising promote acquisitiveness. Create some ads that repudiate acquisitiveness and promote downshifting. One possibility is to create a parody of an ad so that the parody sends a message that is the opposite of the original ad.

Triumphs of Intelligence

JOHN MCMILLAN

On a sidewalk in Hanoi in 1995, a policeman accosts a peddler. Methodically wielding his truncheon, he squashes the melons she had been selling and smashes her wooden cart. A crowd gathers and watches in eerie silence. None of the bystanders tries to intercede: they know not to tangle with the Vietnamese police. Completing his task, the policeman struts off, leaving a mess on the sidewalk. The peddler resignedly picks up a few splintered bits from the wreckage. It is not her first encounter with a sadistic policeman, nor her last. But she has to scrape together a living so she will persevere.

Hanoi's sidewalk peddlers—mostly peasant women in conical straw hats, often with small children in tow—sell fruit and vegetables and small household items. The city people dub the stalls "frog markets" because of the peddlers' agility in fleeing the police, carrying their goods in carts or in baskets on poles slung across their shoulders. The unlucky ones who are caught watch helplessly as the police destroy or steal their merchandise. Those who escape lay out their wares on another street corner. A Communist Party newspaper called on the city government to "sweep those wandering people out of Hanoi." Unregulated trading was anathema to the authorities, but they were unable to suppress it. The vendors' stubbornness reaffirms a Vietnamese proverb: "Trying to stop a market is like trying to stop a river."

Rwandans in refugee camps in Zaire (now the Democratic Republic of Congo), having escaped their country's murderous civil war, immediately turned their home in exile into a locus of bustling commercial activity. Some eighty-two thousand businesses mushroomed in the camps by 1995, according to a report by the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. The

squalor and terror and disease in the camps were rendered slightly less unbearable by the makeshift food markets, general stores, bars, restaurants, bus services, hairdressers, tailors, butchers, photographers, movie theaters, and pharmacies.

Markets sprang up, similarly, in prisoner-of-war camps during the Second World War. The prisoners traded their Red Cross rations of food, cigarettes, and clothing, according to R. A. Radford, a Briton captured by the Germans. In place of money, cigarettes were the medium of exchange and store of value. Prices fluctuated with supply and demand. Food prices rose whenever a new group of hungry prisoners arrived. In the early days, prices fell at the time of the weekly food delivery, but later the prisoners began to hold stocks of food, which smoothed the variations in supply. Some prisoners set themselves up as middlemen, buying in parts of the camp where prices were low and selling where prices were higher; their activities equalized prices. There was even a labor market, with prisoners offering services like laundering and portrait painting, and a rudimentary financial market, with sellers offering credit to buyers.[1]

These improvised marketplaces encapsulate some key features of markets in general. Markets are resilient; a refugee camp or a prison camp may seem improbable locations for a thriving market system. Markets generate gains from trade; one of the most important observations in all of economics is that buying and selling creates value. The Rwandan refugees focused their labor. Some scavenged meat, others grew vegetables; some gathered firewood, others worked as tailors or cooks. Then they traded what they produced. In the prison camp, nonsmokers sold cigarettes to buy food, while vegetarian Indians exchanged canned beef for jam and margarine. The ability to trade meant the refugees and prisoners were better off than if, like Robinson Crusoe, they could consume only their own allocations.

Markets have a way of breaking out. They can operate in hard times. Markets can grow like weeds and work effectively—at least when transactions are straightforward. When their livelihoods are on the line, people are ingenious at finding ways to improve their lot by creating new markets or designing better ones.

* * * *

Even the simplest markets reveal surprising subtleties when looked at up close. Consider the Makola marketplace in the center of Accra, Ghana, as described by Claire Robertson, an Africanist scholar. The stallholders, who are mostly women, sell fish, vegetables, grains, canned foods, and basic household items. They operate on a tiny scale, a typical day's turnover being just a few dollars. The marketplace, housed in several large dirt-floor sheds, is overcrowded and dusty. The press of people, the noise, and the smell of fish overwhelm a visitor.

First impressions are misleading. Primitive as it may look, the Makola market is an intricate system. The stallholders are not just retailers but also

wholesalers: they buy in bulk to sell small quantities to consumers, and they aggregate small purchases for resale to other sellers. They organize the transportation of goods—not a simple matter in a country with inadequate roads and railroads—serving as intermediaries between widely scattered producers and consumers. They do some rudimentary manufacturing: crafting with beads and processing raw materials into foodstuffs, condiments, and cosmetics. They find recycling uses for cans, bottles, and newspapers. Assessing their customers' creditworthiness and granting some of them credit, they take on the role of banks.

Being illiterate, the stallholders must keep their business records in their heads, using impressive powers of memory. They make precise calculations of their input costs so as to keep track of their profits. The price a vendor charges for a string of beads, for example, reflects the price she paid for the beads and thread, the time she or her employee spent stringing the beads, and her target profit margin.

The stallholders have developed their own miniature legal system. Informal property rights have arisen. Although they do not have legal title to their stall space, which is technically owned by the Accra city council, they act as though they do. Spaces are inherited. Often the current stallholder acquired the space from her mother or sister. Spaces are also rented, bought, and sold. Certain respected merchants, called "queen mothers," play the part of judges, arbitrating when disputes arise.

Gains from trade are generated. The vendors make others—as well as themselves—better off by making food available to the urban poor, and by providing income to farmers with which to buy necessities like clothing. Thus they exemplify Adam Smith's analysis of the merchant: "By pursuing his own interest he frequently promotes that of society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it."

The Makola marketplace has continued to operate despite periodic, sometimes violent attempts by the Ghanaian government to shut it down. These attempts reached a height of brutality in 1979 after the military government accused marketplace traders of violating its price controls. Soldiers looted the stalls and then dynamited the marketplace. Later, in the town of Kumasi, soldiers armed with machine guns raided the marketplace and beat up the traders. Accusing one of profiteering, a soldier ripped her baby off her back and shot her. Bulldozers then ground the marketplace stalls into the dust. A soldier remarked, "That will teach Ghanaian women to stop being wicked."

The Ghanaian government, invoking the "market women menace," was using the merchants as a scapegoat for its own policy failures, which had led to severe shortages and inflation. Newspapers parroted the government's line. One described the market demolition as a "happy tragedy" which produced "tears of joy in the worker, the common man," who was "helpless at the hands of the unfeeling Makola conspirators" (that is, the vendors).

Within a week the merchants were back where their stalls had been, selling their fish and vegetables, though now without a roof over them. The Makola traders' accomplishments, Robertson wrote, "have been triumphs of intelligence, determination, and sometimes desperation."[2]

An American case of the spontaneous development of markets came during Prohibition. From 1920 to 1933 it was illegal to sell alcohol in the United States. In spite of the law—or perhaps because of it—the liquor trade flourished, as respectable people flocked to illicit bars, or speakeasies.

Prohibition had its costs. Thirsty drinkers paid exorbitant prices, as the need to do business covertly meant transaction costs were high. Prices were pushed up threefold. Some of the liquor was toxic, manufactured from dubious ingredients. Gangsters like Al Capone tried to monopolize the liquor trade, murdering their rivals and corrupting police officers.

Despite all its efforts, the government utterly failed to squelch the alcohol market. Alcohol consumption, toward the end of the Prohibition era, was still about two-thirds its pre-Prohibition level. "Detesting the interference with their liberties, sober and high-minded Americans, who had hardly ever touched liquor before, now made it almost a point of honor," says Scottish historian Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, "to drink on all social occasions."[3] The bizarre episode that was Prohibition brings to mind a line from Robert Burns: "freedom and whisky go together."

* * * *

The marketplace for secondhand books has been transformed. Many millions of old books are available for sale via the internet. Search engines allow you to quickly find whatever you are looking for, no matter how obscure. Merely by setting up a web site, anyone can sell to the world. Musty bookshops are now global players.

Out-of-print books on the abstruse topic of New Zealand rugby are not easily found in the United States. From my home in California, however, I was able to assemble an extensive collection. Once this would have been difficult if not impossible; the internet made it easy. I tracked down the books not only in New Zealand but also in the United Kingdom, South Africa, France, Australia, and Canada. I found a rare copy of the best rugby book ever written, the 1906 classic *The Complete Rugby Footballer on the New Zealand System* by Dave Gallaher and Billy Stead, offered by a bookshop in Swansea, Wales. Without the internet, to obtain such a book would have taken innumerable letters and telephone calls, and I might not have bothered. Because of the internet, that Swansea bookshop had my business.

In other words, certain kinds of transaction costs have been lowered by the internet: the cost of acquiring information, the time, effort, and money needed to learn what is available where and at what price. The transaction costs of buying out-of-print books in pre-internet days were high. Now all you have to do is point and click."

The internet has made possible global markets for all kinds of goods that previously had only local markets. In pre-internet days, if you collected eigh-

teenth-century snuffboxes, to assuage your obsession you might have driven from small town to small town to rummage through dusty antique shops and flea markets. Only rarely would you have stumbled upon the object of your dreams. With the internet, locating snuffboxes anywhere in the world is no longer difficult.

The growth of the internet has spurred the quest for new methods of transacting. Drawing on the internet's speedy two-way communication, a myriad of mechanisms have been concocted to make buying and selling easier. At the internet auction site eBay, for example, bidders feverishly compete for everything from junk to high art.

It all began in 1995, when Pierre Omidyar set up a web site called AuctionWeb for people wanting to exchange information about collectibles and to make trades. Legend has it that his initial goal was to sell his girlfriend's collection of Pez dispensers. The site's services were initially offered free of charge, as a service to the public. After six months' explosive growth in usage, based on word-of-mouth recommendations, Omidyar began charging a fee, a small percentage of the sale price, to cover his costs of running the web site. Payment was left up to the honesty of the seller, but the checks rolled in. He gave up his day job and was joined in the firm by Jeffrey Skoll. Together they developed the auction software and the customer-support infrastructure. "We would work virtually anywhere we could find an office," Skoll recalled. 'We started off in Omidyar's living room, then we moved to my living room." They initially contemplated focusing on a particular market segment, such as coins or stamps. "In the early days, our strategy changed by the day," said Skoll. They finally decided not to specialize, but to let anyone sell anything.

With the auction system reengineered to handle the massive volume of traffic, they relaunched AuctionWeb as eBay in September 1997. Less than two years later eBay's stock market value reached $22 billion. The business press proclaimed eBay's reinvention of markets. *Business Week* said that, with its online auctions, "eBay has single-handedly created a new market." According to the *Economist,* "Internet auctioneers such as eBay may be the instigators of a revolutionary leap forward in the efficiency of the price mechanism."[5]

The eBay web site is a high-tech flea market. It has over 42 million registered users; the typical user spends twenty minutes a day on the site. Around five million auctions are running on any given day, selling everything from cast-offs to fine art. As I write this, for example, there are nearly fifteen hundred items listed under the heading "Victorian tradecards"—which, it turns out, are a nineteenth-century version of junk mail.

eBay has created a global market for goods that previously had a purely local market. It has even created markets for goods that previously had none. Among the stranger items that have been listed are a bucketful of dirt from Texas, two hundred thousand pounds of assorted knit fabrics, a parking space for one week near downtown San Francisco, sand from *Baywatch,* and a tee-shirt saying "I sold my soul on eBay."

One of the secrets of eBay's success was in recognizing that the internet, by making it easy for buyers and sellers to get together, created new possibilities for trading knickknacks of all kinds. The other secret of its success was in building a user-friendly and flexible auction mechanism. Pre-internet auctions had the disadvantage that they required the potential buyers to assemble in one place. (Bids were sometimes made by telephone or fax, but this was clumsy.) Bidders in an eBay auction get together only in cyberspace.

eBay lowered the costs of transacting enough that people anywhere wanting to trade low-value items are able to deal directly with each other. Its popularity induced others to start offering internet auctions. Now, at hundreds of different auction sites, people bid for computer equipment, antiques, fine art, stamps, toys, jewelry, travel services, real estate, and wine. eBay showed that the internet and auctions were made for each other.

The internet auctions brought active trade in goods that had been traded rarely. Old bathing caps, painted plaster hula girls, and plastic lunchboxes suddenly acquired value. People who used to think of such paraphernalia as worthless clutter in their attics learned, through eBay, how much collectors were willing to pay for it. Usually this caused prices to rise, but not always. The prices of first editions of contemporary mass-market novels by authors like John Grisham, Anne Rice, and Tom Clancy collapsed.[8] Before internet auctions, a collector might have paid $75 in a used-book shop for a 1980 edition of Stephen King's *Firestarter,* Auctions on eBay and its competitors made ordinary readers aware of the value of their books gathering dust on their bookshelves. The market was flooded and the price of a book like *Firestarter* fell to around $30. Like any competitive market, the internet auctions generate information about the value of the goods traded, and sometimes there are surprises.

* * * *

What do the founders of eBay have in common with the Makola merchants? Each set up exchange mechanisms to generate gains from trade. Where markets are absent, mutual gains can be realized by establishing them. Where they are present, further gains are sometimes to be had by finding ways to make them work better.

People have forever been devising new markets and improving existing ones. Innovations in economic organization can be as productive as technological innovations. The two kinds of innovation sometimes go hand in hand. The Aalsmeer auction house, for example, made the worldwide trade in flowers feasible by using new information technology to automate its sales procedures and speed up the handling of the flowers.

While the internet has linked people more closely than ever before, this is not the first or even the biggest such transformation. Earlier advances in communications technology had a similar effect in broadening markets. "The telegraph and the printing-press," observed the magazine *Contemporary Review* in 1886, "have converted Great Britain into a vast agora, or assembly of the whole community." The postal service, the railroads, the telephone, and

radio and television all in their own way transformed communications. In his 1847 *Principles of Communism* Friedrich Engels remarked of the industrial revolution, "big industry has brought all the people of the earth into contact with each other, has merged all local markets into one world market."

Engels was not enamored of the reinventing of markets, of course, but it is inexorable. Potential gains are missed if a transaction cost of some kind impedes buying and selling, so there is a profit opportunity in finding a way to lower that cost. Novel market devices appear. Someone may design a whole new marketplace. Or, through the separate actions of many, the market's rules and procedures gradually emerge or change.

Entire sectors of a modem economy are devoted to organizing transactions. The retail and wholesale trades and the advertising, insurance, and finance industries exist not to manufacture things but to facilitate transacting. These activities are a large part of any modern economy, accounting in the United States for one-fourth of the gross national product.[7] Innovating in any of these sectors means discovering a way to reduce the costs of transacting.

Resourceful entrepreneurs have long profited by finding ways to make markets more productive. Businesspeople often act as market designers. Their innovations are sometimes subtle, but they are sometimes very simple—or look so after the event. The shopkeeper who dreamed up the money back guarantee, for example, made commerce work better for everyone by reducing consumers' uncertainty while also, no doubt, earning a return for himself on his bright idea. This innovation is sometimes credited to Potter Palmer, the founder of the retailer Marshall Field and Co., who in 1861 advertised in the *Chicago Tribune*, "Purchases made at my establishment that prove unsatisfactory either in price, quality or style, can be returned to the cashier's desk, for which the purchase money will be with pleasure returned."[8]

* * * *

In eighteenth-century New York, stocks and bonds were traded haphazardly. Anyone wanting to buy or sell securities had to search for someone to trade with: by word of mouth, by advertising in a newspaper, or by just dallying in a coffeehouse until the right person appeared. In 1792, one John Sutton, sensing an opportunity, organized a securities exchange at 22 Wall Street, which was then a muddy lane. Sellers would bring in their stocks and bonds each morning, and at noon Sutton would auction them for a commission. Sutton's auction, which he called the Stock Exchange Office, sparked the growth of modern financial markets, for it grew to be the New York Stock Exchange.

The changeover was rapid. Sutton's auctions lost their effectiveness because other traders began to free-ride on them. The interlopers would attend the auctions merely to observe the going prices, then they would hold their own sales, offering the securities at lower commission rates and taking business away from Sutton. This practice soon became self-defeating, as it meant too few securities were passing through Sutton's auctions for the bids to be meaningful guides to the securities' true value.

To solve this problem, twenty-four of Wall Street's most prominent brokers agreed to form a new auction. They would trade securities at fixed fees. They would not buy or sell in other auctions but only among themselves. For a while they held their securities auctions in the street, then as winter approached, they moved into the Merchant's Coffee House. Later they constructed their own building.

They formulated from scratch the rules governing how securities were bought and sold, and set up methods of contract enforcement and dispute settlement. Membership in the stock exchange was restricted and lucrative, so the brokers were able to regulate themselves on the sanction of expulsion. Members who defaulted on contracts were barred. Nonmembers who reneged on contracts with members were blacklisted. Under its new rules, the market in securities flourished.[9]

A half-century before Sutton began his auction, rice merchants in Osaka, Japan, had already set up the world's first futures market. Rice was so important in Japan at the time that it was almost a form of currency in itself. The idea of forward trading—buying now goods that are to be delivered later—is said to have originated around 1620 when a Nagoya rice merchant named Chozaemon met a friend from Sendai, in the north of Japan, who was passing through Nagoya on a pilgrimage. The friend reported that the rice harvest in the north was going to be bad. Chozaemon promptly bought the future Nagoya-area rice harvest, paying the farmers 10 percent upfront and owing them the rest. After the harvest came in, he stored the rice for several months, selling it for a tidy profit once the north's poor harvest had driven prices up.

Learning from Chozaemon's example, the Osaka rice merchants over the next century instituted the sophisticated characteristics we now see in any modern futures market, like the Chicago Board of Trade. The association of traders governing the marketplace designed the rules. Contract terms came to be standardized, so the futures contracts could be readily traded; the contracts specified quantity, delivery date, and harvest location. Prices were set by auction. Trades were recorded in a market "book." The market was self-regulating; traders who broke the rules were expelled. Clearinghouses were formed to certify transactions. Acting simultaneously as seller to the contract buyer and buyer to the contract seller, the clearinghouses reduced the risks of default. There was even a financial news service: the daily price data were speeded around Japan by flag semaphore, carrier pigeons, and smoke signals.

The Osaka market had evolved to meet the needs of its participants. By trading futures contracts, cash-strapped growers could obtain funds before the rice was harvested, and cautious rice buyers could protect themselves against future price rises. It also provided a venue for investors to back their hunches, as the seventeenth-century novelist Ihara Saikaku recorded: "People bought and sold by speculating based on the condition of the sky, the evening winds, and the morning rains."[10]

Innovations in financial markets are ongoing. When a new company first goes public, via an initial public offering (IPO), the shares are conventionally sold at a fixed price. Since shares have not been traded before the offering, the investment bank setting the price has little on which to base its estimate of the company's value. In most cases, the price is set well below the level the stock market subsequently reveals the value to be. The ninety Silicon Valley companies that went public in 2000, for example, were listed for an average price of $16. The price at which they were trading at the end of the day of issue averaged $28. With the price rising immediately after the IPO by more than three-fourths, the investors fortunate enough to have purchased the initial offerings made remarkably quick and sizeable profits. William Hambrecht, head of the San Francisco firm W. R. Hambrecht and Co., believes there is a better way to price initial offerings. The investment banks deliberately induce a jump in the share price, he says, by underpricing the initial offering. They offer the shares to their favored clients, virtually guaranteeing them a healthy profit. They get a kickback in return, as the clients direct their future business to the investment bank. This way of running IPOs, in Hambrecht's view, is unfair to the firm's original owners and to small investors, who are excluded. He says, "There's a real scam going on."

In place of the fixed share price, Hambrecht's firm designed what it calls an open IPO, with an online auction of shares. The auction is a modified form of the Dutch auction, as used in the Aalsmeer flower market. Investors place bids for the number of shares they want to own and the price they want to pay. The price that emerges from this competitive market process aggregates the information and beliefs about the firm's value held by all investors interested enough to submit bids. The open IPO, Hambrecht says, "delivers a price that is a lot closer to the real market demand than an artificially negotiated price." While "the original business model was to see if we could put together the breadth and power of the web with an auction process," the difficult part of it was getting "a different pricing mechanism in a market that was used to negotiated pricing." The open IPO is "inherently a more efficient and cheaper process."

An early sign of the potential of IPO auctions was the enraged reaction from those doing business in the entrenched way. An industry observer remarked of Hambrecht, "Other investment banks act as though he's the anti-Christ"[11] While entering the IPO business and dissuading issuing firms from using the big-name investment banks was an arduous process, the new way of running IPOs won a few early converts, as firms like the online magazine *Salon.com* in 1999 and Peet's Coffee & Tea in 2001 chose to go public via open IPOs. The jury is still out, at the time of writing, on whether the auction IPO is a durable innovation in market design. The investment bankers argue that with the traditional form of IPO they perform a valuable service: by setting the share price, they are certifying the company's worth, saving investors the trouble of investigating for themselves. The traditional IPO, its defenders say, is efficiently adapted to the realities of the new-issue marketplace. The

auction IPO may or may not pass the market test of survival. Either way, it exemplifies marketplace experimentation.

* * * *

Rembrandt was an innovator not only in painting but also in commerce. He helped establish a full-fledged art market in seventeenth-century Amsterdam. "Rembrandt's obsession with the intricacies of the market system permeated his life and his work," according to the art historian Svetlana Alpers. Earlier, artists were not free agents but were dependent on rich and powerful patrons. Rembrandt determinedly worked to end the patronage system and to build in its place a market sustained by a broad range of art buyers. Part of his aim was higher prices for his work, but he also recognized that the competitive marketplace brought him more artistic autonomy than being beholden to a small number of patrons. Rembrandt, Alpers says, "was using the marketplace to add honor to art."

Composers in Germany a century or so later switched from being long-term employees of aristocratic patrons to producing for the open market. As employees, they wrote works as assigned, and their compositions belonged not to them but to their masters. Handel and Telemann were vocal in their dislike of being subject to their employers' whims, and they paved the way for Mozart and subsequent composers to work freelance. In a 1781 letter to his father, Mozart said, doubtless exaggerating somewhat, "Believe me, my sole purpose is to make as much money as possible; for after good health it is the best thing to have." Selling his compositions to sheet-music publishers, offering music lessons, and charging fees for the performance of his works in public concerts, Mozart earned his living as an entrepreneur in the marketplace. In so doing, says the cognitive psychologist Howard Gardner, Mozart laid "a foundation of independence and self-initiated creation."[12] Mozart saw the market as offering him creative freedom.

The key feature of markets of all kinds is brought home when we look at the growth of new market mechanisms. Benefiting both buyer and seller, any transaction creates value. (Since either party can veto the deal, it must be making both of them better off, in their own eyes, than not trading.) Buying and selling is therefore a form of creation. Elementary as this point is, its importance cannot be overstated. There are gains from trade, and people are relentless in finding ways to realize them.

From fine art to finance, from eBay's online auctions to the Rwandan refugee-camp commerce, new markets are continually being built from the bottom up. Entrepreneurs, restlessly thinking up more efficient ways of transacting, play the part of market designers.

It is not just entrepreneurs who act as market designers. Market design also comes from the top down, with the government taking the lead—sometimes, as we will see next, driven by pressure from their constituents.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Tell of an experience you have had selling something.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper about some company or companies that have started up in the last year or so.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper defending or refuting the claim that shoppers should take advantage of e-commerce.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper discussing McMillan's use of narrative to develop his thesis.

INVESTIGATIVE. Identify and discuss cultural variations in businesses in your area. For instance, how do some businesses accommodate the ethnic mixes of their customers? How does a business owned by a member of a particular ethnic group differ from other businesses of the same type?

Economy

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Before I finished my house, wishing to earn ten or twelve dollars by some honest and agreeable method, in order to meet my unusual expenses, I planted about two acres and a half of light and sandy soil near it chiefly with beans, but also a small part with potatoes, corn, peas, and turnips. The whole lot contains eleven acres, mostly growing up to pines and hickories, and was sold the preceding season for eight dollars and eight cents an acre. One farmer said that it was "good for nothing but to raise cheeping squirrels on." I put no manure whatever on this land, not being the owner, but merely a squatter, and not expecting to cultivate so much again, and I did not quite hoe it all once. I got out several cords of stumps in ploughing, which supplied me with fuel for a long time, and left small circles of virgin mould, easily distinguishable through the summer by the greater luxuriance of the beans there. The dead and for the most part unmerchantable wood behind my house, and the driftwood from the pond, have supplied the remainder of my fuel. I was obliged to hire a team and a man for the ploughing, though I held the plough myself. My farm outgoes for the first season were, for implements, seed, work, etc., $14 1/2. The seed corn was given me. This never costs any thing to speak of, unless you plant more than enough. I got twelve bushels of beans, and eighteen bushels of potatoes, beside some peas and sweet corn. The yellow corn and turnips were too late to come to any thing. My whole income from the farm was

	$23 44.
Deducting the outgoes, ...	14 72 1/2
There are left, ...	$ 8 71 1/2,

beside produce consumed and on hand at the time this estimate was made of the value of $4 50—the amount on hand much more than balancing a little grass which I did not raise. All things considered, that is, considering the importance of a man's soul and of to-day, notwithstanding the short time occupied by my experiment, nay, partly even because of its transient character, I believe that that was doing better than any farmer in Concord did that year.

The next year I did better still, for I spaded up all the land which I required, about a third of an acre, and I learned from the experience of both years, not being in the least awed by many celebrated works on husbandry, Arthur Young among the rest, that if one would live simply and eat only the crop which he raised, and raise no more than he ate, and not exchange it for an insufficient quantity of more luxurious and expensive things, he would need to cultivate only a few rods of ground, and that it would be cheaper to spade up that than to use oxen to plough it, and to select a fresh spot from time to time than to manure the old, and he could do all his necessary farm work as it were with his left hand at odd hours in the summer; and thus he would not be tied to an ox, or horse, or cow, or pig, as at present. I desire to speak impartially on this point, and as one not interested in the succer or failure of the present economical and social arrangements. I was more independent than any farmer in Concord, for I was not anchored to a house or farm, but could follow the bent of my genius, which is a very crooked one, every moment. Beside being better off than they already, if my house had been burned or my crops had failed, I should have been nearly as well off as before.

I am wont to think that men are not so much the keepers of herds as herds are the keepers of men, the former are so much the freer. Men and oxen exchange work; but if we consider necessary work only, the oxen will be seen to have greatly the advantage, their farm is so much the larger. Man does some of his part of the exchange work in his six weeks of having, and it is no boy's play. Certainly no nation that lived simply in all respects, that is, no nation of philosophers, would commit so great a blunder as to use the labor of animals. True, there never was and is not likely soon to be a nation of philosophers, nor am I certain it is desirable that there should be. However, I should never have broken a horse or bull and taken him to board for any work he might do for me, for fear I should become a horse-man or a herds-man merely; and if society seems to be the gainer by so doing, are we certain that what is one man's gain is not another's loss, and that the stable-boy has equal cause with his master to be satisfied? Granted that some public works would not have been constructed without this aid, and let man share the glory of such with the ox and horse; does it follow that he could not have accomplished works yet more worthy of him-self in that case? When men begin to do, not merely unnecessary or artistic, but luxurious and idle work, with their assistance, it is inevitable that a few do all the exchange work with the oxen, or, in other words, become the slaves of the strongest. Man thus not only works for the animal within him, but, for a symbol of this, he works for the animal without him.

1854

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Examine the ways material possessions control your life.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper explaining different ways of organizing things (closets, files, time, etc.). Document your sources.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that people should not depend so much on material possessions.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Thoreau's argument.

INVESTIGATIVE. Create a plan for organizing your life. Report your findings in a paper.

Global Capitalism

LESTER C. THUROW

Technology accelerated the development of today's global economy, but social attitudes and the government actions that flowed from those attitudes created the global economy.

The United States in particular with its history of isolationism could easily have become after World War II the modern equivalent of China's Middle Kingdom. It was wealthy; it was militarily dominant; it had the protection of large oceans to the east and west, and large, friendly, militarily weak neighbors to the north and south. Economically, it did not need the rest of the world for anything. It would have been very easy for the United States to fall back into its historic isolationism. Even after communism arose as the enemy, there were important political leaders who wanted it to do so.

In the McCarthy era, Americans made communism into an inside threat and during the cold war Americans saw communism as an outside military threat, but the reality was that communism was never either an inside political threat to "take over" in America or an outside military force that directly threatened to conquer America. There were inside political threats and outside military threats elsewhere in the world (Italy, France, West Germany, South Korea), but they were only indirect threats to America if America decided it wanted to be the global leader of an anti-Communist military bloc. If it wanted to retreat into isolation, it was not directly threatened by communism. In the end it was probably the indirect threat global communism posed for global capitalism that tipped the balance away from isolationism to internationalism.

But it is not just in the United States that the post-World War II world would have been very different without the threat of communism. If Europe had had no inside challenges from socialism and no outside military threats from communism, Europe would have had both the internal cohesion and the economic resources to regain and maintain its prewar colonial empires.

Even facing external communism and internal socialism, countries like France and Great Britain retreated from their colonial empires with great reluctance, under military pressure, and facing enormous U.S. pressure—a pressure that would not have existed if the United States had not believed that colonialism was inconsistent with fighting communism. The British-French invasion of Egypt to retake the Suez Canal and their subsequent retreat under American pressure dramatically symbolizes both what they would have liked to do and their inability to do it without American support. Without American support, they simply had to retreat from their colonies. Without the threat of communism, colonialism would have lasted much longer than it did.

The outside threat, communism, was a one-world ideology. It was an "ecumenical," not a national event. In Marx's vision a universal Communist ideology would sweep away national politics and create a unified global social system with worldwide egalitarian standards of living. In his eyes nationalism was one of the key enemies of communism. Attachments to nations would have to be crushed and replaced with one-world communism. "Like the early Christians, most pre-1914 socialists were believers in the great apocalyptic change which would abolish all that was evil and bring about a society without unhappiness, oppression, inequality and injustice." There was even serious talk in the late 1940s when communism had just extended its grip to Eastern Europe and China of everyone formally joining the Soviet Union and creating one big Communist country that would eventually expand to include everyone on the face of the globe.

In the aftermath of Sputnik when Khrushchev was pounding his shoe on his desk at the United Nations, when the Soviet Union was believed to be economically growing faster than the United States, when China was the model for development in the third world, and when communism had just come to the Western Hemisphere in Cuba, the global threat to capitalism was taken very seriously. One-country capitalistic responses clearly weren't good enough. Something global had to be put in place to "contain" global communism.

While the Communist world did not become a single country, the existence of a competitive ideology preaching a global approach forced the capitalistic economies into a defensive, you-have-to-be-one-to-fight-one global mentality. Worldwide military alliances were needed. Economic growth outside of the United States became more important to the United States than economic growth within the United States, since the United States needed wealthy partners who could afford to share the military manpower burdens that were necessary to contain communism more than it needed to raise its already very high standards of living.

Some of the GATT-Bretton Woods system (The World Bank, the International Monetary Fund [IMF], "most favored nation" [MFN] trading rules) was designed before the Iron Curtain came down, but its eventual shape (a series of trading rounds dismantling tariffs and quotas, U.S. leadership and management, the United States as a global economic locomotive, and an open Ameri-

can market where everyone could sell their goods) was formed in the "heat" of the cold war. Having America as a large, open, rich market was particularly important, since it is far easier to become rich by selling things to wealthy people than by selling to poor people. Since there was only one large group of rich people on the face of the earth after World War II, access to the U.S. market was a prize worth winning. The United States could use that ability to grant or deny access to its market to tie people elsewhere in the world into the American system.

If one looks at the countries that have become rich since World War II, all of them have gone through a period of time when their exports focused on the American market. In the 1960s, 35 percent of Japan's exports were coming to America and in the 1980s, 48 percent of the Asian dragons' (Hong Kong, Taiwan, South Korea, and Singapore) exports were coming to the United States. China is doing the same in the 1990s. In the last ten years more than 50 percent of its increase in exports have come to the United States.

Although the Marshall Plan was not formally part of the GATT-Bretton Woods system, the same forces brought it into existence. It brought huge amounts of aid to the formerly wealthy war-torn countries that fought World War II. Both old enemies (Germany, Japan, Italy) and old allies (Great Britain, France, the Netherlands) had to be rapidly rebuilt to preserve capitalism and to allow them to afford to support the large military establishments necessary to contain communism.

Foreign aid was for the poor what the Marshall Plan was for the rich. Prior to World War II the term "foreign aid" did not exist. The purpose of third world colonies was to make colonial powers rich—not the reverse. In the context of the cold war, foreign aid was designed to give third world nations an incentive to try capitalistic development at a time when many believed that socialistic development was the only viable route into the first world.

In the development of the GATT-Bretton Woods system, the Marshall Plan, and foreign aid, there was always a mixture of motives but the mix gradually came to be dominated by anticommunism. Economic aid and open markets were given to keep countries within the U.S. orbit of influence and outside the orbit of Soviet influence. It would be nice to say that the aid went only to those who believed in democracy and capitalism but it would not be true. Aid went to those who agreed to stay out of the Communist orbit regardless of whether they were dictatorships or whether they believed in market economies. Foreign aid was often defended as a cheap way to buy anti-Communist troops.

With communism dead, the threats that were instrumental in producing a global capitalistic economy are over. But historic paths make a difference. Whether a global economy would have been built without the presence of a Communist threat can be debated, but that debate does not change today's reality that a global economy exists. Stopping its development might not have been hard at the beginning, but dismantling it now would be very difficult—

most likely impossible. A global economy now shapes everyone's view of the world and alters how each of us thinks. Everyone faces a new reality. Everyone is mutually interdependent and linked in very different patterns of supply and demand than might otherwise have existed. Powerful institutions (world banks, multinational firms, international institutions) are in place with a vested interest in maintaining themselves and their environment. Getting rid of the existing world economy would require some painful structural readjustments. Export industries would have to be shrunk. Import-competing industries would have to be expanded. Huge economic losses would be forced on those who earn their living as exporters or importers in the existing global economy. Not being able to take advantage of the comparative advantage inherent in foreign trade, the prices of some products (for example, oil) would rise dramatically and those who buy such products would find themselves with much reduced real incomes. In a very real sense the global economy has become physically embodied in our ports, airports, and telecommunications systems. But most important, it is embodied in our mind-sets.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Discuss how you feel about some aspect of globalization.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper explaining some of the effects of globalization. Document your sources.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that we should embrace globalization or conversely that we should encourage local production of necessities.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Thurow's use of cause and effect.

INVESTIGATIVE. Examine your possessions and determine where they were made. In a paper explain what this information reveals about the global economy.

18
Politics and Law

I'd Rather Be Black Than Female

SHIRLEY CHISHOLM

Being the first black woman elected to Congress has made me some kind of phenomenon. There are nine other blacks in Congress; there are ten other women. I was the first to overcome both handicaps at once. Of the two handicaps, being black is much less of a drawback than being female.

If I said that being black is a greater handicap than being a woman, probably no one would question me. Why? Because "we all know" there is prejudice against black people in America. That there is prejudice against women is an idea that still strikes nearly all men—and, I am afraid, most women—as bizarre.

Prejudice against blacks was invisible to most white Americans for many years. When blacks finally started to "mention" it, with sit-ins, boycotts, and freedom rides, Americans were incredulous. "Who, us?" they asked in injured tones. "We're prejudiced?" It was the start of a long, painful reeducation for white America. It will take years for whites—including those who think of themselves as liberals—to discover and eliminate the racist attitudes they all actually have.

How much harder will it be to eliminate the prejudice against women? I am sure it will be a longer struggle. Part of the problem is that women in America are much more brainwashed and content with their roles as second-class citizens than blacks ever were.

Let me explain. I have been active in politics for more than twenty years. For all but the last six, I have done the work—all the tedious details that make the difference between victory and defeat on election day—while men reaped the rewards, which is almost invariably the lot of women in politics.

It is still women—about three million volunteers—who do most of this work in the American political world. The best any of them can hope for is the honor of being district or county vice-chairman, a kind of separate-but-equal position with which a woman is rewarded for years of faithful envelope stuffing and card-party organizing. In such a job, she gets a number of free trips to state and sometimes national meetings and conventions, where her role is supposed to be to vote the way her male chairman votes.

When I tried to break out of that role in 1963 and run for the New York State Assembly seat from Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant, the resistance was bitter. From the start of that campaign, I faced undisguised hostility because of my sex.

But it was four years later, when I ran for Congress, that the question of my sex became a major issue. Among members of my own party, closed meetings were held to discuss ways of stopping me.

My opponent, the famous civil-rights leader James Farmer, tried to project a black, masculine image; he toured the neighborhood with sound trucks filled with young men wearing Afro haircuts, dashikis, and beards. While the television crews ignored me, they were not aware of a very important statistic, which both I and my campaign manager, Wesley MacD. Holder, knew. In my district there are 2.5 women for every man registered to vote. And those women are organized—in PTAs, church societies, card clubs, and other social and service groups. I went to them and asked their help. Mr. Farmer still doesn't quite know what hit him.

When a bright young woman graduate starts looking for a job, why is the first question always: "Can you type?" A history of prejudice lies behind that question. Why are women thought of as secretaries, not administrators? Librarians and teachers, but not doctors and lawyers? Because they are thought of as different and inferior. The happy homemaker and the contented darky are both stereotypes produced by prejudice.

Women have not even reached the level of tokenism that blacks are reaching. No women sit on the Supreme Court. Only two have held Cabinet rank, and none do at present. Only two women hold ambassadorial rank. But women predominate in the lower-paying, menial, unrewarding, dead-end jobs, and when they do reach better positions, they are invariably paid less than a man gets for the same job.

If that is not prejudice, what would you call it?

A few years ago, I was talking with a political leader about a promising young woman as a candidate. "Why invest time and effort to build the girl up?" he asked me. "You know she'll only drop out of the game to have a couple of kids just about the time we're ready to run her for mayor."

Plenty of people have said similar things about me. Plenty of others have advised me, every time I tried to take another upward step, that I should go back to teaching, a woman's vocation, and leave politics to the men. I love teaching, and I am ready to go back to it as soon as I am convinced that this country no longer needs a woman's contribution.

When there are no children going to bed hungry in this rich nation, I may be ready to go back to teaching. When there is a good school for every child, I may be ready. When we do not spend our wealth on hardware to murder people, when we no longer tolerate prejudice against minorities, and when the laws against unfair housing and unfair employment practices are enforced instead of evaded, then there may be nothing more for me to do in politics.

But until that happens—and we all know it will not be this year or next—what we need is more women in politics, because we have a very special

contribution to make. I hope that the example of my success will convince other women to get into politics—and not just to stuff envelopes, but to run for office.

It is women who can bring empathy, tolerance, insight, patience, and persistence to government—the qualities we naturally have or have had to develop because of our suppression by men. The women of a nation mold its morals, its religion, and its politics by the lives they live. At present, our country needs women's idealism and determination, perhaps more in politics than anywhere else.

1970

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Discuss a woman you admire.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper explaining the effects of discrimination against women.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that women should either become active in one of the political parties or organize themselves outside traditional politics.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Chisholm's use of examples. How do they support her main idea?

INVESTIGATIVE. Compare two women political leaders. Discuss their similarities and differences. What makes each of them successful? Report your findings in a paper.

Shouting "Fire!"

$&04>tU+g"fin!"

ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

When the Reverend Jerry Falwell learned the Supreme Court had reversed his $200,000 judgment against *Hustler* magazine for the emotional distress that he had suffered from an outrageous parody, his response was typical of those who seek to censor speech: "Just as no person may scream 'Fire!' in a crowded theater when there is no fire, and find cover under the First Amendment, likewise, no sleazy merchant like Larry Flynt should be able to use the First Amendment as an excuse for maliciously and dishonestly attacking public figures, as he has so often done."

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's classic example of unprotected speech—falsely shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater—has been invoked so often, by so many people, in such diverse contexts, that it has become part

of our national folk language. It has even appeared-most appropriately—in the theater: in Tom Stoppard's play Rosencrantz and *Guildenstern Are Dead a* character shouts "Fire!" He then quickly explains: "It's all right-I'm demonstrating the misuse of free speech." Shouting "Fire!" in the theater may well be the only jurisprudential analogy that has assumed the status of a folk argument. A prominent historian recently characterized it as "the most brilliantly persuasive expression that ever came from Holmes' pen." But in spite of its hallowed position in both the jurisprudence of the First Amendment and the arsenal of political discourse, it is and was an inapt analogy, even in the context in which it was originally offered. It has lately become—despite, perhaps even because of, the frequency and promiscuousness of its invocation—little more than a caricature of logical argumentation.

The case that gave rise to the "Fire!"-in-a-crowded-theater analogy—*Schenck v. United States*—involved the prosecution of Charles Schenck, who was the general secretary of the Socialist Party in Philadelphia, and Elizabeth Baer, who was its recording secretary. In 1917 a jury found Schenck and Baer guilty of attempting to cause insubordination among soldiers who had been drafted to fight in the First World War. They and other party mem bers had circulated leaflets urging draftees not to "submit to intimidation" by fighting in a war being conducted on behalf of "Wall Street's chosen few." Schenck admitted, and the Court found, that the intent of the pamphlets' "impassioned language" was to "influence" draftees to resist the draft. Interestingly, however, Justice Holmes noted that nothing in the pamphlet suggested that the draftees should use unlawful means to oppose conscription: "In form at least [the pamphlet] confined itself to peaceful measures, such as petition for the repeal of the act" and an exhortation to exercise "your right to assert your opposition to the draft." Many of its most impassioned words were quoted directly from the Constitution.

Justice Holmes acknowledged that "in many places and in ordinary times the defendants, in saying all that was said in the circular, would have been within their constitutional rights." "But," he added, "the character of every act depends upon the circumstances in which it done." And to illustrate that truism he went on to say,

> The most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting fire in a theater, and causing a panic. It does not even protect a man from an injunction against uttering words that may have all the effect of force.

Justice Holmes then upheld the convictions in the context of a wartime draft, holding that the pamphlet created "a clear and present danger" of hindering the war effort while our soldiers were fighting for their lives and our liberty.

The example of shouting "Fire!" obviously bore little relationship to the facts of the Schenck case. The Schenck pamphlet contained a substantive

political message. It urged its draftee readers to *think* about the message and then—if they so chose—to act on it in a lawful and nonviolent way. The man who shouts "Fire!" in a crowded theater is neither sending a political message nor inviting his listener to think about what he has said and decide what to do in a rational, calculated manner. On the contrary, the message is designed to force action *without* contemplation. The message "Fire!" is directed not to the mind and the conscience of the listener but, rather, to his adrenaline and his feet. It is a stimulus to immediate *action,* not thoughtful reflection. It is—as Justice Holmes recognized in his follow-up sentence—the functional equivalent of "uttering words that may have all the effect of force."

Indeed, in that respect the shout of "Fire!" is not even speech, in any meaningful sense of that term. It is a *clang* sound—the equivalent of setting off a nonverbal alarm. Had Justice Holmes been more honest about his example, he would have said that freedom of speech does not protect a kid who pulls a fire alarm in the absence of a fire. But that obviously would have been irrelevant to the case at hand. The proposition that pulling an alarm is not protected speech certainly leads to the conclusion that shouting the word *fire* is also not protected. But the core analogy is the nonverbal alarm, and the derivative example is the verbal shout. By cleverly substituting the derivative shout for the core alarm, Holmes made it possible to analogize one set of words to another—as he could not have done if he had begun with the self-evident proposition that setting off an alarm bell is not free speech.

The analogy is thus not only inapt but also insulting. Most Americans do not respond to political rhetoric with the same kind of automatic acceptance expected of schoolchildren responding to a fire drill. Not a single recipient of the Schenck pamphlet is known to have changed his mind after reading it. Indeed, one draftee, who appeared as a prosecution witness, was asked whether reading a pamphlet asserting that the draft law was unjust would make him "immediately decide that you must erase that law." Not surprisingly, he replied, "I do my own thinking." A theatergoer would probably not respond similarly if asked how he would react to a shout of "Fire!"

Another important reason why the analogy is inapt is that Holmes emphasizes the factual falsity of the shout of "Fire!" The Schenck pamphlet, however, was not factually false. It contained political opinions and ideas about the causes of the war and about appropriate and lawful responses to the draft. As the Supreme Court recently reaffirmed (in *Falwell v. Hustler),* "The First Amendment recognizes no such thing as a false idea." Nor does it recognize false opinions about the causes of or cures for war.

A closer analogy to the facts of the Schenck case might have been provided by a person's standing outside a theater advising them that in his opinion the theater was structurally unsafe, and urging them not to enter but to complain to the building inspectors. That analogy, however, would not have served Holmes's argument for punishing Schenck. Holmes needed an analogy that would appear relevant to Schenck's political speech but that would invite the conclusion that censorship was appropriate.

Unsurprisingly, a war-weary nation—in the throes ot a know-nothing hysteria over immigrant anarchists and socialists—welcomed the comparision between what was regarded as a seditious political pamphlet and a malicious shout of "Fire!" Ironically, the "Fire!" analogy is nearly all that survives of the Schenck case; the ruling itself is almost certainly not good law, Pamphlets of the kind that resulted in Schenck's imprisonment have been circulated with impunity during subsequent wars.

Over the past several years I have assembled a collection of instances-cases, speeches, arguments—in which proponents of censorship have maintained that the expression at issue is "just like" or "equivalent to" falsely shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater and ought to be banned, "just as" shouting "Fire!" ought to be banned. The analogy is generally invoked, often with self-satisfaction, as an absolute argument-stopper. It does, after all, claim the high authority of the great Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. I have rarely heard it invoked in a convincing, or even particularly relevant, way. But that, too, can claim lineage from the great Holmes.

Not unlike Falwell, with his silly comparison between shouting "Fire!" and publishing an offensive parody, courts and commentators have frequently invoked "Fire!" as an analogy to expression that is not an automatic stimulus to panic. A state supreme court held that "Holmes' aphorism . . . applies with equal force to pornography"—in particular to the exhibition of the movie *Carmen Baby* in a drive-in theater in close proximity to highways and homes. Another court analogized "picketing . . . in support of a secondary boycott" to shouting "Fire!" because in both instances "speech and conduct are brigaded." In the famous Skokie case one of the judges argued that allowing Nazis to march through a city where a large number of Holocaust survivors live "just might fall into the same category as one's 'right' to cry fire in a crowded theater."

Outside court the analogies become even more badly stretched. A spokesperson for the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority complained that newspaper reports to the effect that a large number of football players had contracted cancer after playing in the Meadowlands—a stadium atop a landfill—were the "journalistic equivalent of shouting fire in a crowded theater." The philosopher Sydney Hook, in a letter to *The New York Times* bemoaning a Supreme Court decision that required a plaintiff in a defamation action to prove that the offending statement was actually false, argued that the First Amendment does not give the press carte blanche to accuse innocent persons "any more than the First Amendment protects the right of someone falsely to shout fire in a crowded theater."

Some close analogies to shouting "Fire!" or setting off an alarm are, or course, available: calling in a false bomb threat; dialing 911 and falsely describing an emergency; making a loud, gunlike sound in the presence of the President; setting off a voice-activated sprinkler system by falsely shouting "Fire!" In one case in which the "Fire!" analogy was directly to the point, a creative defendant tried to get around it. The case involved a man who calmly

advised an airline clerk that he was "only here to hijack the plane." He was charged, in effect, with shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater, and his rejected defense—as quoted by the court—was as follows: "If we built fire-proof theaters and let people know about this, then the shouting of "Fire!" would not cause panic."

Here are some more-distant but still related examples: the recent incident of the police slaying in which some members of an onlooking crowd urged a mentally ill vagrant who had taken an officer's gun to shoot the officer; the screaming of racial epithets during a tense confrontation; shouting down a speaker and preventing him form continuing his speech.

Analogies are, by their nature, matters of degree. Some are closer to the core example than others. But any attempt to analogize political ideas in a pamphlet, ugly parody in a magazine, offensive movies in a theater, controversial newspaper articles, or any of the other expressions and actions catalogued above to the very different act of shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater is either self-deceptive or self-serving.

The government does, of course, have some arguably legitimate bases for suppressing speech which bear no relationship to shouting "Fire!" It may ban the publication of nuclear-weapon codes, of information about troop movements, and of the identity of undercover agents. It may criminalize extortion threats and conspiratorial agreements. These expressions may lead directly to serious harm, but the mechanisms of causation are very different from that at work when an alarm is sounded. One may also argue—less persuasively, in my view—against protecting certain forms of public obscenity and defamatory statements. Here, too, the mechanisms of causation are very different. None of these exceptions to the First Amendment's exhortation that the government "shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press" is anything like falsely shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater; they all must be justified on other grounds.

A comedian once told his audience, during a stand-up routine, about the time he was standing around a fire with a crowd of people and got in trouble for yelling "Theater, theater!" That, I think, is about as clever and productive a use as anyone has ever made of Holmes's flawed analogy.

1989

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Tell about an experience when you felt your freedom of speech had been abridged.

RESEARCH. Find information about various ways that free speech can be restricted. Report your findings in a documented paper.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that there should be some limits on free speech or that there should not be any limitations on free speech.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Dershowitz's logical argument.

INVESTIGATIVE. Find recent examples of free speech used recently in public demonstrations or rallies. Report your findings in a paper.

Circumstantial Evidence

BERGEN EVANS

Popular beliefs related to murder and the law are that there can be no conviction unless a body is found and identified, that a man cannot be executed on "circumstantial evidence," that innocent men are frequently put to death, and that if the rope breaks at a hanging or if a fuse blows at an electrocution the condemned man is entitled to go scot-free.

The first of these beliefs is based on a misunderstanding of the term "corpus delicti," which really means the "body" or fundamental facts of a crime. In arson, this might be a burned house, plus a suspicious smell of kerosene. In horse-stealing, it might be an empty stable. In watered milk, as Thoreau said, it might be a trout. In murder, a body with marks of violence upon it that could not have been self-inflicted is plainly a corpus delicti. It is a good thing for the prosecuting attorney to have, but it is not absolutely indispensable; convictions have been secured without it.

Obviously they have to be secured on "circumstantial evidence." But, contrary to popular belief, most convictions are so secured. And, what's more, it is the best of all possible evidence. There are only three kinds of evidence, says Wigmore, in his authoritative work on the subject: Testimonial, Circumstantial, and Autoptical or "seeing it with your own eyes." And of these the last is not available in a murder trial. Even if some eccentric murderer should insist on dragging his victim into the courthouse and shooting him in front of all the members of the Grand Jury, they would be witnesses by the time he came to trial and their evidence would be testimonial.

And between testimonial and circumstantial evidence, the latter is the more likely to be convincing—at least to a judge or others who have had experience with testimony. For far more erroneous convictions have resulted from false testimony than from false inferences. Professor Edwin M. Borchard, of the Yale Law School, has examined, in his book *Convicting the Innocent,* the trials of sixty-five men and women who within the past generation have been wrongfully convicted. They are, he says, but random samples chosen from a great mass of unfortunates, and he is probably right, but he is certainly not right in describing them, as he does repeatedly, as the victims of circumstantial evidence. On the basis of the records that he himself presents, they were plainly the victims of testimonial evidence. Of his sixty-five, only four were convicted on pure circumstantial evidence, and only eight others

even in part on circumstantial evidence. The other fifty-three were the victims of false identifications or of perjury.

His book is indeed terrifying. But it makes circumstantial evidence look like the Rock of Ages. It is not false logic that has to be dreaded, but false witnesses. The web that may at any moment ensnare the innocent is woven not of coincidences but of lying in the prosecution, stupidity and sentimentality in juries, and prejudices in judges.

"Circumstantial evidence" is frequently used in popular literature and discussions as if it were a synonym for "suspicion," but it is suspicion of so strong a degree that it warrants action. The twelve good Bostonians and true, for example, who found Professor Webster of Harvard guilty of murder merely because (a) he owed Dr. Parkman money, (b) Dr. Parkman's false teeth were found in his furnace, and (c) the rest of Dr. Parkman was never found anywhere else, were proceeding on circumstantial evidence, but they could hardly be regarded as unduly suspicious. So also with the English jury that sent Mr. George Joseph Smith to the gallows merely because he had the misfortune to suffer what he himself called the "phenomenal coincidence" of having three of his wives drown in their baths shortly after he had had them make their wills or insure their lives in his favor.

1958

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Explain how you feel about people being wrongly convicted of crimes.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper discussing different methods of forensic analysis used in crime scene investigations.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that we should be skeptical of testimonial evidence.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Evans' use of examples.

INVESTIGATIVE. Find examples of convictions that have been overturned. Analyze the kinds of evidence used and explain what mistakes were made. Report your findings in a paper.

Coyote v. Acme

Coyote v. fic*h£

IAN FRAZIER

In the United States District Court, Southwestern District, Tempe, Arizona
Case No. B19294, Judge Joan Kujava, Presiding
WILE E. COYOTE, Plaintiff
-v.-
ACME COMPANY, Defendant

Opening Statement of Mr. Harold Schoff, attorney for Mr. Coyote: My client, Mr. Wile E. Coyote, a resident of Arizona and contiguous states, does hereby bring suit for damages against the Acme Company, manufacturer and retail distributor of assorted merchandise, incorporated in Delaware and doing business in every state, district, and territory. Mr. Coyote seeks compensation for personal injuries, loss of business income, and mental suffering, caused as a direct result of the actions and/or gross negligence of said company, under Title 15 of the United States Code, Chapter 47, section 2072, subsection (a), relating to product liability.

Mr. Coyote states that on eighty-five separate occasions he has purchased of the Acme Company (hereinafter, "Defendant"), through that company's mail-order department, certain products which did cause him bodily injury due to defects in manufacture or improper cautionary labelling. Sales slips made out to Mr. Coyote as proof of purchase are at present in the possession of the Court, marked Exhibit A. Such injuries sustained by Mr. Coyote have temporarily restricted his ability to make a living in his profession of predator. Mr. Coyote is self-employed and thus not eligible for Workmen's Compensation.

Mr. Coyote states that on December 13th he received of Defendant via parcel post one Acme Rocket Sled. The intention of Mr. Coyote was to use the Rocket Sled to aid him in pursuit of his prey. Upon receipt of the Rocket Sled Mr. Coyote removed it from its wooden shipping crate and, sighting his prey in the distance, activated the ignition. As Mr. Coyote gripped the handlebars, the Rocket Sled accelerated with such sudden and precipitate force as to stretch Mr. Coyote's forelimbs to a length of fifty feet. Subsequently, the rest of Mr. Coyote's body shot forward with a violent jolt, causing severe strain to his back and neck and placing him unexpectedly astride the Rocket Sled. Disappearing over the horizon at such speed as to leave a diminishing jet trail along its path, the Rocket Sled soon brought Mr. Coyote abreast of his prey. At that moment the animal he was pursuing veered sharply to the right. Mr. Coyote vigorously attempted to follow this maneuver but was unable to, due to poorly designed steering on the Rocket Sled and a faulty or nonexistent braking system. Shortly thereafter, the unchecked progress of the Rocket Sled brought it and Mr. Coyote into collision with the side of a mesa.

Paragraph One of the Report of Attending Physician (Exhibit B), prepared by Dr. Ernest Grosscup, M.D., D.O., details the multiple fractures, contusions, and tissue damage suffered by Mr. Coyote as a result of this collision. Repair

of the injuries required a full bandage around the head (excluding the ears), a neck brace, and full or partial casts on all four legs.

Hampered by these injuries, Mr. Coyote was nevertheless obliged to support himself. With this in mind, he purchased of Defendant as an aid to mobility one pair of Acme Rocket Skates. When he attempted to use this product, however, he became involved in an accident remarkably similar to that which occurred with the Rocket Sled. Again, Defendant sold over the counter, without caveat, a product which attached powerful jet engines (in this case, two) to inadequate vehicles, with little or no provision for passenger safety. Encumbered by his heavy casts, Mr. Coyote lost control of the Rocket Skates soon after strapping them on, and collided with a roadside billboard so violently as to leave a hole in the shape of his full silhouette.

Mr. Coyote states that on occasions too numerous to list in this document he has suffered mishaps with explosives purchased of Defendant: the Acme "Little Giant" Firecracker, the Acme Self-Guided Aerial Bomb, etc. (For a full listing, see the Acme Mail Order Explosives Catalogue and attached deposition, entered in evidence as Exhibit C.) Indeed, it is safe to say that not once has an explosive purchased of Defendant by Mr. Coyote performed in an expected manner. To cite just one example: At the expense of much time and personal effort, Mr. Coyote constructed around the outer rim of a butte a wooden trough beginning at the top of the butte and spiralling downward around it to some few feet above a black X painted on the desert floor. The trough was designed in such a way that a spherical explosive of the type sold by Defendant would roll easily and swiftly down to the point of detonation indicated by the X. Mr. Coyote placed a generous pile of birdseed directly on the X, and then, carrying the spherical Acme Bomb (Catalogue # 78-832), climbed to the top of the butte. Mr. Coyote's prey, seeing the birdseed, approached, and Mr. Coyote proceeded to light the fuse. In an instant, the fuse burned down to the stem, causing the bomb to detonate.

In addition to reducing all Mr. Coyote's careful preparations to naught, the premature detonation of Defendant's product resulted in the following disfigurements to Mr. Coyote:

1. Severe singeing of the hair on the head, neck, and muzzle.
2. Sooty discoloration.
3. Fracture of the left ear at the stem, causing the ear to dangle in the aftershock with a creaking noise.
4. Full or partial combustion of whiskers, producing kinking, frazzling, and ashy disintegration.
5. Radical widening of the eyes, due to brow and lid charring.

We come now to the Acme Spring-Powered Shoes. The remains of a pair of these purchased by Mr. Coyote on June 23rd are Plaintiff's Exhibit D. Selected fragments have been shipped to the metallurgical laboratories of the University of California at Santa Barbara for analysis, but to date no explanation has been found for this product's sudden and extreme malfunction. As

advertised by Defendant, this product is simplicity itself: two wood-and-metal sandals, each attached to milled-steel springs of high tensile strength and compressed in a tightly coiled position by a cocking device with a lanyard release. Mr. Coyote believed that this product would enable him to pounce upon his prey in the initial moments of the chase, when swift reflexes are at a premium.

To increase the shoes' thrusting power still further, Mr. Coyote affixed them by their bottoms to the side of a large boulder. Adjacent to the boulder was a path which Mr. *Coyote's* prey was known to frequent. Mr. Coyote put his hind feet in the wood-and-metal sandals and crouched in readiness, his right forepaw holding firmly to the lanyard release. Within a short time Mr. Coyote's prey did indeed appear on the path coming toward him. Unsuspecting, the prey stopped near Mr. Coyote, well within range of the springs at full extension. Mr. Coyote gauged the distance with care and proceeded to pull the lanyard release.

At this point, Defendant's product should have thrust Mr. Coyote forward and away from the boulder. Instead, for reasons yet unknown, the Acme Spring-Powered Shoes thrust the boulder away from Mr. Coyote. As the intended prey looked on unharmed, Mr. Coyote hung suspended in air. Then the twin springs recoiled, bringing Mr. Coyote to a violent feet-first collision with the boulder, the full weight of his head and forequarters falling upon his lower extremities.

The force of this impact then caused the springs to rebound, whereupon Mr. Coyote was thrust skyward. A second recoil and collision followed. The boulder, meanwhile, which was roughly ovoid in shape, had begun to bounce down a hillside, the coiling and recoiling of the springs adding to its velocity. At each bounce, Mr. Coyote came into contact with the boulder, or the boulder came into contact with Mr. Coyote, or both came into contact with the ground. As the grade was a long one, this process continued for some time.

The sequence of collisions resulted in systemic physical damage to Mr. Coyote, viz., flattening of the cranium, sideways displacement of the tongue, reduction of length of legs and upper body, and compression of vertebrae from base of tail to head. Repetition of blows along a vertical axis produced a series of regular horizontal folds in Mr. Coyote's body tissues—a rare and painful condition which caused Mr. Coyote to expand upward and contract downward alternately as he walked, and to emit an off-key, accordionlike wheezing with every step. The distracting and embarrassing nature of this symptom has been a major impediment to Mr. Coyote's pursuit of a normal social life.

As the Court is no doubt aware, Defendant has a virtual monopoly of manufacture and sale of goods required by Mr. Coyote's work. It is our contention that Defendant has used its market advantage to the detriment of the consumer of such specialized products as itching powder, giant kites, Burmese tiger traps, anvils, and two-hundred-foot-long rubber bands. Much as he has come to mistrust Defendant's products, Mr. Coyote has no other domes-

tic source of supply to which to turn. One can only wonder what our trading partners in Western Europe and Japan would make of such a situation, where a giant company is allowed to victimize the consumer in the most reckless and wrongful manner over and over again.

Mr. Coyote respectfully requests that the Court regard these larger economic implications and assess punitive damages in the amount of seventeen million dollars. In addition, Mr. Coyote seeks actual damages (missed meals, medical expenses, days lost from professional occupation) of one million dollars; general damages (mental suffering, injury to reputation) of twenty million dollars; and attorney's fees of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Total damages: thirty-eight million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. By awarding Mr. Coyote the full amount, this Court will censure Defendant, its directors, officers, shareholders, successors, and assigns, in the only language they understand, and reaffirm the right of the individual predator to equal protection under the law.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Tell about some physical injury you have suffered.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper about the most common kinds of defects in products.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper advocating that companies should be held responsible for the malfunction of their products or conversely that the buyer should exercise care when buying products.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing the various techniques Frazier uses to create humor.

INVESTIGATIVE. Go to a toy store and examine various toys. Determine which might present the most danger to children. Report your findings in a paper.

19
Language and the Arts

The Illusion of Objectivity

WALKER GIBSON

This chapter considers some examples of how the news of the day is expressed for us, and how, in some of its expressions, a bastard form of the Tough Talker can be detected. We begin with a conventional sample of "straight" reporting, though concerning events that lend themselves to excitable treatment. Here is a reporter for the New *York Times* (Claude Sitton) beginning his lead article on the race riots in Birmingham, Alabama, in the issue for May 8, 1963.

> The police and firemen drove hundreds of rioting Negroes off the streets today with high-pressure hoses and an armored car. The riot broke out after from 2500 to 3000 persons rampaged through the business district in two demonstrations and were driven back. The Negroes rained rocks, bottles, and brickbats on the law-enforcement officials as they were slowly forced backward by the streams of water. The pressure was so high that the water skinned bark off trees in the parks and along sidewalks. Policemen from surrounding cities and members of the Alabama Highway Patrol rushed to a nine-block area near the business district to help quell the riot. An undetermined number of persons were injured in the demonstrations against segregation. They included the Rev. Fred L. Shuttlesworth, a prominent Negro leader, and two city policemen and a Jefferson County deputy sheriff. (The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People called for peaceful picketing in 100 cities around the country to protest the actions of the Birmingham officials. In Greenfield Park, N.Y., a group of Conservative rabbis left for Birmingham in a "testimony on behalf of the human rights and dignity" of Negroes.)

I have called this an example of "straight" reporting, and my quotation marks are intended to suggest, of course, that straightness is as absolutely

impossible in writing as it is in higher mathematics. Readers of a semantic turn of mind, looking for loaded language in that introduction, might easily challenge some of it. The Negroes "rampaged" through the business district, and "rained" missiles on the police. The sentence about the velocity of the fire hoses would not have been composed by a Southern reporter. But on the whole it is hard to see how the job could have been done much straighter than it has been done here. A little dull, considering the circumstances? Unfeeling? Perhaps a little stuffy? Or is the horror the more vivid because of the writer's very restraint? At any rate, taking this account as a base of operations, let us look at some alternative ways of reporting that day's events in Birmingham. At the time when these events took place, the *New York Herald Tribune* was conducting a publicity campaign directed a little desperately at an obvious front-running competitor. MUST A GREAT NEWSPAPER BE DULL?, the billboards were asking, and the answer, in the negative, was presumably to be found in the style of the Tribune's own pages. On the same day when the Times piece appeared, the *Tribune's* story, under the byline of Charles Portis, began as follows:

> Three times during the day, waves of shouting, rock-throwing Negroes had poured into the downtown business district, to be scattered and driven back by battering streams of water from high-pressure hoses and swinging clubs of policemen and highway patrolmen. Now the deserted streets were littered with sodden debris. Here in the shabby streets of the Negro section one of the decisive clashes in the Negro battle against segregation was taking place. Last night a tense quiet settled over the riot-packed city after a day in which both sides altered their battle tactics. The Negro crowds, who for days had hurled themselves against police barriers, divided into small, shifting bands, darted around the police and poured hundreds of separate patrols into the downtown business districts. The police, who had crowded hundreds into the city's jails, abandoned efforts to arrest the demonstrators. They concentrated on herding the mobs toward the 16th Street Baptist Church, headquarters for these unprecedented demonstrations. By day's end, Gov. George Wallace had ordered some 250 state highway patrolmen in to aid beleaguered local police and had warned at an opening session of the legislature that he would prosecute Negroes for murder if anyone died in the Birmingham riots.

As often, we may begin by asking just where in place and time the two assumed authors are situated. The Times man is not, as far as we can tell, anywhere in particular. He is sitting in his hotel room typing out an account of what he has seen or heard during the day just ended. Or he is at a telephone dictating this information to New York. Who knows? Little or no distinction has been made between speaker and assumed author. There is no pretense that

the reporter is anywhere else but where, in realistic fact, we assume he is, as a working journalist. But the *Tribune* man is far more complex in locating himself. He uses, first, two verb tenses in identifying the time of the utterance. During the day waves of Negroes had poured (first sentence). When is now? Presumably at the end of the day, at the time of the writing. Why, then, were littered: why not are littered? This particular posture, of using "now" for a time spoken of as already having happened, is common in fiction, where an imagined voice can use "now" in that curious and palpably made-up way. The assumed author pretends with one word (now) that he is really there at the moment, while with another word (were)he reminds us that he isn't. Third sentence: Here in the shabby streets of the Negro section. Where is here? Where is the speaker? Well, the speaker is apparently in the shabby streets, but the writer certainly isn't in the streets. Squatting on the sidewalk with typewriter or telephone? Scarcely. What the writer has done, then, is to invent an imagined speaker, on the model of the novelist, who because he is imaginary, can speak of the situation more authoritatively than any mere hotel-bound reporter. And authoritative this speaker (or, better, narrator) certainly is. It follows, to take a minor example, that he can call the streams from the fire hoses "battering," almost as if he felt them himself. (Compare the Times man's sentence about the fire hoses and the bark of trees: evidence he presumably observed personally.) Or, to take a more conspicuous example, it follows that this narrator can label the riot as "one of the decisive clashes in the Negro battle against segregation." How does he know that? He knows it because he is a made-up man, because he is like a teller of a tale, and it is his privilege and his business to know.

Further manifestations of this narrator's free-swinging position can be found in a number of his words and phrases. His willingness to use metaphor (however unoriginally) is characteristic. "Hundreds of rioting Negroes" *(Times)* are "waves" in the Tribune. The crowds "hurled themselves" while the police were "herding" the mobs toward the church. Throughout the passage the writer's liberal use of modification is significant. By such language the day's news is transferred into a tale told by a fictitious teller. It may not be dull, but as anyone can see, it can be dangerous. What the tribune writer has done is to impose on a real-life situation an omniscient narrator of the sort familiar to traditional fiction. Must a great newspaper be dull? In this case, at least, the avoidance of "dullness" has been accomplished at the cost of making Birmingham a fictitious place, the kind of place where someone "in charge" (the narrator) can truly know the score. I do not disguise my own moral indignation at this literary make-believe. For Birmingham and its troubles are not fiction; they are serious and complicated matters to be cautiously expressed. Furthermore, insofar as naive readers may not recognize the *Tribune's* fictitiousness, and may assume that this is a Real Birmingham being described, the damage done in the long run to people's minds may be serious. There is a problem of genre here that has attracted some attention just recently. With the publication of Truman Capote's enormously popular *in Cold Blood* (1965),

the issue was explicitly raised. Was the factual journalism, or was it fiction? Mr. Capote has made much of his "invention" of a new style, combining the two. The fictional omniscience of his narrating voice is supposed to be justified by years of research, note-taking, tape-recording, all the industry of the cautious reporter. Nevertheless he feels free to enter the minds of his protagonists and give us their "thoughts." Where are we? This muddle has upset some of his critics, notably Mr. F.W. Dupee, who has complained that Capote is "exploring the factual authority of journalism and the atmospheric license of fiction." But the device of the omniscient narrator in newswriting, as an attempt to avoid dullness, has been with us for quite a while. It has been most conspicuous in Time, "the weekly news-magazine."

The style of Time has irked a great many people, and has inspired parodies of considerable venom. Time's style has also, obviously, impressed many readers favorably, as the magazine's success over the years must demonstrate. It has not generally been understood that both the outrage and the admiration originate in one pervasive device of style: the intrusion into the news of an omniscient narrator, on the model of works of fiction. Any random sampling of Time's pages will show this omniscient speaker at work. Such a speaker can, for example, know what is going on inside the minds of other people—a privilege open to the fictitious narrator alone.

> The cold war, the President felt, was at a stalemate. He sensed a deepening international discouragement.. .

He can know the true significance of the events he describes:

> To eye and ear, the desultory discussion in the Senate seemed like anything but what it actually was: one of the most. . .

He can be in possession of the most vivid details concerning events no human could possibly know:

> Leaping from his bed one night last January, Dahomey's President Hubert Maga excitedly telephoned military headquarters to report that his residence was being shelled. He soon went back to sleep. As it turned out. ..

He can temptingly throw out details about a character he is introducing, as if the reader already knew whom he was talking about—the suspense-building technique of the storyteller:

> They called him "Tawl Tawn." His flamboyant Senate oratory could drown an opponent in sweet molasses or hog-tie him in barbed wire. He smoked ten 15 cent cigars a day and wore his white hair so long that it crested in curls at the nape of his neck. He dressed. . . .

This piece is not headlined at all—such as "Senator Connolly Dies." Instead it is titled—"Tawl Tawm"—in the slightly mysterious way that stories are conventionally titled. In fact Time's dependence on models of fiction shows up clearly in its headings, where puns and echoes based on actual titles of fiction are common. "Revolution in the Afternoon," "Sounds in the Night," "The Monkey's Pa," are examples from a single issue. These instances of semiliterary semisophistication have their bearing on the tone of the magazine, in which the reader is flattered by being in the know with respect to such little jokes. But tricks of title are only a minor weapon in Time's arsenal for putting the reader (fictitiously) in the know. It is the consistent omniscience of the narrating voice that primarily does the job. How did Time describe the events of May 7, 1963, in Birmingham, Alabama? As follows:

> The blaze of bombs, the flash of blades, the eerie glow of fire, the keening cries of hatred, the wild dance of terror at night—all this was Birmingham, Alabama. Birmingham's Negroes had always seemed a docile lot. Downtown at night, they slouched in gloomy huddles beneath street lamps talking softly or not at all. They knew their place; they were "niggers" in a Jim Crow town, and they bore their degradation in silence. But last week they smashed that image forever. The scenes in Birmingham were unforgettable. There was the Negro Youth, sprawled on his back and spinning across the pavement while firemen battered him with streams of water so powerful that they could strip the bark off trees. There was the Negro woman, pinned to the ground by cops, one of them with his knee dug into her throat. There was the white man who watched hymn-signing Negroes burst from a sweltering church and growled: "We ought to shoot every damned one of them." And there was the little Negro girl, splendid in a newly starched dress, who marched out of a church, looked toward a massed line of pistol-packing cops, and called to a laggard friend: "Hurry up, Lucille. If you stay behind you won't get arrested with our group."

The postures of Knowing taken here are obvious enough and hardly need stressing. "All this was Birmingham." The narrator knows the past, for the Negroes "had always seemed" docile. He has seen them "in gloomy huddles" over a long period of time; this concrete description implies close personal knowledge. They knew their place, he says, echoing ironically the white man's cliche, of which again he seems to have an intimate knowledge. "But last week they smashed that image forever," now he knows the future too. Is that the news? Or is it the kind of statement an all-knowing storyteller can make about a place he has invented? (Of course we have to say, for this writer, that subsequent events have justified some of his fictitious wisdom!) The suspicion is tempting that the real author of this piece never left his air-conditioned office in Manhattan's Time-Life Building. What he may have done

was to read a lot of other people's accounts of Birmingham, including the Time's man's observation about fire hoses and tree bark, which he paraphrased in the manner of the novelist. More accurately, I suppose, this prose is the work of several hands, one or two of whom may actually have been on the scene in Birmingham. But omniscience is not the only thing to notice about the narrator's use of words. The reader who reacts to that barrage of definite articles in Time's first sentence may be reminded of an old friend.

> The blaze of bombs, the flash of blades, the eerie glow of fire, the keening cries of hatred, the wild dance of terror. . ..

Part of the speaker's relation with the reader is that of a shared knowledgeable awareness of just the sort of "blaze" and "flash" and "eerie glow" the speaker is talking about. You know what I mean. It is the familiar intimacy of the Tough Talker, who implies that he already knows his reader before the story opens. One appreciates any effort by journalists to make the reading of the news less of a chore and a bore. Nobody wants to be dull. But if the alternative to dullness is dishonesty, it may be better to be dull. On the other hand there are surely other alternatives. Without trying to tell the newswriter his business, I should suppose that a concrete and sober account of what a reporter did during his day's work would be, in many cases, neither dull nor dishonest. Such an account would not, to be sure, leave us with the satisfied feeling of knowing the Real Scoop on Birmingham, or the White House, or the Wide World. But as I have already said too often, this is not a feeling to be encouraged anyway.

1966

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Talk about how you get the news daily and explain why you choose that particular source.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper discussing different types of news reporting.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that reporters should stick to the facts in their news stories.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Gibson's examples.

INVESTIGATIVE. Compare reports of the same event in two different news sources. Report your findings in a paper.

Please Forgive I; Myself Just Isn't Me Today

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MIKE KELLEY

Mr. Mike's notes on the language, one in a series. A reader writes, "Dr. . . and myself will talk about. . ." (heard on TV). Is this accepted modern usage? Should I now say "Myself is going to Dallas?" And, if this is so, should the nominative and reflexive be logically reversed? "Myself cut I on a knife?"

As far as I am concerned, there is no such thing as accepted modern usage. I refuse to accept any usage that is defined as modern. Accepted modern usage leads straight to such abominations as "Hopefully, it won't rain again today."

Any such criminal and barbaric act should be met with one eyebrow arched for the response, "Yes, hopelessly the sun will shine on little children all over the world, you benighted, salivating nit." As for "myself": It is most often heard as the first part of a compound subject, to wit "Myself and Viola Lou are goin' to git on the outside of some Lone Star this very night."

Not only is that unacceptable, it is flagrantly discourteous. It is the grammatical equivalent of going through a door first and letting it slam in Viola Lou's face. Viola Lou should kick you real hard and I hope she does. Though, if you drink Lone Star, you probably wouldn't feel a kick in the shins.

There is one and only one proper usage of "myself" and that is to denote clear and forceful agreement.

A hay field on a hot day provides us a worthy example. When Mr. Sun and Mr. Rain have done their good work and made Mr. Hay grow high, the hay is cut and compressed into Mr. Bale. There will be very many of these in the field at this point and someone has to go out and throw them into the back of a pickemup truck. This is known as bucking bales. It is a novel pastime invented by Idi Amin to use on people he did not like.

After a few hours of bucking bales, the little spears and splinters of hay are stinging your arms like too fanged elves and sand dunes begin to pile up in your throat. Your back becomes a reservoir of ache and you must take care to avoid any errant cow that may have wandered into the field, for fear that it will mistake your skin for a salt block and lick you to death on the spot.

This is when your partner stretches, looks up at that fiendish fireball in the sky and wails, "Oh my sweet Lord, but I could go for the coldest beer this old world ever dreamed of."

You do not say, "Indeed Bobby Joe, that is a prospect devoutly to be desired and one that would provide a most salubrious respite from the inconvenient and debilitating endeavor upon which we have here embarked."

To do that would be a profligate waste of the word that was invented expressly for the need at hand.

You say, "Mahsayelf!"

That is what the word is there for and that is how to use it. Hopefully, I will not have to explain this again.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Discuss a problem you have with grammar.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper explaining the origins of dialects.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that student writers should pay attention to correct usage.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Kelley's use of humor.

INVESTIGATIVE. Interview classmates and friends to discover regional dialect influence. Report your findings in a paper.

American SF and The Other

SFMUlUOtUi

URSULA K. LEGUIN

One of the great early socialists said that the status of women in a society is a pretty reliable index of the degree of civilization of that society. If this is true, then the very low status of women in SF should make us ponder about whether SF is civilized at all.

The women's movement has made most of us conscious of the fact that SF has either totally ignored women or presented them as squeaking dolls subject to instant rape by monsters—or old-maid scientists desexed by hypertrophy of the intellectual organs—or, at best, loyal little wives or mistresses of accomplished heroes. Male elitism has run rampant in SF. But is it only male elitism? Isn't the "subjection of women" in SF merely a symptom of a whole which is authoritarian, power-worshiping and intensely parochial?

The question involved here is the question of The Other—the being who is different from yourself. This being can be different from you in its sex; or in its annual income; or in its way of speaking and dressing and doing things; or in the color of its skin, or the number of its legs and heads. In other words, there is the sexual Alien, and the social Alien, and the cultural Alien, and finally the racial Alien.

Well, how about the social Alien in SF? How about, in Marxist terms, "the proletariat"? Where are they in SF? Where are the poor, the people who work hard and go to bed hungry? Are they ever *persons,* in SF? No. They appear as vast anonymous masses fleeing from giant slime-globules from the Chicago sewers, or dying off by the billion from pollution or radiation, or as faceless armies being led to battle by generals and statesmen. In sword and sorcery they behave like the walk-on parts in a high-school performance of *The Chocolate Prince.* Now and then there's a busty lass amongst them who is honored by the attentions of the Captain of the Supreme Terran Command, or in a spaceship crew there's a quaint old cook, with a Scots or Swedish accent, representing the Wisdom of the Common Folk.

The people, in SF, are not people. They are masses, existing for one purpose: to be led by their superiors.

From a social point of view most SF has been incredibly regressive and unimaginative. All those Galactic Empires, taken straight from the British Empire of 1880. All those planets—with 80 trillion miles between them!—conceived of as warring nation-states, or as colonies to be exploited, or to be nudged by the benevolent Imperium of Earth toward self-development—the White Man's Burden all over again. The Rotary Club on Alpha Centauri, that's the size of it.

What about the cultural and the racial Other? This is the Alien everybody recognizes as alien, supposed to be the special concern of SF. Well, in the old pulp SF, it's very simple. The only good alien is a dead alien—whether he is an Aldebaranian Mantis-Man or a German dentist. And this tradition still flourishes: witness Larry Niven's story "Inconstant Moon" (in *All the Myriad Ways*, 1971), which has a happy ending—consisting of the fact that America, including Los Angeles, was not hurt by a solar flare. Of course a few million Europeans and Asians were fried, but that doesn't matter, it just makes the world a little safer for democracy, in fact. (It is interesting that the female character in the same story is quite brainless; her only function is to say Oh? and Ooooh! to the clever and resourceful hero.)

Then there's the other side of the same coin. If you hold a thing to be totally different from yourself, your fear of it may come out as hatred, or as awe—reverence. So we get all those wise and kindly beings who deign to rescue Earth from her sins and perils. The Alien ends up on a pedestal in a white nightgown and a virtuous smirk—exactly as the "good woman" did in the Victorian Age.

In America, it seems to have been Stanley Weinbaum who invented the sympathetic alien, in *A Martian Odyssey*. From then on, via people like Cyril Kornbluth, Ted Sturgeon and Cordwainer Smith, SF began to inch its way out of simple racism. Robots—the alien intelligence—begin to behave nicely. With Smith, interestingly enough, the racial alien is combined with the social alien, in the "Underpeople," and they are allowed to have a revolution. As the aliens got more sympathetic, so did the heroes. They began to have emotions, as well as rayguns. Indeed they began to become almost human.

If you deny any affinity with another person or kind of person, if you declare it to be wholly different from yourself—as men have done to women, and class has done to class, and nation has done to nation—you may hate it or deify it; but in either case you have denied its spiritual equality and its human reality. You have made it into a thing, to which the only possible relationship is a power relationship. And thus you have fatally impoverished your own reality. You have, in fact, alienated yourself.

This tendency has been remarkably strong in American SF. The only social change presented by most SF has been toward authoritarianism, the domination of ignorant masses by a powerful elite—sometimes presented as a warning, but often quite complacently. Socialism is never considered as

an alternative, and democracy is quite forgotten. Military virtues are taken as ethical ones. Wealth is assumed to be a righteous goal and a personal virtue. Competitive free-enterprise capitalism is the economic destiny of the entire Galaxy. In general American SF has assumed a permanent hierarchy of superiors and inferiors, with rich, ambitious, aggressive males at the top, then a great gap, and then at the bottom the poor, the uneducated, the faceless masses, and all the women. The whole picture is, if I may say so, curiously "un-American." It is a perfect baboon patriarchy, with the Alpha Male on top, being respectfully groomed, from time to time, by his inferiors.

Is this speculation? Is this imagination? Is this extrapolation? I call it brainless regressivism.

I think it's time SF writers—and their readers!—stopped daydreaming about a return to the age of Queen Victoria, and started thinking about the future. I would like to see the Baboon Ideal replaced by a little human idealism, and some serious consideration of such deeply radical, futuristic concepts as Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. And remember that about 53 percent of the Brotherhood of Man is the Sisterhood of Woman.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Discuss your favorite science fiction movie. Why do you like it?

RESEARCH. Write a research paper discussing the different kinds of science fiction stories.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that science fiction should offer either a critique of society or offer an escape from the problems of society.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing LeGuin's use of examples to support her main idea.

INVESTIGATIVE. Compare two science fiction movies, one recent and one older. Explain how women are depicted in each one. Report your findings in a paper.

Politics and the English Language

PeJLti&i tic Ev^t^d- U f r y

GEORGE ORWELL

Most people who bother with the matter at all would admit that the English language is in a bad way, but it is generally assumed that we cannot by conscious action do anything about it. Our civilisation is decadent, and our language—so the argument runs—must inevitably share in the general collapse.

It follows that any struggle against the abuse of language is a sentimental archaism, like preferring candles to electric light or hansom cabs to aeroplanes. Underneath this lies the half-conscious belief that language is a natural growth and not an instrument which we shape for our own purposes.

Now, it is clear that the decline of a language must ultimately have political and economic causes: it is not due simply to the bad influence of this or that individual writer. But an effect can become a cause, reinforcing the original cause and producing the same effect in an intensified form, and so on indefinitely. A man may take to drink because he feels himself to be a failure, and then fail all the more completely because he drinks. It is rather the same thing that is happening to the English language. It becomes ugly and inaccurate because our thoughts are foolish; but the slovenliness of our language makes it easier for us to have foolish thoughts. The point is that the process is reversible. Modern English, especially written English, is full of bad habits which spread by imitation and which can be avoided if one is willing to take the necessary trouble. If one gets rid of these habits one can think more clearly, and to think clearly is a necessary first step towards political regeneration: so that the fight against bad English is not frivolous and is not the exclusive concern of professional writers. I will come back to this presently, and I hope that by that time the meaning of what I have said here will have become clearer. Meanwhile, here are five specimens of the English language as it is now habitually written.

These five passages have not been picked out because they are especially bad—I could have quoted far worse if I had chosen—but because they illustrate various of the mental vices from which we now suffer. They are a little below the average, but are fairly representative samples. I number them so that I can refer back to them when necessary:

1. I am not, indeed, sure whether it is not true to say that the Milton who once seemed not unlike a seventeenth-century Shelley had not become, out of an experience ever more bitter in each year, more alien (sic) to the founder of that Jesuit sect which nothing could induce him to tolerate.

 Professor Harold Laski (Essay in *Freedom of Expression).*

2. Above all, we cannot play ducks and drakes with a native battery of idioms which prescribes such egregious collocations of vocables as the Basic *put up with for tolerate or put at a loss tor bewilder.*

 Professor Lancelot Hoghen O'nferg/ossaj.

3. On the one side we have the free personality: by definition it is not neurotic, for it has neither conflict nor dream. Its desires, such as they are, are transparent, for they are just what institutional approval keeps in the forefront of consciousness; another institutional pattern would alter their number and intensity; there is little in them that is natural, irreducible, or culturally dangerous. But on *the other side,* the social bond itself is nothing but the mutual reflection of these self-secure integrities. Recall the

definition of love. Is not this the very picture of a small academic? Where is there a place in this hall of mirrors for either personality or fraternity?

Essay on psychology in *Politics* (New York).

4. All the "best people" from the gentlemen's clubs, and all the frantic Fascist captains, united in common hatred of Socialism and bestial horror of the rising tide of the mass revolutionary movement, have turned to acts of provocation, to foul incendiarism, to medieval legends of poisoned wells, to legalise their own destruction to proletarian organisations, and rouse the agitated petty-bourgeoisie to chauvinistic fervour on behalf of the fight against the revolutionary way out of the crisis.

Communist pamphlet.

5. If a new spirit *is* to be infused into this old country, there is one thorny and contentious reform which must be tackled, and that is the humanisation and galvanisation of the BBC. Timidity here will bespeak canker and atrophy of the soul. The heart of Britain may be sound and of strong beat, for instance, but the British lion's roar at present is like that of Bottom in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream—as* gentle as any sucking dove. A virile new Britain cannot continue indefinitely to be traduced in the eyes, or rather ears, of the world by the effete languors of Langham Place, brazenly masquerading as "standard English". When the Voice of Britain is heard at nine o'clock, better far and infinitely less ludicrous to hear aitches honestly dropped than the present priggish, inflated, inhibited, school-ma'amish arch braying of blameless bashful mewing maidens!

Letter in *Tribune.*

Each of these passages has faults of its own, but, quite apart from avoidable ugliness, two qualities are common to all of them. The first is staleness of imagery: the other is lack of precision. The writer either has a meaning and cannot express it, or he inadvertently says something else, or he is almost indifferent as to whether his words mean anything or not. This mixture of vagueness and sheer incompetence is the most marked characteristic of modern English prose, and especially of any kind of political writing. As soon as certain topics are raised, the concrete melts into the abstract and no one seems able to think of turns of speech that are not hackneyed: prose consists less and less of *words* chosen for the sake of their meaning, and more of phrases tacked together like the sections of a prefabricated hen-house. I list below, v/ith notes and examples, various of the tricks by means of which the work of prose construction is habitually dodged:

Dying metaphors. A newly invented metaphor assists thought by evoking a visual image, while on the other hand a metaphor which is technically "dead" (e.g. iron *resolution)* has in effect reverted to being an ordinary word and can generally be used without loss of vividness. But in between these two classes there is a huge dump of worn-out metaphors which have lost all evocative

power and are merely used because they save people the trouble of inventing phrases for themselves. Examples are: *Ring the changes on, take up the cudgels for, toe the line, ride roughshod over, stand shoulder to shoulder with, play into the hands of, no axe to grind, grist to the mill, fishing in troubled waters, rift within the lute, on the order of the day, Achilles' heel, swan song, hotbed.* Many of these are used without knowledge of their meaning (what is a "rift," for instance?), and incompatible metaphors are frequently mixed, a sure sign that the writer is not interested in what he is saying. Some metaphors now current have been twisted out of their original meaning without those who use them even being aware of the fact. For example, *toe the line* is sometimes written tow *the line.* Another example is *the hammer and the anvil,* now always used with the implication that the anvil gets the worst of it. In real life it is always the anvil that breaks the hammer, never the other way about: a writer who stopped to think what he was saying would be aware of this, and would avoid perverting the original phrase.

Operators, or *verbal false limbs.* These save the trouble of picking out appropriate verbs and nouns, and at the same time pad each sentence with extra syllables which give it an appearance of symmetry. Characteristic phrases are: *render inoperative, militate against, prove unacceptable, make contact with, be subjected to, give rise to, give grounds for, have the effect of, play a leading part (role) in, make itself felt, take effect, exhibit a tendency to, serve the purpose of,* etc etc. The keynote is the elimination of simple verbs. Instead of being a single word, such as *break, stop, spoil, mend, kill,* a verb becomes a phrase, made up of a noun or adjective tacked on to some general-purposes verb such as *prove, serve, form, play, render.* In addition, the passive voice is wherever possible used in preference to the active, and noun constructions are used instead of gerunds *(by examination of* instead of *by examining).* The range of verbs is further cut down by means of the *-ise* and de-formations, and banal statements are given an appearance of profundity by means of the *not un-* formation. Simple conjunctions and prepositions are replaced by such phrases as *with respect to, having regard to, the fact that, by dint of, in view of, in the interests of, on the hypothesis that;* and the ends of sentences are saved from anticlimax by such resounding commonplaces as *greatly to be desired, cannot be left out of account, a development to be expected in the near future, deserving of serious consideration, brought to a satisfactory conclusion,* and so on and so forth.

Pretentious diction. Words like *phenomenon, element, individual* (as noun), objective, *categorical, effective, virtual, basic, primary, promote, constitute, exhibit, exploit, utilise, eliminate, liquidate,* are used to dress up simple statements and give an air of scientific impartiality to biassed judgements. Adjectives like *epoch-making, epic, historic, unforgettable, triumphant, age-old, inevitable, inexorable, veritable,* are used to dignify the sordid process of international politics, while writing that aims at glorifying war usually takes on an archaic colour, its characteristic words being: *realm, throne, chariot, mailed fist, trident, sword, shield, buckler, banner, jackboot, clarion.*

Foreign words and expressions such as *cut* de sac, anc/en regime, *deus ex machina, mutatis mutandis, status quo, Gleichshaitung, Weltanschauung, are* used to give an air of culture and elegance. Except for the useful abbreviations *i.e., e.g.,* and etc, there is no real need for any of the hundreds of foreign phrases now current in English. Bad writers, and especially scientific, political and sociological writers, are nearly always haunted by the notion that Latin or Greek words are grander than Saxon ones, and unnecessary words like *expedite, ameliorate, predict, extraneous, deracinated, clandestine, subaqueous* and hundreds of others constantly gain ground from their Anglo-Saxon opposite numbers. The jargon peculiar to Marxist writing *[hyena, hangman, cannibal, petty bourgeois, these gentry, lackey, flunkey, mad dog, White Guard, etc)* consists largely of words and phrases translated from Russian, German or French; but the normal way of coining a new word is to use a Latin or Greek root with the appropriate affix and, where necessary, the *-ise* formation. It is often easier to make up words of this kind *(deregionalise, impermissible, extramarital, non-fragmentatory* and so forth) than to think up the English words that will cover one's meaning. The result, in general, is an increase in slovenliness and vagueness.

Meaningless words. In certain kinds of writing, particularly in art criticism and literary criticism, it is normal to come across long passages which are almost completely lacking in meaning. Words like *romantic, plastic, values, human, dead, sentimental, natural, vitality,* as used in art criticism, are strictly meaningless, in the sense that they not only do not point to any discoverable object, but are hardly even expected to do so by the reader. When one critic writes, "The outstanding features of Mr X's work is its living quality," while another writes, "The immediately striking thing about Mr X's work is its peculiar deadness," the reader accepts this as a simple difference of opinion. If words like *black* and *white* were involved, instead of the jargon words *dead* and *living,* he would see at once that language was being used in an improper way. Many political words are similarly abused. The word *Fascism* has now no meaning except insofar as it signifies "something not desirable." The words *democracy, socialism, freedom, patriotic, realistic, justice,* have each of them several different meanings which cannot be reconciled with one another. In the case of a word like *democracy,* not only is there no agreed definition, but the attempt to make one is resisted from all sides. It is almost universally felt that when we call a country democratic we are praising it: consequently the defenders of every kind of regime claim that it is a democracy, and fear that they might have to stop using the word if it were tied down to any one meaning. Words of this kind are often used in a consciously dishonest way. That is, the person who uses them has his own private definition, but allows his hearer to think he means something quite different. Statements like *Marshal Petain was a true patriot, The Soviet press is the freest in the world, The Catholic Church is opposed to persecution,* are almost always made with intent to deceive. Other words used in variable meanings, in most cases more or less dishonestly, are: *class, totalitarian, science, progressive, reactionary, bourgeois, equality.*

Now that I have made this catalogue of swindles and perversions, let me give another example of the kind of writing that they lead to. This time it must of its nature be an imaginary one. I am going to translate a passage of good English into modern English of the worst sort. Here is a well-known verse from *Ecclesiastes:*

> I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

Here it is in modern English:

> Objective consideration of contemporary phenomena compels the conclusion that success or failure in competitive activities exhibits no tendency to be commensurate with innate capacity, but that a considerable element of the unpredictable must invariably be taken into account.

This is a parody, but not a very gross one. Exhibit 3, above, for instance, contains several patches of the same kind of English. It will be seen that I have not made a full-translation. The beginning and ending of the sentence follow the original meaning fairly closely, but in the middle the concrete illustrations—-race, battle, bread—dissolve into the vague phrase "success or failure in competitive activities." This had to be so, because no modern writer of the kind I am discussing—no one capable of using phrases like "objective consideration of contemporary phenomena"—would ever tabulate his thoughts in that precise and detailed way. The whole tendency of modern prose is away from concreteness. Now analyse these two sentences a little more closely. The first contains 49 words but only 60 syllables, and all its words are those of everyday life. The second contains 38 words of 90 syllables: 18 of its words are from Latin roots, and one from Greek. The first sentence contains six vivid images, and only one phrase ("time and chance") that could be called vague. The second contains not a single fresh, arresting phrase, and in spite of its 90 syllables it gives only a shortened version of the meaning contained in the first. Yet without a doubt it is the second kind of sentence that is gaining ground in modern English. I do not want to exaggerate. This kind of writing is not yet universal, and outcrops of simplicity will occur here and there in the worst-written page. Still, if you or I were told to write a few lines on the uncertainty of human fortunes, we should probably come much nearer to my imaginary sentence than to the one from *Ecclesiastes.*

As I have tried to show, modern writing at its worst does not consist in picking out words for the sake of their meaning and inventing images in order to make the meaning clearer. It consists in gumming together long strips of words which have already been set in order by someone else, and making the results presentable by sheer humbug. The attraction of this way of writing is

that it is easy. It is easier—even quicker, once you have the habit—to say In my *opinion it is a not unjustifiable assumption that* than to say *I think,* If you use ready-made phrases, you not only don't have to hunt about for words; you also don't have to bother with the rhythms of your sentences, since these phrases are generally so arranged as to be more or less euphonious. When you are composing in a hurry—when you are dictating to a stenographer, for instance, or making a public speech—it is natural to fall into a pretentious, latinised style. Tags like a *consideration which we should do well to bear in mind* or a *conclusion to which all of us would readily assent* will save many a sentence from coming down with a bump. By using stale metaphors, similes and idioms, you save much mental effort, at the cost of leaving your meaning vague, not only for your reader but for yourself. This is the significance of mixed metaphors. The sole aim of a metaphor is to call up a visual image. When these images clash—as in *The Fascist octopus has sung its swan song, the jackboot is thrown into the melting-pot*—it can be taken as certain that the writer is not seeing a mental image of the objects he is naming; in other words he is not really thinking. Look again at the examples I gave at the beginning of this essay. Professor Laski (1) uses five negatives in 53 words. One of these is superfluous, making nonsense of the whole passage, and in addition there is the slip *alien* for akin, making further nonsense, and several avoidable pieces of clumsiness which increase the general vagueness. Professor Hogben (2) plays ducks and drakes with a battery which is able to write prescriptions, and, while disapproving of the everyday phrase put up with, is unwilling to look *egregious* up in the dictionary and see what it means. (3), If one takes an uncharitable attitude towards it, is simply meaningless: probably one could work out its intended meaning by reading the whole of the article in which it occurs. In (4) the writer knows more or less what he wants to say, but an accumulation of stale phrases chokes him like tea-leaves blocking a sink. In (5) words and meaning have almost parted company. People who write in this manner usually have a general emotional meaning—they dislike one thing and want to express solidarity with another—but they are not interested in the detail of what they are saying. A scrupulous writer, in every sentence that he writes, will ask himself at least four questions, thus: What am I trying to say? What words will express it? What image or idiom will make it clearer? Is this image fresh enough to have an effect? And he will probably ask himself two more: Could I put it more shortly? Have I said anything that is avoidably ugly? But you are not obliged to go to all this trouble. You can shirk it by simply throwing your mind open and letting the ready-made phrases come crowding in. They will construct your sentences for you—even think your thoughts for you, to a certain extent—and at need they will perform the important service of partially concealing your meaning even from yourself. It is at this point that the special connection between politics and the debasement of language becomes clear.

In our time it is broadly true that political writing is bad writing. Where it is not true, it will generally be found that the writer is some kind of rebel, expressing his private opinions, and not a "party line." Orthodoxy, of whatever

colour, seems to demand a lifeless, imitative style. The political dialects to be found in pamphlets, leading articles, manifestos, White Papers and the speeches of Under-Secretaries do, of course, vary from party to party, but they are all alike in that one almost never finds in them a fresh, vivid, home-made turn of speech. When one watches some tired hack on the platform mechanically repeating the familiar phrases—*bestial atrocities, iron bell, blood-stained tyranny, free peoples of the world, stand shoulder to shoulder*—one often has a curious feeling that one is not watching a live human being but some kind of dummy: a feeling which suddenly becomes stronger at moments when the light catches the speaker's spectacles and turns them into blank discs which seem to have no eyes behind them. And this is not altogether fanciful. A speaker who uses that kind of phraseology has gone some distance towards turning himself into a machine. The appropriate noises are coming out of his larynx, but his brain is not involved as it would be if he were choosing his words for himself. If the speech he is making is one that he is accustomed to make over and over again, he may be almost unconscious of what he is saying, as one is when one utters the responses in church. And this reduced state of consciousness, if not indispensable, is at any rate favourable to political conformity.

In our time, political speech and writing are largely the defence of the indefensible. Things like the continuance of British rule in India, the Russian purges and deportations, the dropping of the atom bombs on Japan, can indeed be defended, but only by arguments which are too brutal for most people to face, and which do not square with the professed aims of political parties. Thus political language has to consist largely of euphemism, question-begging and sheer cloudy vagueness. Defenceless villages are bombarded from the air, the inhabitants driven out into the countryside, the cattle machine-gunned, the huts set on fire with incendiary bullets: this is called pacification. Millions of peasants are robbed of their farms and sent trudging along the roads with no more than they can carry: this is called *transfer of population* or *rectification of frontiers.* People are imprisoned for years without trial, or shot in the back of the neck or sent to die of scurvy in Arctic lumber camps: this is called *elimination of unreliable elements.* Such phraseology is needed if one wants to name things without calling up mental pictures of them. Consider for instance some comfortable English professor defending Russian totalitarianism. He cannot say outright, "I believe in killing off your opponents when you can get good results by doing so." Probably, therefore, he will say something like this:

> While freely conceding that the Soviet regime exhibits certain features which the humanitarian may be inclined to deplore, we must, I think, agree that a certain curtailment of the right to political opposition is an unavoidable concomitant of transitional periods, and that the rigours which the Russian people have been called upon to undergo have been amply justified in the sphere of concrete achievement.

The inflated style is itself a kind of euphemism. A mass of Latin words falls upon the facts like soft snow, blurring the outlines and covering up all the details. The great enemy of clear language is insincerity. When there is a gap between one's real and one's declared aims, one turns as it were instinctively to long words and exhausted idioms, like a cuttlefish squirting out ink. In our age there is no such thing as "keeping out of politics." All issues are political issues, and politics itself is a mass of lies, evasions, folly, hatred and schizophrenia. When the general atmosphere is bad, language must suffer. I should expect to find—this is a guess which I have not sufficient knowledge to verify— that the German, Russian and Italian languages have all deteriorated in the last ten or fifteen years, as a result of dictatorship.

But if thought corrupts language, language can also corrupt thought. A bad usage can spread by tradition and imitation, even among people who should and do know better. The debased language that I have been discussing is in some ways very convenient. Phrases like a not *unjustifiable assumption, leaves much to be desired, would serve no good purpose, a consideration which we should do well to bear in mind, are* a continuous temptation, a packet of aspirins always at one's elbow. Look back through this essay, and for certain you will find that I have again and again committed the very faults I am protesting against. By this morning's post I have received a pamphlet dealing with conditions in Germany. The author tells me that he "felt impelled" to write it. I open it at random, and here is almost the first sentence that I see: "(The Allies) have an opportunity not only of achieving a radical transformation of Germany's social and political structure in such a way as to avoid a nationalistic reaction in Germany itself, but at the same time of laying the foundations of a co-operative and unified Europe." You see, he "feels impelled" to write—feels, presumably, that he has something new to say—and yet his words, like cavalry horses answering the bugle, group themselves automatically into the familiar dreary pattern. This invasion of one's mind by ready-made phrases *(lay the foundations, achieve a radical transformation)* can only be prevented if one is constantly on guard against them, and every such phrase anaesthetises a portion of one's brain.

I said earlier that the decadence of our language is probably curable. Those who deny this would argue, if they produced an argument at all, that language merely reflects existing social conditions, and that we cannot influence its development by any direct tinkering with words and constructions. So far as the general tone or spirit of a language goes, this may be true, but it is not true in detail. Silly words and expressions have often disappeared, not through any evolutionary process but owing to the conscious action of a minority. Two recent examples were *explore every avenue* and *leave no stone unturned,* which were killed by the jeers of a few journalists. There is a long list of fly-blown metaphors which could similarly be got rid of if enough people would interest themselves in the job; and it should also be possible to laugh the *not un-* formation out of existence, to reduce the amount of Latin and Greek in the average sentence, to drive out foreign phrases and strayed sci-

entific words, and, in general, to make pretentiousness unfashionable. But all these are minor points. The defence of the English language implies more than this, and perhaps it is best to start by saying what it does not imply.

To begin with, it has nothing to do with archaism, with the salvaging of obsolete words and turns of speech, or with the setting-up of a "standard English" which must never be departed from. On the contrary, it is especially concerned with the scrapping of every word or idiom which has outworn its usefulness. It has nothing to do with correct grammar and syntax, which are of no importance so long as one makes one's meaning clear, or with the avoidance of Americanisms, or with having what is called a "good prose style." On the other hand it is not concerned with fake simplicity and the attempt to make written English colloquial. Nor does it even imply in every case preferring the Saxon word to the Latin one, though it does imply using the fewest and shortest words that will cover one's meaning. What is above all needed is to let the meaning choose the word, and not the other way about. In prose, the worst thing one can do with words is to surrender to them. When you think of a concrete object, you think wordlessly, and then, if you want to describe the thing you have been visualising, you probably hunt about till you find the exact words that seem to fit it. When you think of something abstract you are more inclined to use words from the start, and unless you make a conscious effort to prevent it, the existing dialect will come rushing in and do the job for you, at the expense of blurring or even changing your meaning. Probably it is better to put off using words as long as possible and get one's meaning as clear as one can through pictures or sensations. Afterwards one can choose—not simply *accept*—the phrases that will best cover the meaning, and then switch round and decide what impression one's words are likely to make on another person. This last effort of the mind cuts out all stale or mixed images, all prefabricated phrases, needless repetitions, and humbug and vagueness generally. But one can often be in doubt about the effect of a word or a phrase, and one needs rules that one can rely on when instinct fails. I think the following rules will cover most cases:

i. Never use a metaphor, simile or other figure of speech which you are used to seeing in print.

ii. Never use a long word where a short one will do.

iii. If it is possible to cut a word out, always cut it out.

iv. Never use the passive where you can use the active.

v. Never use a foreign phrase, a scientific word or a jargon word if you can think of an everyday English equivalent.

vi. Break any of these rules sooner than say anything outright barbarous

These rules sound elementary, and so they are, but they demand a deep change of attitude in anyone who has grown used to writing in the style now fashionable. One could keep all of them and still write bad English, but one could not write the kind of stuff that I quoted in those five specimens at the beginning of this article.

I have not here been considering the literary use of language, but merely language as an instrument for expressing and not for concealing or preventing thought. Stuart Chase and others have come near to claiming that all abstract words are meaningless, and have used this as a pretext for advocating a kind of political quietism. Since you don't know what Fascism is, how can you struggle against Fascism? One need not swallow such absurdities as this, but one ought to recognise that the present political chaos is connected with the decay of language, and that one can probably bring about some improvement by starting at the verbal end. If you simplify your English, you are freed from the worst follies of orthodoxy. You cannot speak any of the necessary dialects, and when you make a stupid remark its stupidity will be obvious, even to yourself. Political language—and with variations this is true of all political parties, from Conservatives to Anarchists—is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind. One cannot change this all in a moment, but one can at least change one's own habits, and from time to time one can even, if one jeers loudly enough, send some worn-out and useless phrase—some *jackboot, Achilles' heel, hotbed, melting pot, acid test, veritable inferno* or other lump of verbal refuse—into the dustbin where it belongs.

Horizon, April 1946; *Modem British Writing* ed. Denys Val Baker, 1947; SE; OR; CE

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Examine your own writing. To what degree does your writing conform to the advice given by Orwell or illustrate the faults he points out?

RESEARCH. Find additional information about some of the categories of language addressed by Orwell, e.g. dead metaphors, lack of concreteness—sometimes called gobbledygook, euphemisms, etc. Write a documented paper reporting your findings.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper advocating that writers should follow Orwell's advice.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Orwell's use of definition.

INVESTIGATIVE. Find examples of the faults Orwell discusses in contemporary media communication (print or TV journalism). Report your findings in a paper.

20

Nature and the Environment

Wilderness, Myth, and American Character

MARVIN HENBERG

There is a joke among U.S. Forest Service employees—many of whom opposed the 1964 Wilderness Act—that prior to 1964 only God could make wilderness but now only the U.S. Congress can. The joke refers to the act's prohibiting release of potential wilderness land to other use or designation until Congress has judged its suitability for inclusion in the National Wilderness Preservation System. That language has resulted in great fuss and fury over public lands. In the coterminous United States, some 57 million acres still await congressional determination of their potential wilderness value. That is considerably more than the approximately 34 million acres, excluding Alaska, now officially designated American wilderness. Most of the disputed land lies west of the Mississippi River; in my own state of Idaho, for instance, approximately 9 million acres a release from the language of the Wilderness Act.

These figures indicate the extent to which wilderness designation is a political hot potato. It is also philosophical hot potato, replete with paradox. Some philosophers hold the idea of wilderness to be purely an invention of the mind, a time-bound product of humanity's triumph in successfully inhabiting all but the most inhospitable portions of the earth's landmass. Others hold it to be something real and palpable, as suggested by its Old English etymology—"wildeorness," a place of wild beasts.

Much of the difficulty in conceiving of wilderness stems from the paradox that is human nature. How do we account for ourselves? Are we the dark angels of our various religious conceptions or the natural bodies of Darwinian evolution—bodies that, through a fluke of gambling nature happened to stumble upon consciousness? To what extent are our activities and actions "natural"? If *Homo sapiens* is, as Jared Diamond argues, simply a third species of chimpanzee, we have, no matter what we do, wilderness all about us.

If we are one kind of beast, the literal "place of the beasts" contains us and all we have wrought—our art and poetry no less than our skyscrapers and sewage systems.

Our kinship with other animals aside, most conceptions of wilderness distinguish sharply between humans and the other "beasts." This line of thinking resolves one paradox only to create another. Wilderness lands become, in the words of the Wilderness Act, areas "untrammeled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain." Thanks to the attractions of this idea, some areas are so popular as sanctuaries from the hazards and trials of urban life that it is difficult to find solitude, a prime value of wilderness recreation.

The four federal agencies responsible for administering wilderness lands have been forced into "wilderness management"—a paradox if ever there was one. It doesn't take a philosopher to point out that "managing" a wild species risks its eventual domestication. For instance, winter feeding of elk and deer—a widespread policy of many state wildlife agencies—may, over time, tame animals whose present attraction is that they are wild. Someday perhaps the sole large mammal to be genetically wild—that is, whose procreation is left to the spontaneity of nature—will be *Homo sapiens*. Perhaps, though, not even we will remain genetically wild, given our increasing ability to intervene in the human genome.

In mentioning the air of paradox surrounding both the idea of wilderness and the practice of "managing" wilderness, I invite you to think of the role of metaphor in articulating diverse conceptions of wilderness. The phrase "wilderness as" comes naturally to our lips: wilderness as a wasteland, as a gymnasium, as a playground, as a prison, and as a pharmacy—to name but a few of the images defended in wilderness literature. Often wilderness is conceived as a proving ground to test for valuable personal and social traits. I shall here consider a specific case under the idea of wilderness as proving ground, examining the claim that the received wilderness idea bears a special connection to American character. That connection is expressed by Wallace Stegner:

> Something will have gone out of us as a people if we ever let the remaining wilderness be destroyed; if we permit the last virgin forests to he turned into comic books and plastic cigarette cases; if we drive the few remaining members of the wild species into zoos or to extinction; if we pollute the last clear air and dirty the last clean streams and push our paved roads through the last of the silence, so that never again will Americans be free in their own country from the noise, the exhausts, the stinks of human and automotive waste. . . . We need wilderness preserved—as much of it as is still left, and as many kinds—because it was the challenge against which our character as a people was formed.[1]

As with most claims related to wilderness, this one generates its share of controversy. Supporters of what I shall henceforth call the character thesis

point to the pride we in the United States take in our wilderness heritage. They point to our leadership in conservation and preservation—our historic firsts in establishing the National Park System and, later, the National Wilderness Preservation System. They point to the spread of the wilderness idea to countries ranging from New Zealand to Zimbabwe. Finally, they find in contemporary wilderness experience manifold echoes of good character—honesty, self-reliance, and simplification of wants, to name but a few.

Changing Attitudes

Critics of connecting the wilderness idea to our national character point first to historical relativism in America's attitudes toward untamed nature. Less than a century and a half before Stegner waxed eloquent on the importance of wilderness to American character, Alexis de Tocqueville told a different story:

> In Europe people talk a great deal about the wilds of America, but the Americans themselves never think about them; they are insensible to the wonders of inanimate nature and they may he said not to perceive the mighty forests that surround them till they fall beneath the hatchet.[2]

Ultimately, historical differences between contemporary Americans and their ancestors need not trouble defenders of the character thesis. National character, like individual character, takes on the craggy lines of wisdom because of, rather than in spite of, turmoil and reversal of fortune. Ideals shift-that which is lost (or nearly so) gets appreciated when we no longer have it: innocence for one, wilderness for another.

In addition, de Tocqueville's remarks are generalized and composite; could he, for instance, have had the privilege of meeting Virginia's own William Byrd II nearly a hundred years earlier, he would have found a man in whom wilderness sensibility was highly developed. The reversal in American appreciation of wilderness, a story so ably told by historian Roderick Nash, was not created ex *nihilo*. It had seeds, most dying on the hard granitic soil of public indifference, but a few nurtured against extinction until a field could be cultivated for them.

Whose Character?

A second and more intractable problem for the character thesis lies in its ethnic exclusivity. Whom do we conceive as having their characters formed by the "challenge" of wilderness? Not American Indians; according to Standing Bear, an Oglala Sioux, the land of North America was never wild in conception, but tame. Not African Americans, first enslaved on plantations of the New World and later confined, many of them, to urban ghettos—"city wildernesses" in the parlance of Robert A. Woods' turn-of-the-century book, *The City*

Wilderness. Not Polly Beamis, a young woman kidnapped in her native China and carried off to Oregon Territory. Her character was formed by fending off lustful drunks in saloons, where she served as a hostess and eventually purchased her way to freedom by surreptitiously sweeping and collecting gold dust from the floors.

For these and other diverse peoples of America, wilderness as conceived in the mainstream preservation movement played little role in shaping character. Relatively few people experienced the frontier, whose "closing" Frederick Jackson Turner turned into a powerful metaphor for America's first inward glance—our first hint that we might have to reinvent ourselves by, among other things, protecting wildlands and wildlife. Fewer people still—at least according to Patricia Limerick, Patrick White, and other revisionist historians currently challenging the Turner thesis—had reason to care about the frontier, its wilderness edge, or its supposed vanishing. According to the revisionists, the idea that wilderness was a strong force in shaping the American character is a "myth" as in a false and misleading tale.

Which Virtues?

If the ethnocentrism of the character thesis is a second problem, its vagueness as to the traits engendered by wilderness experience is a third. Theodore Roosevelt, for instance, thought of the wilds as a proving ground for virility, male camaraderie, and the honing of a warrior caste. Such a view is less than palatable in these decades of deep ecology and ecofeminism. Why virility and aggressiveness over placidity and nurture?

Character and Self-Concept

Fundamentally, then, the character thesis is in serious philosophical trouble. The main difficulty lies in selective readings both of character and of wild nature. Human character runs the gamut from the virtuous to the vicious, with numerous shades of each. In addition, some of our favored virtues may be inconsistent with each other. As Isaiah Berlin observes, the honor of Achilles cannot be harmonized with the mercy of Christ. These two species of virtue are incommensurable, as only disturbing figures like Machiavelli and Nietzsche have dared to proclaim.

When our own dark image is glimpsed in the supposed mirror of wild nature, the difficulty is compounded. Wild nature may be, with Tennyson, "red in tooth and claw" or, with Annie Dillard, gentle as a spring day on Tinker Creek, the epitome of harmony and symbiosis. We search in wildness for what we want and, unsurprisingly, find it exactly as it "ought" to have been.

Yet for all its cultural exclusivity, its vagueness as to what constitutes a virtue, and its tendency to shape wild nature after its own favored image, there remains something to be said for the character thesis. It has a ring that many Americans harken to—a ring, if not of truth, at least of innocently faithful self-conception. Conceive the point this way: Suppose the Liberty Bell were to be rung and we as a people were to hear it. Thanks to the bell's famous

crack, the sound would not be faithful to its original—its "true" sound. But would that matter? Would it even be relevant to the spirit the bell represents? We have, of course, detractors of the ideal of liberty represented by the bell, and many of their criticisms are apt, pointed. Freedom has not been equally extended to all within the fabric of our nation, and that is a criticism whose measure we must take. It is not to be ignored, but neither is it to be made into the whole story.

Let us ask the critic this: With what would you rather take your chances, a political system whose ideal is sounded by the cracked knell of the Liberty Bell or a political system with no such symbol? I, for one, fervently believe in the positive power of ideals. Their appeal is nonrational, even ritualistic; but as an aspirant to philosophy, I have concluded that concepts alone mainly divide rather than unite human beings. We need symbols and their emotive associations. Among the symbols we need most is wilderness.

Stegner's words thus emphasize that, culturally rather than ethnically or personally, to be American is to conceive of ourselves as a wilderness people. The flaws in this thesis are both as prominent and as irrelevant as the crack in the Liberty Bell. Review the political struggle leading to passage of the Wilderness Act and you will find a robust populism stirred from the depths of our national self-conception.

Sometimes, thankfully, our ideals—erroneous and unflattering as they may appear under some lights—stir us to prefer the social good to the getting and spending by which we lay waste our powers. Because we must believe something about ourselves, I submit that belief in ourselves as a people shaped by wilderness is productive of greater good than of ill. In this fight the character thesis becomes a different kind of myth—not a false and misleading tale, but a symbolic means of uniting us in celebration of something larger than ourselves.

My defense of this thesis, however, is fideistic rather than rationalistic. Reason alone is incompetent to penetrate and sufficiently articulate the mysteries of wild nature. Reason concocts its arguments with judicious concern for the other side. For every Wallace Stegner lamenting production of plastic cigarette cases, we have a Martin Krieger making the case for plastic trees. Reason can carry us into the realm of computer-generated virtual realities to ask, "Why not extinguish the real thing so long as the wilderness experience can be provided in surrogate?" Quickly forgotten when reason exerts its generalizing, abstracting sway is the joy of particularity—a dimension of experience open only to the "inherent imbecility of feeling," in George Eliot's wonderful phrase. It is the joy of knowing a specific place or person, as opposed to grasping a generalized category or purpose.

Here is Rockbridge County native and wilderness philosopher Holmes Rolston III on the importance of particularity:

> Wildness is nature in what philosophers call idiographic form. Each wilderness is one of a kind, so we give it a proper name—the

> Rawahs, the Dismal Swamp. We climb Mount Ida or canoe on the Congaree River. Even when exploring some nameless canyon or camping at a spring, one experiences a concrete locus never duplicated in idiosyncratic detail. In culture, there is but one Virginia and each Virginian has a proper name. The human differences include conscious self-affirmations and heritages for which nature provides little precedent. But nature first is never twice the same. Always in the under story there are distinctive landscape features—the Shenandoah Valley or the Chesapeake Bay—with which the Virginians interact, each with a unique genetic set. Before culture emerges, nature is already endlessly variable. This feature is crucial to what we mean by wildness.[3]

Thanks to its endless variability, the best way of capturing the particularity of wilderness lands is through narrative. As Rolston observes, "There is no narrative in biology text, but a trip into wildness is always a story."[4] Each parcel in the National Wilderness Preservation System features stories with multiple plots and restless casts of plant, animal, and human characters wandering through a unique geography. Drama lies in the pure contingency of relations.

Wilderness understanding depends on emotional singularity and kinesthetic presence more than on abstract generalization. It has more the imprint of natural history than of molecular biology. Please do not misunderstand: We need molecular biology too, for, among other things, it tests the contingent relations described in wild nature, just as it does similar work in paleontology to test the integrity of claims in natural history. But the history itself—for instance, the evolutionary mixing some 70 million years ago of fauna from North and South America known to paleontologists as the Great American Interchange—cannot be replicated. We trace it in the fossil record, speculating about cause and effect, but our understanding is always in the form of a story, a narrative. Narratives of natural history abound in reconstructed details of climate, predation, birth and rearing of young, migration, cataclysm, evolutionary branching, and extinction. As a complement, narratives of wilderness offer up miniature slices within the grander narratives of natural history.

Introducing 'The Frank'

Let me observe the particularity of wilderness by acquainting you with Idaho's Frank Church River of No Return area. Begin with the name and its particularity. Frank Church was floor manager of the 1964 Wilderness Act in the U.S. Senate. "River of No Return" dates to the Lewis and Clark expedition's exploration of the Salmon River. After following the river into one of its spectacular canyons, William Clark pronounced the steep cliffs and fierce rapids to be impassable.

Continue to the particularity of the area. "The Frank," as it is called by its partisans, is the largest official wilderness area outside Alaska—over 2.3 mil-

lion acres. Located in central Idaho, it is contiguous with two other wilderness areas, the 200,000-acre Gospel Hump and the 1.1-million-acre Selway-Bitterroot. Sheer size gives the River of No Return area outstanding wilderness qualities of remoteness and isolation. Its ecosystem is as undisturbed as can be found in the continental United States. Ecologists and wildlife biologists regard The Frank and its environs as unique for containing wholly within its borders both the summer and the winter ranges of all its large mammals.

Following procedures outlined in the Wilderness Act, Congress created The Frank in 1980. Special conditions apply, creating special peculiarities of management. For example, although banned in most wilderness areas outside Alaska, planes may fly into The Frank, using any of 18 primitive airstrips. Power boats, also generally banned from wilderness, are allowed on the Main Salmon River, which forms the 86-mile-long northern boundary. On the pristine Middle Fork of the Salmon—105 miles through the heart of the wilderness—only nonmotorized watercraft are allowed. There are many small inholdings of private land, most along the two rivers and in the larger creek drainages. Finally, there is a special mining reserve where, in a national emergency, extraction of cobalt, a strategic mineral, may be authorized.

Lest you are tempted to accept the view perpetuated by foes of wilderness designation that wilderness areas "lock up" the land so it receives no use, let me reassure you to the contrary. In 1992 more than 20,000 people rafted the combined Middle Fork and Main Salmon rivers. Thousands more traveled the Main Salmon in their jet boats—the only craft powerful enough to ply the rapids of the river. There were 10,000 registered backcountry users, traveling by foot or pack animal (llamas are now common), while in September and October alone—hunting season—there were some 9,000 plane landings.

The periphery of the wilderness is growing rapidly, with thousands of people moving each year into the Treasure and Magic valleys of Idaho and the Bitterroot Valley of Montana. Many of these people are attracted precisely because of the proximity of The Frank and other wilderness lands. A recent survey by Gundars Rudzitis and Harley Johansen shows that migration into counties containing wilderness is heavily influenced by environmental quality and opportunities for outdoor recreation. Seventy-two percent of recent immigrants cited proximity to wilderness as a special amenity influencing their relocation. In contrast, only 55 percent of long time residents thought the nearby wilderness a special amenity. Presuming that the new arrivals act on their expressed preferences, wilderness lands will be more heavily used as in-migration continues.

All these particularities create management headaches for the Forest Service. The wilderness portion of the agency's budget is minuscule. For instance, the North Fork Ranger District, responsible for management of one-fifth of The Frank, has a total wilderness budget, including overhead, of only $100,000. Even this paltry sum is considerably larger than the wilderness budget of the other four ranger districts with responsibility in The Frank, for

the North Fork district patrols the Main Salmon River, where most human impact is concentrated.

Somehow, despite pressure from those who love it too well and from others who abuse it by poaching or littering, The Frank remains a magnificent political achievement, because as a place it is exactly that—magnificent.

Defenders of wilderness often point to the millions of people who, though they will never visit a particular place, are happy simply knowing it is there, protected. This argument would be toothless if nonvisitors were reduced to knowing a place by name alone. Even 10,000 scenic photographs, each worth its proverbial thousand words, would make little difference. Names and pictures come fully to life only when animated by the storyteller's art. Wild places, from Thomas Hardy's Egdon Heath to Jack London's Yukon, are known best when woven into narrative. So also for the beasts, mythical and real: They too are known best when endowed with character and related in each other by incident.

In winter, the Frank Church wilderness is virtually empty of human presence, yet the animals remain. Every creek drainage is a scene for timeless stories of birth and death, play and predation, nurture and starvation. In February 1993 I was witness in The Frank to the mute testimony of fresh blood alternately lavished and trickled across a mile or more of glistening white snow. A 400-foot slide down a steep canyon, four wide, bloody, fur-strewn depressions, and a trail of crimson cougar prints told a dramatic story.

One male cougar, lurking in the rocks above snowline, had pounced on a second male traversing the slope. They slid clown together, biting and clawing for a hundred feet, at which point one of them sank tooth or claw into an artery of the other. The bleeding began, dyeing the snow, spurting blood a full five meters downwind. The cougars crashed into the bottom of the canyon. The wounded one lay below; the other, its belly matted with blood from its rival, lay 10 feet above. They hissed and snarled, keeping their distance. The wounded male fled upstream along the trail. The rival followed.

They battled once again at a precipice a mile upstream from their first encounter. Both fell onto the frozen shore of Big Creek, 60 feet below. They paced uphill alongside each other, snarling but apart. One of them shredded a mountain mahogany bush, seeking to intimidate the other. Again they fought, again both fell—this time into the creek. Only one of them, as the tracks clearly showed, swam out. The other, dazed, perhaps already dead from lack of blood, slid under the ice to await the spring thaw. The victor returned to the scene of the two battles above the precipice, then headed upslope to resume its furtive, solitary existence.

At the time I encountered these tracks and pieced together their meaning with the able assistance of two wildlife biologists, I was one of only four people within a 50-mile radius. Surrounding me in each of hundreds of other creek drainages were the tracks, the evidence, the leavings from thousands of similar stories. All of them will be gone with the thaw, as will the cougar carcass in Big Creek, washed into the Middle Fork by April torrents. But what

is magnificent and enduring is the wilderness itself, complete with the ennobling thought that somewhere in this great continent of ours, nature can still be so prodigal as to waste the life of a lithe, fierce, full-grown cougar.

Such stories as may be woven together from silent cougar tracks are more magnificent for being imagined than observed, for imagination is unobtrusive. It extends human experience while keeping for wild animals the essential condition of their wildness—freedom from thoughtless incursion.

If wilderness is about the mythic American character, it is equally about characters who live their natural lives apart from us. Stories told on errands outside the wilderness are scripted by powers larger than human. Nature and narrative fit hand and glove. If we will let nature abide wildly in some few remaining portions of the earth, we will be immeasurably richer for it. We will not only secure a future for coming generations, we will secure stories for them—stories of wonder, of kinship with other living beings, and of richness and fecundity from a prodigal source.

While love of narrative for its own sake may be exclusively a human trait, the characters we enjoy are drawn from life. Animals are unequivocally the favorite characters of our young. (Imagine, for a moment, children's literature without animals.) Will we have wild animals for our storylines of the future? Not unless we protect their habitat and freedom.

Notes

1. Wallace Stegner, "The Wilderness Idea," in David Brower, ed., Wilderness: America's Living *Heritage* (San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1961), p. 97.
2. Alexis de Tocqueville, *Journey to America,* J. P. Mayer, ed., George Lawrence, trans. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1960), p. 335.
3. Holmes Rolston III, "Values Gone Wild," in Philosophy Gone Wild (Buffalo, N.Y.: Prometheus Books, 1986), pp. 137-38.
4. Ibid., p. 140.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Recount some experience you have had in the outdoors.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper about the various ways wilderness lands are used.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper advocating that the number of areas designated as wilderness should either be expanded or reduced.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Henberg's use of examples. How are they presented to us? Why are they appropriate to the main idea?

INVESTIGATIVE. GO to a city, county, state, or national park in your area. Find evidence of wildlife. Report your findings in a paper.

Rites of Summer

DONELLA MEADOWS

The slugs ate the sprouting zinnias right down to the ground.

So we put nine ducklings in the garden to eat the slugs. The ducklings ate the slugs and then they ate the spinach and trampled the peas. So we moved six ducklings down to the pond and left just three to patrol slugs. The raccoon circled the garden fence at night, trying to eat the ducklings. So every sunset we shut the ducklings in a cage to be safe from raccoons, even though slugs come out and eat zinnias mostly at night.

Meanwhile, the fleabeetles ate the sprouting radishes right down to the ground. We replanted the radishes and covered them with a spun-plastic row cover, so the fleabeetles couldn't get at them. That seems to have worked, so far.

We spotted a coyote, hoping to eat lamb, circling the pasture where the sheep are grazing. So we moved the sheep to the orchard near the house. They ate the orchard grass. Then they ate the apple trees. We moved the sheep back to the pasture with an electric fence around them (solar-powered). That has worked, so far.

Meanwhile, the father duck down on the pond keeps attacking the six ducklings. We hatched them out in an incubator, and he doesn't know they're his own children. We throw stones at him to scare him off. It seems to be working, so far.

The witch grass is sending its relentless roots through the bean and sunflower rows. The ground ivy is crowding the lawn grass. The crows are eating the sprouting corn. The old dog is too mellow and arthritic to chase the crows. The fleas are eating the dog. The carpenter ants are eating the house. The mosquitoes and black flies are eating us. The swallows circle overhead, eating the mosquitoes and black flies, but not fast enough.

In the spring and summer on this organic farm where we try to work with the forces of nature, we expend all the energy and cleverness we can summon, trying to keep things from eating things. And nature laughs. We have been farming here for twenty-three years. Nature has worked here for 10,000, since the glacier left, developing a self-balancing system where everything eats everything else, but everything thrives without human help. Nature put white pine and sugar maple here, deer and wolf, beaver, wild grape, wild turkey, salmon, trout, marsh marigold, scarlet tanager, black fly, and smart, lean ducks—not sheep, potatoes, chickens, zinnias, or the stupid, fat, nearly flightless ducks that humans have bred.

Even organic farming distorts nature's system. We push that land to produce the life forms we eat. We don't care about what other creatures eat. If

we did, we would, as people did here from the time the glacier melted, catch trout, hunt deer, pick berries, and plant scattered plots of native corn, pumpkins, and beans in a system so stable we could sow in the spring, go wandering all summer, and come back to a successful harvest. There would be many fewer of us, and we would live more simply. But we wouldn't have to twist and prod nature to produce only for us. And we would have enough.

One of nature's laws says that a population growing in numbers or material consumption must be taking sustenance from other populations. The human population is now taking about 40 percent of all that the earth's land produces. We are planning to double our material standard of living sooner than that. We can do so only at the expense of self-balancing natural systems. And we cannot do it for long, because another of nature's laws says that no population can grow in numbers and consumption forever.

Yet another law says that the more we push a natural system our way instead of its way, the more we have to expend muscle energy, fossil fuel energy, and cleverness. As God put it, when he expelled Adam and Eve from hunter-gatherer paradise: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee . . . (I)n the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

This terrific curse does not for a moment dampen our enthusiasm for farming. We like to eat corn, potatoes, and duck; we like to make bouquets of zinnias. In the sweat of our faces, we try to maintain what we call order on twenty acres. We leave fifty acres untouched, so other creatures may have food and so, when we and those who come after us tire, when we run out of fossil fuels, chemicals, and cleverness, nature will still have sugar maples, white pines, beavers, and black flies to work with, to rebuild a system that runs beautifully without any help from us.

1996

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Discuss an experience you have had growing something.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper examining the major causes of environmental destruction.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper defending the idea that we must conserve our natural resources.

ANALYTICAL. Write an analysis of Meadows' descriptions of the natural world.

INVESTIGATIVE. Observe community gardens, public gardens, or a farmers' market. How do they exemplify the idea of conservation? Report your findings in a paper.

The Woods and the Pacific

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The Bay of Monterey has been compared by no less a person than General Sherman to a bent fishing-hook; and the comparison, if less important than the march through Georgia, still shows the eye of a soldier for topography. Santa Cruz sits exposed at the shank; the mouth of the Salinas river is at the middle of the bend; and Monterey itself is cozily ensconced beside the barb. Thus the ancient capital of California faces across the bay, while the Pacific Ocean, though hidden by low hills and forest, bombards her left flank and rear with never-dying surf. In front of the town, the long line of sea-beach trends north and northwest, and then westward to enclose the bay. The waves which lap so quietly about the jetties of Monterey grow louder and larger in the distance; you can see breakers leaping high and white by day; at night, the outline of the shore is traced in transparent silver by the moonlight and the flying foam; and from all around, even in quiet weather, the low, distant, thrilling roar of the Pacific hangs over the coast and the adjacent country like smoke above the battle.

These long beaches are enticing to the idle man. It would be hard to find a walk more solitary and at the same time more exciting to the mind. Crowds of ducks and sea-gulls hover over the sea. Sandpipers trot in and out by troops after the retiring waves, trilling together in a chorus of infinitesimal song. Strange sea-tangles, new to the European eye, the bones of whales, or sometimes a whole whale's carcass, white with carrion-gulls and poisoning the wind, lie scattered here and there along the sands. The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their translucent necks, and burst with a surprising uproar, that runs, waxing and waning, up and down the long keyboard of the beach. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again, and is met and buried by the next breaker. The interest is perpetually fresh. On no other coast that I know shall you enjoy, in calm, sunny weather, such a spectacle of Ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing colour, or such degrees of thunder in the sound. The very air is more than usually salt by this Homeric deep.

Inshore, a tract of sand-hills borders on the beach. Here and there a lagoon, more or less brackish, attracts the birds and hunters. A rough, spotty undergrowth partially conceals the sand. The crouching, hardy, live-oaks flourish singly or in thickets—the kind of wood for murderers to crawl among—and here and there the skirt of the forest extends downward from the hills with a floor of turf and long aisles of pine-trees hung with Spaniard's Beard. Through this quaint desert the railway cars drew near to Monterey from the junction at Salinas City—though that and so many other things are now forever altered—and it was from here that you had the first view of the old township lying in the sands, its white windmills bickering in the chill, perpetual wind, and the first fogs of the evening drawing drearily around it from the sea.

The one common note of all this country is the haunting presence of the ocean. A great faint sound of breakers follows you high up into the inland can-

yons; the roar of water dwells in the clean, empty rooms of Monterey as in a shell upon the chimney; go where you will, you have but to pause and listen to hear the voice of the Pacific. You pass out of the town to the southwest, and mount the hill among pine woods. Glade, thicket, and grove surround you. You follow winding sandy tracks that lead now thither. You see deer; a multitude of quail arises. But the sound of the sea still follows you, as you advance, like that of wind among the trees, only harsher and stranger to the ear; and when at length you gain the summit, out breaks on every hand and with freshened vigor, that same unending, distant, whispering rumble of the ocean; for now you are on the top of Monterey peninsula, and the noise no longer only mounts to you from behind along the beach towards Santa Cruz, but from your right also, round by Chinatown and Pino lighthouse, and from down before you to the mouth of the Carmello River. The whole woodland is begirt with thundering surges. The silence that immediately surrounds you where you stand is not so much broken as it is haunted by this distant, circling rumor. It sets your senses upon edge; you strain your attention; you are clearly and unusually conscious of small sounds near at hand; you walk listening like an Indian hunter; and the voice of the Pacific is a sort of disquieting company to you in your walk.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Describe a scenic place you have especially enjoyed. How did it make you feel?

RESEARCH. Write a research paper about the most popular kinds of destinations for outdoor vacations.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that people should spend time in contact with nature.

ANALYTICAL. Analyze Stevenson's use of descriptive imagery.

INVESTIGATIVE. GO to a scenic place. Identify its unique qualities. Report your findings in a paper.

In the Country of Grasses

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Describe a scenic place you have especially enjoyed. How did it make you feel?

RESEARCH. Write a research paper about the most popular kinds of destinations for outdoor vacations.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that people should spend time in contact with nature.

As a naturalist who calls the Great Basin home, I entered the Serengeti Plains of Africa with beginner's eyes. The sky arched over me like a taut bow. George Schaller describes the Serengeti as "a boundless region with horizons so wide one can see clouds between the legs of an ostrich."

This is true. It is also true that the Serengeti ecosystem is defined by the hooves of migrating wildebeests. It covers the borders of Tanzania and Kenya like the stretched skin of an animal—25,000 square kilometers of open plains and wooded grasslands harbor one of the last refuges on earth where great herds of animals and their predators can wander at will.

I chose to wander in the northern appendage of these plains, in an area known as Maasai Mara.

The Mara is Kenya's most stunning reserve. It is wild, uninterrupted country capable of capturing one's spirit like cool water in a calabash. And it appears endless as its southern boundary is contiguous with Tanzania's Serengeti National Park.

The Mara belongs to the Maasai or the Maasai to the Mara. The umbilical cord between man and earth has not been severed here. They are a fierce and proud people who pasture their cattle next to leopard and lion. The Maasai are fearless. They know the songs of grasses and the script of snakes They move like thin shadows across the savannah. A warrior with a red cloak draped over his shoulder stands silhouetted against the sun. Beef-eaters, blood-drinkers, the Maasai are one of the last strongholds of nomadic life.

Samuel Kiplangat was my guide in the Mara. He is Maasai. The stretched holes in the lobes of his ears are like small windows and a reminder of the traditional life he has left behind. But he has not abandoned his native intelligence. Samuel felt the presence of animals long before he saw them. I watched him pull animals out of crypsis with his eyes. I saw him penetrate stillness with his senses.

When traveling to new country, it is a gift to have a guide. They know the nuances of the world they live in. Samuel smells rain the night before it falls. I trust his instincts and borrow them until I uncover my own. But there is danger here. One can become lazy in the reliance of a guide. The burden of a newcomer is to pay attention.

The land rover slips into the savannah like a bird dog entering a marsh. We are fully present. I watch Samuel's eyes scan the horizon. He points south.

"Zebra," he says. "They are migrating north from Tanzania. Thousands more are on their way."

Hundreds of zebras walk the skyline. They become animated heat waves.

We drive closer. I have never seen such concentrations of animals. At one point I think I hear thunder. It is the hooves of wildebeests. Suddenly, the herd of zebra expands to include impalas, gazelles, and animals I do not recognize.

"Topi," Samuel says.

I flip through my field guide of African mammals and find it. An extraordinary creature, it is the color of mahogany with blue patches on its flanks and

ocher legs. I look at the topi again, this time through binoculars. Its black linear face with spiraling horns creates the illusion of a primitive mask. The topi I watch stands motionless on a termite mound. Binoculars down, I look at Samuel. He says the topi resemble hartebeests. A small herd of topi runs in front of the vehicle in a rocking-horse gait and vanishes.

Samuel gives away his knowledge sparingly—in gentle, quiet doses. He is respectful of his teachers and those he is teaching. In this way, he is generous. He gives me the pleasure of discovery. Slowly, African riddles unravel themselves like a piece of cut linen.

The sweet hissing of grasses accompanies us as we move ahead. We pass the swishing tails of wildebeests. We are looking for lions.

Anticipation is another gift for travelers in unfamiliar territory. It quickens the spirit. The contemplation of the unseen world; imagination piqued in consideration of animals.

We stop. Samuel points. I see nothing. I look at Samuel for clues. He points again. I still see nothing but tall, tawny grasses around the base of a lone tree. He smiles and says, "Lions."

I look. I look so hard it becomes an embarrassment—and then I see eyes. Lion eyes. Two amber beads with a brown matrix. Circles of contentment until I stand; the lion's eyes change, and I am flushed with fear.

"Quiet," Samuel whispers. "We will watch for awhile."

As my eyes become acquainted with lion, I begin to distinguish fur from grass. I realize there are two lions, a male and female lying together under the stingy shade of a thorn tree. I can hear them breathe. The male is breathing hard and fast, his black mane in rhythm with the breeze. He puts his right paw on the female's shoulder. Ears twitch. We are no more than 10 feet away. He yawns. His yellow canines are as long as my index finger. His jowls look like wellworn leather. He stands. The grasses brush his belly. Veins protrude from his leg muscles. This lion is lean and strong. No wonder in the Maasi mind every aspect of a lion is embued with magic.

Acting oblivious to us, he moves to the other side of the tree. From the protection of the land rover, we spot a fresh kill. It is a wildebeest whose black flesh has been peeled back from a red scaffolding of bones.

The lion sits on his haunches and feeds. He separates the wildebeest's legs with his paws and slowly sinks his teeth into the groin. He pulls and tears large strips of meat. With his head tilted, his carnassials slice more muscle and viscera from the body cavity. His rasping tongue licks the blood from the bones. Ribs snap. His claws clamp down on the wildebeest as though escape was still possible.

The carcass is like a cave that the lion enters. He growls, and the female joins him. He nibbles her ear and then licks her face and neck. I am startled by his bloodstained muzzle. Side by side, two lions devour their prey.

The sensuality of predator-prey relations is riveting. My Great Basin eyes transfer lion and wildebeest to mountain lion and mule deer. The guffawing hyena on the periphery of the pride becomes a coyote squinting through sage.

The wildebeest is smothered by the lion's paw. Who knows how long they will stay. Night falls, and beyond the pride of lions, hyenas jockey for their place among bones. Beyond hyenas, jackals pace. Finally, white-backed vultures clean the kill as ravens do in the desert. There is no such thing as waste except in the world of man. The concentric circles which bind a healthy habitat include vulnerable and venerable species.

It is a familiar scenario, predator and prey, as though a shaft of light falls in the forgotten corner of an attic, and a precious possession is retrieved. We too are predators. A primal memory is struck like a match.

I hold on to a rope between two poles. I grip with both hands the life I live and the one I have forgotten. When in the presence of natural order, we remember a potentiality of life which has been overgrown by civilization.

Morning comes quickly near the equator. There is little delineation of dawn. On the Serengeti, it is either day or night. A peculiar lull occurs just before sunrise. The world is cool and still. Gradually, the sun climbs the ladder of clouds until the sky mirrors the nacreous hues of abalone.

Samuel tells us this morning we will look for rhinos. I dream of looking into the eyes of these creatures, but Samuel warns us our chances are few. There are only two rhinoceros in the region. Only two. Male and female.

No one speaks for some time. The isolation of endangered species is disquieting. Two rhinos. And in 10 years what will the count be?

We drive towards Rhino Ridge. It is broken country—rugged, pocked, and gnarled. Volcanic boulders lie on the land like corpses of stone. Even if we don't see rhino, I say to myself, it is good to know where they live.

Samuel points out a dung heap around a small bush. Tracks surrounding the mound indicate spreading of the dung. A well-trodden path is also apparent. I later learn from Samuel that because rhinos are solitary and nomadic, they have a complex olfactory system of communication. These "lavatories" are an indirect means of keeping in touch.

I am fascinated by what Samuel sees and what I am missing. In the Great Basin I can read the landscape well. I know the subtleties of place. Horned lizard buried in the sand cannot miss my eyes because I anticipate his. A kit fox at night streaks across the road. His identity is told by the beam of my headlights. And when great horned owl hoots above my head, I hoot too. Home is the range of one's instincts.

As a naturalist, I yearn to extend my range like the nomadic lion, rhino, or Maasai. But in remote and unfamiliar territory, I must learn to read the landscape inch by inch. The grasses become braille as I run my fingers through them.

Samuel is listening. I listen too. My attention is splayed between hoopoes and hyenas. Suddenly, there is a rumbling. Samuel nods. Elephants. A herd of a dozen or more, young and old, thunder through the underbrush. Trunks flaring, waving up and down, ears fanning back and forth, tusks on the front end, tails at the rear. These were animals I had never imagined wild. As they pass, I

focus on their skin. It is a landscape unto itself. The folds and creases in the hide become basin and range topography.

In the scheme of the savannah, the elephant breaks into forests and opens wooded country to the vegetation and animals of the plains. The rhino depends on the elephant to create a transition zone from woodlands to grasslands. Under natural conditions, a new generation of elephants would migrate to another area and repeat the cycle of vegetative succession. But with man's encroachment there is not much space left for the emigration of elephants. The land becomes abused, and rhinos are left with less options for range. Even in Maasai Mara, whose appearance is primordial, natural equilibrium is shifting.

Samuel and I follow a bushfire. The smoke is a serpent winding down the Siria Escarpment. My eyes burn. Suddenly, Samuel freezes.

"Rhinos," he says. "Two rhinos."

Through the wildebeests, through the zebras, topi, and gazelles—I see two beasts the color of pewter moving quickly over the ridge. I guess them to be a mile away.

As we advance closer and closer, the anticipation of seeing rhinoceros is like crossing the threshold of a dream. The haze lifts and there they are—two rhinos, male and female, placidly eating grass with prehensile lips. Their prehistoric skin is reminiscent of another time. It is the spirit of the animal that stands. Two rhinos, their eyes hidden in the folds of their armor. Oxpeckers perch on crescent horns. I catch the female's eye. She does not waver.

My vision blurs. Who would kill a rhinoceros? It seems clear that the true aphrodisiac is not found in their horns but in simply knowing they exist.

Only a few minutes of daylight remain. We leave. I look back one more time. From a distance, they have become outcroppings of stone. Two rhinos on the Serengeti Plains.

In Out *of Africa,* Isak Dinesen writes about what it means to be an outsider in Maasailand. She says, "I feel that it might altogether be described as the existence of a person who had come from a rushed and noisy world into still country."

We have forgotten what we can count on. The natural world provides refuge. In the Great Basin, I know the sounds of strutting grouse and the season when sage blooms. A rattlesnake coiled around the base of greasewood is both a warning and a wonder. In Maasai Mara, marabou storks roost before sunset and baboons move in the morning. The dappled light on leaves may be leopard in a tree. These are the patterns that awaken us to our surroundings. Each of us harbors a homeland, a landscape we naturally comprehend. By understanding the dependability of place, we can anchor ourselves as trees.

One night, Jonas Ole Sademaki, a Maasai elder, and I sit around the fire telling stories. Sparks enter the ebony sky and find their places among stars.

"My people worship trees," he says. "It was the tree that gave birth to the Maasai. Grasses are also trustworthy. When a boy is beaten for an inappropriate act, the boy falls to the ground and clutches a handful of grass. His elder

takes this gesture as a sign of humility. The child remembers where the source of his power lies."

As I walk back to my tent, I stop and look up at the southern cross. These are new constellations for me. I kneel in the grasses and hold tight.

1987

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Write about an experience you have had observing an animal.

RESEARCH. Write a paper about ecotourism.

PERSUASIVE. Write an essay advocating that people should visit wilderness areas in order to develop an appreciation of the natural world.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper explaining how Williams uses both narration and description to create a sense of intimacy with the wildlife.

INVESTIGATIVE. Go to a place you have never been. Record your observations about the "newness" of the place. Write an essay about your discoveries.

21
Science and Technology

Oppressed by Evolution

MATT CARTMILL

As far as we can tell, all of earth's living things are descended from a distant common ancestor that lived more than 3 billion years ago. This is an important discovery, but it's not exactly news. Biologists started putting forward the idea of evolution back in the 1700s, and thanks to Darwin's unifying theory of natural selection, it's been the accepted wisdom in biology for more than a hundred years. So you might think that by now everyone would have gotten used to the idea that we are blood kin to all other organisms, and closer kin to great apes than to spiders. On the face of it, the idea makes a certain amount of plain common sense. We all know that we share more features with apes than we do with spiders or snails or cypress trees. The theory of evolution simply reads those shared features as family resemblances. It doesn't deny that people are unique in important ways. Our kinship with apes doesn't mean we're only apes under the skin, any more than the kinship of cats with dogs means that your cat is repressing a secret urge to bark and bury bones.

Yet many people don't accept the idea of evolution, and even feel downright threatened by it. Conservative Christians, in particular, have opposed it; to them, science ran off track in 1859 when Darwin's *Origin of Species* first hit the bookstores. Over the decades, we biologists have become accustomed to this opposition, but in recent years there has been a change in the antievolution camp. Now we find ourselves defending Darwin against attacks not only from the religious right but from the academic left as well.

In the United States the religious opposition to Darwin is chiefly made up of evangelical Protestants. Some of them are smart, savvy, angry, and well organized, and they have been working here for almost a hundred years to stop biologists from telling people about the history of life. In the early part of this century they persuaded the legislatures of several states to pass laws against teaching evolution. When the courts threw out those laws, the antievolutionists tried a different strategy: fighting for laws giving equal classroom time to "creation science"—that is, Bible-based biology. That didn't

work, either. Now they're trying to compel teachers to present evolution as a mere theory rather than a fact. So far they haven't succeeded, but they're still working at it.

It seems clear that these religious antievolutionists aren't going to go away in the foreseeable future; biologists will have to fight them for another century or two to keep them from outlawing Darwin. But if we are to succeed, I think we'll need to give serious thought to our opponents' motives. I suspect they are deeper and subtler than most scientists like to think—or than most crusaders against evolution themselves believe.

One reason I believe this is that the motives publicly claimed by Christian antievolutionists don't make sense. Many will tell you that the evolution issue is a religious struggle between a godless scientific establishment and so-called creationists—that is, themselves. But a lot of evolutionary biologists are creationists, too—devout Christians, Jews, and Muslims, who believe in an eternal God who created the world. They just don't see any reason to think that he created it as recently as 4000 B.C.

Many opponents of the idea of evolution say they reject it because it contradicts the Bible. They claim to believe that every word in the Bible is literally true. But no one really believes that. We all know that when, in John 7:38, Jesus said, "He that believeth on me ... out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water," he didn't mean it literally. It's a figure of speech. Practically every book of the Bible contains some such passages, which have to be read as either figures of speech or errors of fact. Consider Biblical astronomy. The Old Testament depicts the "firmament" as a strong dome or tent spread out above the Earth. It has the sun, moon, and stars set in it—and water up above it, and windows in it to let the water out when it rains (see Gen. 1:6-8, 1:14-17, 7:11, 8:2; Job 37:18; Ps. 104:2; Isa. 24:18; and Mai. 3:10). This is a lovely picture. If you read it as poetry, it's gorgeous. But taken literally, it's just plain wrong. There isn't any firmament or any water above the firmament, and the sun, moon, and stars aren't attached to anything. And if we can all agree that there isn't any firmament, then we can all agree that the literal truth of the Bible can't be the real issue here.

Some religious people say they reject the idea of evolution because it lowers human beings to the level of the beasts and blinds us to the nobility of man. In his closing speech for the prosecution in the 1925 Scopes monkey trial, William Jennings Bryan pointed angrily to a high-school textbook that classed Homo *sapiens* as a mammal. "No circle is reserved for man alone," Bryan protested. "He is, according to the diagram, shut up in the little circle entitled 'Mammals,' with thirty-four hundred and ninety-nine other species of mammals. . . . What shall we say of the intelligence, not to say religion, of those who are so particular to distinguish between fishes and reptiles and birds, but put a man with an immortal soul in the same circle, with the wolf, the hyena, and the skunk? What must be the impression made upon children by such a degradation of man?"

What, indeed? But if you are going to classify living things at all, you have to group people and wolves together in some category, since they are both

living things. Actually, the classification that Bryan railed against was in place a century before Darwin published his ideas on evolution. It was the pious creationist Carl von Linne, not some atheistic evolutionist, who named the Mammalia and classed *Homo* sapiens among them, back in 1758. And even then, in the mid-eighteenth century, classifying people as animals was an ancient idea. The Old Testament itself says bluntly that human beings are beasts, and no nobler than any of the others (Eccles. 3:18-21). Yes, of course we are mammals: hairy, warm-blooded vertebrates with milk glands and big forebrains, like wolves and hyenas and skunks. What's so awful about that? What else could we possibly be? Insects? Plants? Seraphim?

Most religious antievolutionists recognize that people resemble animals, but they refuse to believe it's a literal family resemblance. They think it insults human dignity to describe people as modified apes. But the Bible says that God made man from the dust of the ground (Gen. 2:7). Why is being a made-over ape more humiliating than being made-over dirt?

Given such patent contradictions, it seems apparent that there must be something else about Darwinian evolution that bothers antievolutionists. And I think we can get some idea of what it is by studying the strange alliance against Darwin that's emerged in recent years between the forces of the religious right and the academic left.

The academic left is a diverse group. It includes all shades of opinion from the palest pink liberals to old-fashioned bright red Marxists. Probably no two of them have the same opinions about everything. But a lot of them have bought into some notions that are deeply hostile to the scientific enterprise in general and the study of evolution in particular. Although these notions are often expressed in a mind-numbing "postmodern" jargon, at bottom they're pretty simple. We can sum them up in one sentence: Anybody who claims to have objective knowledge about anything is trying to control and dominate the rest of us.

The postmodern critique of science runs something like this: There are no objective facts. All supposed "facts" are contaminated with theories, and all theories are infested with moral and political doctrines. Because different theories express different perceptions of the world, there's no neutral yardstick for measuring one against another. The choice between competing theories is always a political choice. Therefore, when some guy in a lab coat tells you that such and such is an objective fact—say, that there isn't any firmament, or that people are related to wolves and hyenas—he must have a political agenda up his starched white sleeve.

"Science is politics," writes Robert Young, editor of the journal *Science as Culture*. "Recent work has made it clear to those with eyes to see that there is no place in science, technology, medicine, or other forms of expertise where you cannot find ideology acting as a constitutive determinant."

To those who see it through a postmodernist lens, science as currently practiced is pretty bad stuff. Science is oppressive: by demanding that everyone talk and argue in certain approved ways, it tries to control our minds and limit our freedom to question authority. Science is sexist: designed by males

and driven by domineering male egos, it prefers facts to values, control to nurturance, and logic to feelings—all typical patriarchal male hang-ups. Science is imperialist: it brushes aside the truths and insights of other times and cultures. ("Claims about the universality of science," insists historian Mario Biagioli, "should be understood as a form of cognitive colonialism.") And of course, science is capitalist (and therefore wicked): it serves the interests of big corporations and the military-industrial complex.

The scholar Ania Grobicki summed it up this way: "Western science is only one way of describing reality, nature, and the way things work—a very effective way certainly, for the production of goods and profits, but unsatisfactory in most other respects. It is an imperialist arrogance which ignores the sciences and insights of most other cultures and times. . . . It is important for the people most oppressed by Western science to make use of what resources there are, to acquire skills and confidence, and to keep challenging the orthodox pretensions of 'scientific' hierarchies of power."

In this view, science is really aiming at a totalitarian control over our lives and thoughts. And though all fields of science are suspect, what most left-wing anxiety centers on is biology. You can get an idea of the fear that pervades this literature—and a taste of the convoluted prose some of these people write—by reading what the philosopher Jean Baudrillard has to say about biochemistry. "That which is hypostatized in biochemistry," he writes, "is the ideal of a social order ruled by a sort of genetic code of macromolecular calculation . . . irradiating the social body with its operational circuits.... Schemes of control have become fantastically perfected . . . to a neocapitalist cybernetic order that aims now at total control. This is the mutation for which the biological theorization of the code prepares the ground. . . . It remains to be seen if this operationality is not itself a myth, if DNA is not also a myth."

I don't know exactly what it means to have a genetic code irradiating things with its operational circuits, but it sounds pretty nasty. And Baudrillard isn't the only one who has it in for nucleic acids. Last year in the *Nation,* author Barbara Ehrenreich and anthropologist Janet Mcintosh recounted the story of a psychologist who spoke at an interdisciplinary conference on the emotions. When several audience members rose to criticize her use of the oppressive, sexist, imperialist, and capitalist scientific method, the psychologist tried to defend science by pointing to its great discoveries—for example, DNA. The retort came back: "You believe in DNA?"

Why this suspicion of genetics? One reason is its political history. Defenders of privilege have always argued that the people below them on the social ladder deserve their lowly status because they're innately inferior; and scientists who believe this sort of thing haven't been shy about invoking biology to prove it. From the social Darwinists of the nineteenth century, the eugenics movement of the 1920s, and the race-hygiene savants of the Third Reich, down to the psychologists who today insist that social status is determined by our genes, there has always been an abundant supply of rich white male professors gathering data to demonstrate that rich people, white people, and

men are biologically superior to everyone else. No wonder genetics is greeted with raised eyebrows and snickers on the left.

But more fundamentally, many people see the biological worldview as a threat to the ideal of human freedom. If people are animals, and animals are machines driven by instinct and conditioning controlled by genes, then the way things are is pretty much the way they have to be. Consequently, trying to transform the world by human action is likely to be a futile undertaking. Those who don't much like the world the way it is—a group that includes most leftwing academics—naturally find this view abhorrent.

As a result, in academic circles outside the natural sciences today, any mention of human genetics is likely to arouse protests and angry accusations of "biological determinism," especially if you mention genes in the same breath as human psychology or behavior. In its extreme form, this left-wing hostility to biology amounts to what Ehrenreich and Mcintosh call "secular creationism"—a creed that denies our biological heritage has anything to do with what people want or how they act. "Like their fundamentalist Christian counterparts," they write, "the most extreme antibiologists suggest that humans occupy a status utterly different from and clearly 'above' that of all other living beings."

In North Carolina, where I live, we recently saw how this attitude can cause the academic left to line up with the religious right. Last spring the lower house of the state legislature passed a bill requiring that "evolution shall be taught as a scientific theory, not as a proven fact" in the state's public schools. The bill eventually died in the senate. But while it was still on the table, conservative evangelicals lobbied hard for it, local evolutionists lobbied hard against it, and the newspapers were flooded with outraged letters from both sides. At the height of this dustup, Warren Nord, head of the program in Humanities and Human Values at the state university in Chapel Hill, suddenly jumped into the fight on the creationists' side—in the name of multiculturalism.

Darwin's theory, Nord complained, "undermines religious conceptions of design or purpose in nature. As we teach it, modern science is not religiously neutral. . . . [It] conflicts not just with Protestant fundamentalism . . . but with many traditional Native American, African, and Eastern religions." Nord's conclusion: "If we teach neo-Darwinian evolution and secular accounts of nature in science classes, we must also teach religious accounts of nature. . . . The only constitutional way to teach students about origins—that is, the only way to be truly neutral—is to let the contending parties (all of them) have their say."

In one sense, there's nothing wrong with Nord's argument. Of course evolution is a theory. We can imagine findings that would cause us to reject the whole idea. But that's just as true for every other big idea in science—and nobody is demanding an equal-time approach to any of the others. There are no bills cooking in America's state legislatures that will order the schools to teach the germ theory of disease and the atomic theory of matter as open questions. That might be an interesting and stimulating approach, but given

that, for decades, the evidence that has come in consistently supports these two theories, the schools don't have time for it.

And nobody really wants to see science taught that way. Trying to present all ideas impartially without judging them would mean the end of science education. Like it or not, science is judgmental. It undertakes to weigh all the conflicting stories and find tests that will tell us which one is the least unlikely. If no such tests can be found, then science has nothing to say on the issue.

The idea that people evolved from apes millions of years ago is a testable scientific hypothesis. The idea that humankind was specially created in 4000 B.C. is also a testable hypothesis, and it happens to be wrong. But the idea that Nord and his evangelical allies want to introduce into biology classes—that nature expresses God's purposes—isn't a scientific issue at all, because there's no way to test it. People have been arguing about it for millennia and getting nowhere. The creationists point to all the things in nature that look beautiful, orderly, and efficient. The skeptics respond by pointing to other things that look ugly, messy, cruel, and wasteful. The creationists retort that they only seem that way to the finite human mind. Maybe so. But since no tests are possible, all that science can do is shrug.

That shrug is really what distresses the crusaders against science, on both the left and the right. Both camps believe passionately that the big truths about the world are moral truths. They view the universe in terms of good and evil, not truth and falsehood. The first question they ask about any supposed fact is whether it serves the cause of righteousness. Their notions of good and evil are different, but both see the commonplace surface of the world as a veil of illusion, obscuring the deeper moral truths behind everything that give life its meaning. "Commonsense reality," insists the leftwing anthropologist Nancy Sheper-Hughes, "may be false, illusory, and oppressive. . . . [We must] work at the essential task of stripping away the surface forms of reality in order to expose concealed and buried truths."

For many people on the academic left, the facts reported by science are just the surface layer that has to be scraped off to expose the underlying moral and political reality. This postmodern approach to facts is a lot like that of the premodern St. Augustine, who wrote in the fifth century A.D. that we should concern ourselves with what Bible stories signify "and not worry about whether they are true."

Science, however, worries only about whether things are true and has no opinion about what they signify. In so doing, it offends both the religious right and the academic left. Both camps reject its claim to being objective and morally neutral. Because they don't think such a thing is possible, they see the pretended objectivity of science as a cover for ulterior motives. The idea of evolution is especially offensive in this regard because it implies that the universe has been value-free through 99.9 percent of its history, and that people and their values were brought into being by the mechanical operations of an inhuman reality. Both the religious and the secular creationists see human life as defined by the moral choices we make. Naturally, they shrink from

the biologists' vision of people as animals (since animals don't make moral choices). The right-wingers think Darwinism promotes atheism, while the left-wingers think it promotes capitalism; but both agree it's just another competing ideology, which deserves to be cast down from its high seat of intellectual privilege.

Well, is it? Having offended both the fundamentalists and the postmodernists, I am going to annoy my scientific colleagues by admitting that the antievolutionists of left and right have a point nestled deep in their rhetoric.

Science has nothing to tell us about moral values or the purpose of existence or the realm of the supernatural. That doesn't mean there is nothing to be said about these things. It just means that scientists don't have any expert opinions. Science looks exclusively at the finite facts of nature, and unfortunately, logical reasoning can't carry you from facts to values, or from the finite to the infinite. As the philosopher David Hume pointed out 250 years ago, you can't infer an infinite cause from a finite effect. But science's necessary silence on these questions doesn't prove that there isn't any infinite cause—or that right and wrong are arbitrary conventions, or that there is no plan or purpose behind the world.

And I'm afraid that a lot of scientists go around saying that science proves these things. Many scientists are atheists or agnostics who want to believe that the natural world they study is all there is, and being only human, they try to persuade themselves that science gives them grounds for that belief. It's an honorable belief, but it isn't a research finding.

Evolutionists seem to be especially prone to this mistake. The claim that evolution is purposeless and undirected has become almost an article of faith among evolutionary biologists. For example, the official "Statement on Teaching Evolution" from the National Association of Biology Teachers describes evolution as "an unsupervised, impersonal, unpredictable, and natural process." That pretty much rules God out of the picture. One popular book on evolution, Richard Dawkins's *Blind Watchmaker,* is subtitled *Why the Evidence of Evolution Reveals a Universe Without Design.* In his book *Wonderful Life,* Stephen Jay Gould argues that the evolution of human beings was fantastically improbable and that a host of unlikely events had to fall out in just the right way for intelligent life to emerge on this planet. One might well take this as a sign of God's hand at work in the evolutionary process. Gould, however, bends his argument to the opposite conclusion—that the universe is indifferent to our existence and that humans would never evolve a second time if we rewound time's videotape and started over.

But to reach this conclusion, you have to assume the very thing that you are trying to prove: namely, that history isn't directed by God. If there is a God, whatever he wills happens by necessity. Because we can't really replay the same stretch of time to see if it always comes out the same way, science has no tests for the presence of God's will in history. Gould's conclusion is a profession of his religious beliefs, not a finding of science.

The broad outlines of the story of human evolution are known beyond a reasonable doubt. However, science hasn't yet found satisfying, law-based

natural explanations for most of the details of that story. All that we scientists can do is admit to our ignorance and keep looking. Our ignorance doesn't prove anything one way or the other about divine plans or purposes behind the flow of history. Anybody who says it does is pushing a religious doctrine. Both the religious creationists of the right and the secular creationists of the left object and say that a lot of evolutionists are doing just that in the name of science—and to this extent they are unfortunately right.

Fortunately, evolutionary biologists are starting to realize this. Last October, after considering several such objections, the National Association of Biology Teachers deleted the words *unsupervised* and impersonal from its description of the evolutionary process. To me, this seems like a step in the right direction. If biologists don't want to see the theory of evolution evicted from public schools because of its religious content, they need to accept the limitations of science and stop trying to draw vast, cosmic conclusions from the plain facts of evolution. Humility isn't just a cardinal virtue in Christian doctrine; it's also a virtue in the practice of science.

1998

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Discuss your feelings about religious antievolutionists, scientists, or the academic left.

RESEARCH. Find information about various explanations of the origin of life. Report your findings in a documented paper.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that evolution should be taught in schools as a theory.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing the effectiveness of Cartmill's use of examples.

INVESTIGATIVE. Find two articles, one favoring creationism and one favoring evolution. Compare them and report your findings in a paper.

What Is a Scientific Paper?

ROBERT A. DAY

A scientific paper is a paper organized to meet the needs of valid publication. It is, or should be, highly stylized, with distinctive and clearly evident component parts. The most common labeling of the component parts, in the basic sciences, is Introduction, Methods, Results, and Discussion (hence, the aero-

nym IMRAD). Actually, the heading "Materials and Methods" may be more common than the simpler "Methods," but it is the latter form that was fixed in the acronym.

I have taught and recommended the IMRAD approach for many years. Until recently, however, there have been several somewhat different systems of organization that were preferred by some journals and some editors. The tendency toward uniformity has increased since the IMRAD system was prescribed as a standard by the American National Standards Institute, first in 1972 and again in 1979 (American National Standards Institute, 1979). A recent variation in IMRAD has been introduced by *Cell* and several other journals. In this variation, methods appear last rather than second. Perhaps we should call this IRDAM.

The basic IMRAD order is so eminently logical that, increasingly, it is used for many other types of expository writing. Whether one is writing an article about chemistry, archeology, economics, or crime in the streets, the IMRAD format is often the best choice.

This is generally true for papers reporting laboratory studies. There are, of course, exceptions. As examples, reports of field studies in the earth sciences and clinical case reports in the medical sciences do not readily lend themselves to this kind of organization. However, even in these "descriptive" papers, the same logical progression from problem to solution is often appropriate.

Occasionally, the organization of even laboratory papers must be different. If a number of methods were used to achieve directly related results, it might be desirable to combine the Materials and Methods and the Results into an integrated "Experimental" section. Rarely, the results might be so complex or provide such contrasts that immediate discussion seems necessary, and a combined Results and Discussion section might then be desirable. In addition, many primary journals publish "Notes" or "Short Communications," in which the IMRAD organization is abridged.

Various types of organization are used in descriptive areas of science. To determine how to organize such papers, and which general headings to use, you will need to refer to the Instructions to Authors of your target journal. If you are in doubt as to the journal, or if the journal publishes widely different kinds of papers, you can obtain general information from appropriate source books. For example, the several major types of medical papers are described in detail by Huth (1990), and the many types of engineering papers and reports are outlined by Michaelson (1990).

In short, I take the position that the preparation of a scientific paper has less to do with literary skill than with organization. A scientific paper is not literature. The preparer of a scientific paper is not an author in the literary sense.

Some of my old-fashioned colleagues think that scientific papers should be literature, that the style and flair of an author should be clearly evident, and that variations in style encourage the interest of the reader. I disagree. I

think scientists should indeed be interested in reading literature, and perhaps even in writing literature, but the communication of research results is a more prosaic procedure. As Booth (1981) put it, "Grandiloquence has no place in scientific writing."

Today, the average scientist, to keep up with a field, must examine the data reported in a very large number of papers. Therefore, scientists (and of course editors) must demand a system of reporting data that is uniform, concise, and readily understandable.

Understanding the Signals

Scientific writing is the transmission of a clear signal to a recipient. The words of the signal should be as clear and simple and well ordered as possible. In scientific writing, there is little need for ornamentation. The flowery literary embellishments—the metaphors, the similes, the idiomatic expressions—are very likely to cause confusion and should seldom be used in writing research papers.

Science is simply too important to be communicated in anything other than words of certain meaning. And that clear, certain meaning should pertain not just to peers of the author, but also to students just embarking on their careers, to scientists reading outside their own narrow discipline, and especially to those readers (the majority of readers today) whose native language is other than English.

Many kinds of writing are designed for entertainment. Scientific writing has a different purpose: to communicate new scientific findings. Scientific writing should be as clear and simple as possible.

Language of a Scientific Paper

In addition to organization, the second principal ingredient of a scientific paper should be appropriate language. In this book, I keep emphasizing proper use of English, because most scientists have trouble in this area. All scientists must learn to use the English language with precision. A book (Day, 1992) wholly concerned with English for scientists is now available.

If scientifically determined knowledge is at least as important as any other knowledge, it must be communicated effectively, clearly, in words of certain meaning. The scientist, to succeed in this endeavor, must therefore be literate. David B. Truman, when he was Dean of Columbia College, said it well: "in the complexities of contemporary existence the specialist who is trained but uneducated, technically skilled but culturally incompetent, is a menace."

Although the ultimate result of scientific research is publication, it has always amazed me that so many scientists neglect the responsibilities involved. A scientist will spend months or years of hard work to secure data, and then unconcernedly let much of their value be lost because of lack of interest in the communication process. The same scientist who will overcome tremendous obstacles to carry out a measurement to the fourth decimal place will

be in deep slumber while a secretary is casually changing micrograms per milliliter to milligrams per milliliter and while the compositor slips in an occasional pounds per barrel.

English need not be difficult. In scientific writing, we say: "The best English is that which gives the sense in the fewest short words" (a dictum printed for some years in the Instructions to Authors of the *Journal of Bacteriology*). Literary devices, metaphors and the like, divert attention from the substance to the style. They should be used rarely in scientific writing.

1979

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Recount an experience you have had in a science laboratory.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper about the kinds of evidence that can be used as proof in scientific research.

PERSUASIVE. Write a persuasive paper arguing that students should make sure that their papers on scientific subjects are presented simply and accurately.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Day's method of organization.

INVESTIGATIVE. Find two lab reports. How close are they to Day's formula? Report your findings in a paper.

The Method of Scientific Investigation

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

The method of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode at which all phenomena are reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. There is no more difference, but there is just the same kind of difference, between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales and the operation of a chemist in performing a difficult and complex analysis by means of his balance and finely graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case and the balance in the other differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working; but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than the other, and of course turns by the addition of a much smaller weight.

You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, I dare say, that men of science work by means of induction and deduction, and that by the help of these operations,

they, in a sort of sense, wring from Nature certain other things, which are called natural laws and causes, and that out of these, by some cunning skill of their own, they build up hypotheses and theories. And it is imagined by many that the operations of the common mind can be by no means compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words, you would think that the mind of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow men; but if you will not be frightened by terms, you will discover that you are quite wrong, and that all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourselves every day and every hour of your lives.

There is a well-known incident in one of Moliere's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on being told that he has been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust that you will take comfort, and be delighted with yourselves, on the discovery that you have been acting on the principles of inductive and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one here who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though differing of course in degree, as that which a scientific man goes through in tracing the causes of natural phenomena.

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple—you take one up, and, on biting, you find it is sour; you look at it, and see that it is hard, and green. You take up another one that too is hard, green, and sour. The shop man offers you a third; but, before biting it, you examine it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those that you have already tried.

Nothing can be more simple than that, you think; but if you will take the trouble to analyze and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place, you have performed the operation of induction. You found, that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to make an induction from; you generalize the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law, that all hard and green apples are sour; and that, so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, having got your natural law in this way, when you are offered another apple which you find is hard and green, you say, "All hard and green apples are sour; this apple is hard and green, therefore this apple is sour." That train of reasoning is what logicians call a syllogism and has all its various parts and terms—its major premise, its minor premise, and its conclusion. And, by the help of further reasoning, which, if drawn out, would have to be exhibited in two or three other syllogisms, you arrive at your final determination: "I will not have that apple." So that, you see, you have, in the first place, established a law by induction, and upon that you have founded a deduction and reasoned out the special conclu-

sion of the particular case. Well now, suppose, having got your law, that at some time afterwards, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend; you will say to him, "It is a very curious thing—but I find that all hard and green apples are sour!" Your friend says to you, "But how do you know that?" You at once reply, "Oh, because I have tried them over and over again and have always found them to be so." Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an experimental verification. And, if still opposed, you go further and say, "I have heard from people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short, I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever attention has been directed to the subject." Whereupon your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps he does not know he believes it, that the more extensive verifications are—that the more frequently experiments have been made and results of the same kind arrived at—that the more varied the conditions under which the same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question no further. He sees that the experiment has been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result; and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it.

In science we do the same thing; the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though in a much more delicate manner. In scientific inquiry it becomes a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification and to take care, moreover, that this is done intentionally and not left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications. For instance, if you let go your grasp of an article you may have in your hand, it will immediately fall to the ground. That is a very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature—that of gravitation. The method by which men of science established the existence of that law is exactly the same as that by which we have established the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough, and unhesitating manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time; and that is the strongest possible foundation on which any natural law can rest.

1863

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Recount an experience you have had when you have solved a puzzle.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper explaining how different scientific disciplines use the scientific method.

PERSUASIVE. Write a persuasive paper trying to convince students that they should major in one of the sciences.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Huxley's use of logic.

INVESTIGATIVE. Find an explanation of a difficult scientific concept that has been written for the general reader. What is gained and what is lost by such explanations? Report your findings in a paper.

Veni, Vidi, Video

CHRIS TUCKER

Ready for *our close-ups, we're all flooding the Web with a world-weird collection of gems and junk*

Predictions, Yogi Berra supposedly said, can be risky—especially when they're about the future. Despite Berra's warnings, however, here's a prediction that seems deadlock solid. At the rate we're going, almost all economic activity in the United States will cease sometime around September 15, 2008, because everyone will be too busy filming their everyday lives to spare any time for work. The few Citizen Spielbergs who are not behind the camera will be tending the millions of websites set up to display this vast amateur output. After all, someone must make sure that Don in San Diego can upload footage of his beer-drinking cockatiel within seconds of its creation.

I exaggerate, but not much. Case in point: My 11-year-old daughter and some of her posse attended their first sort-of rock concert a few weeks ago. Naturally, I dropped them a block away from the outdoor stage to spare them the humiliation of appearing to be connected to me, but I thought it would be fun to film some of the show. So, wielding my new Samsung camcorder, which is so compact and light I have to check the carrying case to be sure it's really there, I circled the audience, began shooting, and soon realized that about half the people in the crowd were not actually digging the music—they were filming the concert on their own tiny camcorders. When the singer decided to body-surf the crowd, I was afraid there wouldn't be enough empty hands to keep the poor bloke afloat.

Not to get all sociological about it, but we've moved into the age of ubiquitous video, where millions have decided that the unfilmed life just isn't worth living. And that evolution brings some fascinating consequences. Consider the ongoing debate over privacy, for example. It seems that about half of us are concerned that our personal data and images will be sucked into a Big Brother-ish snooping machine, while the other half can't wait to donate every moment of their lives, including many regarded as intimate not long ago, to

the Worldwide Video Party. Half of us worry we're being watched. The rest of us worry if we're not being watched.

Veni, vidi, video: It's yet another example of the democratizing power of technology. If you watch old documentaries of the Depression and World War II, you know that once upon a time, being filmed certified that you were important. Film was expensive, shooting and developing were difficult, and the experts didn't waste this technological marvel on mere nobodies. So the Vanderbilts and Rockefellers were captured in herky-jerky motion, playing tennis and enjoying their new motorcars. When you see films of the Kennedys as kids—in *color,* no less—you're looking at celluloid royalty.

But the Video Revolution sweeps away those old distinctions. Now we're all ready for our close-ups, and we're flooding the Web with all manner of video. Nobody has fully categorized this sprawling collection, but spend an hour at YouTube or its lesser rivals and you'll come across almost anything you can imagine. There's remarkably creative film work in animation, claymation, and other formats. There are thousands of TV and movie clips and concert footage of top musicians past and present. But you'll also see well-meaning but forgettable scenes involving pets, beach trips, and toddlers, valuable only to the shooters and doting grandparents. Not to mention auteurs behaving badly, a category that might be called "Not Only Were We Drunk and Stupid, But We Preserved Our Idiotic Behavior for Later Generations to Behold."

Mixed-Up Montage

If you have infinite time for a Web video tour, check out the offerings at Grouper, Yahoo, iFilm, and vMix, where I came across an extraordinary animated short called "Rockfish." I've paid $8.50 and spent hours in the multiplex to see plenty of lesser work. But if you have time for only one big-enchilada video site, it has to be YouTube (slogan: "Broadcast Yourself"), started last year by some former employees of PayPal, the online payment service.

While the numbers change hourly, YouTube seems to be the leading Web video site, claiming more than 50 million videos viewed daily and 50,000 new films added every 24 hours. Films can run up to 10 minutes in length, but based on my experience, the vast majority are less than three minutes long, and they run the gamut.

To wit: YouTube hosts plenty of clever amateur stuff in the vein of America's *Funniest Home Videos.* Check out "I Believe I Can Fly" (although on the site it's spelled "Belive"), in which numerous gymnasts, snowboarders, and others discover that they can't. This shouldn't be so funny, but it is: The film has been viewed more than 190,000 times and "favorited" by more than 800 YouTubers. There's also some good work among the zillion parodies of *American Idol.* Needless to say, quality varies wildly: Expect bizarre cuts and lurches, dropped cameras, and sound glitches of all kinds.

Alas, for every "I Believe I Can Fly," some YouTuber posts a "Sam Playing Tetris," a film of. .. well, a guy named Sam playing Tetris.

Note to newcomers: To understand the amateur craze, it's best to forget the idea that films need a payoff, as I learned after watching one video of some people walking through a downtown Dallas parking garage. Did they run into a long-lost friend? Nope. Was their car stolen? Nope. They just filmed themselves walking and decided that a wider audience needed to share the experience. As the ancients say about the early days of television, it's not that all these random images are fascinating or even significant; they're filmed because they *can* be. The image is the message. Or, as one YouTube commentator put it about a short film of a bridge in Connecticut: "There is no point to this clip, but that is exactly the point. Try to appreciate the sublime beauty of something rather than waiting for it to entertain you." Gotcha.

In the "What Won't They Think of Next" category, YouTube also delivers homegrown experiments both dumb and intriguing. Have you ever wondered just how much heat a Mac notebook generates when it's working to the max? I watched one guy measure a laptop's hot spots with an infrared gun, which flashed 109 degrees near the screen.

YouTube is a certifiable gold mine for the music lover. Enter almost any artist's name—Beyonce, the White Stripes, Switchfoot, System of a Down—and you'll get a crazy mix of professional video, amateur clips shot from the nosebleed seats, caleb street sightings, and "tribute" films that make the basement broadcast Wayne's *World* look like a big-budget Hollywood hit.

You're a fan of the late, great Johnny Cash? YouTube has tons of his TV work. Springsteen? Within hours of his appearance at this year's New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival, someone uploaded shaky footage of the Boss singing "My City in Ruins." Or, if you prefer the early Bruce, YouTube also has his (alleged) first TV appearance, on a Los Angeles station in 1978. When I entered Neil Young's name, YouTube dished him up along with a passel of geriatric rockers—Eric Clapton, Tom Petty, George Harrison, and others—joining Bob Dylan on "My Back Pages."

If you recall the Napster-Big Music copyright battles, it may seem surprising that YouTube has avoided legal problems, but times are changing. Many media powers have realized they can create new fans and please old ones by giving away some free samples; NBC, for instance, is distributing "sneak peeks" of some of its new shows via the site. Also, unlike the early music pirates, YouTube plays nice with content owners, promptly removing contraband films when notified of the problem.

That's our new world according to YouTube: a messy, vibrant, dull, and dazzling experiment in digital democracy. Where's it all heading? Stay tubed.

Frequent *Spirit* contributor Chris Tucker is a Dallas-based book editor and commentator for National Public Radio.

2006

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Write a paper discussing your fascination with or your lack of fascination with electronic media (computers, TV, cell phones, etc.).

RESEARCH. Find information about time spent by various age groups using electronic media (computers, TV, cell phones, etc.). Report your findings in a documented paper.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper arguing that our culture should break our addiction to media or conversely that we should simply accept it and enjoy it.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing the premises and validity of Tucker's exploration.

INVESTIGATIVE. Interview classmates and friends and report on the amount of time they are engaged with media (computers, TV, cell phones, etc.). Report your findings in a paper.

22

Philosophy and Religion

The Individual and the Type

HENRI BERGSON

What is the object of art? Could reality come into direct contact with sense and consciousness, could we enter into immediate communion with things and with ourselves, probably art would be useless, or rather we should all be artists, for then our soul would continually vibrate in perfect accord with nature. Our eyes, aided by memory, would carve out a space and fix in time the most inimitable of pictures. Hewn in the living marble of the human form, fragments of statues, beautiful as the relics of antique statuary, would strike the passing glance. Deep in our souls we should hear the strains of our inner life's unbroken melody—a music that is ofttimes gay, but more frequently plaintive and always original. All this is around and within us, and yet no whit of it do we distinctly perceive. Between nature and ourselves, nay, between ourselves and our own consciousness a veil is interposed: a veil that is dense and opaque for the common herd—thin, almost transparent, for the artist and the poet. What fairy wove that veil? Was it done in malice or in friendliness? We had to live, and life demands that we grasp things in their relations to our own needs. Life is action. Life implies the acceptance only of the *utilitarian* side of things in order to respond to them by appropriate reactions: all other impressions must be dimmed or else reach us vague and blurred. I look and I think I see, I listen and I think I hear, I examine myself and I think I am reading the very depths of my heart. But what I see and hear of the outer world is purely and simply a selection made by my senses to serve as a light to my conduct; what I know of myself is what comes to the surface, what participates in my actions. My senses and my consciousness, therefore, give me no more than a practical simplification of reality. In the version they furnish me of myself and of things, the differences that are useless to man are obliterated, the resemblances that are useful to him are emphasized; ways are traced out for me in advance, along which my activity is to travel. These ways are the ways which all mankind has trod before me. Things have been classified with a view to the use I can derive from them. And it is this classification I perceive, far more clearly than the color and the shape of things. Doubtless man is vastly supe-

rior to the lower animals in this respect. It is not very likely that the eye of a wolf makes any distinction between a kid and a lamb; both appear to the wolf as the same identical quarry, alike easy to pounce upon, alike good to devour. We, for our part, make a distinction between a goat and a sheep; but can we tell one goat from another, one sheep from another? The *individuality* of things or of beings escapes us, unless it is materially to our advantage to perceive it. Even when we do take note of it—as when we distinguish one man from another—it is not the individuality itself that the eye grasps, *i.e.,* an entirely original harmony of forms and colors, but only one or two features that will make practical recognition easier.

In short, we do not see the actual things themselves; in most cases we confine ourselves to reading the labels affixed to them. This tendency, the result of need, has become even more pronounced under the influence of speech; for words—with the exception of proper nouns—all denote genera. The word, which only takes note of the most ordinary function and commonplace aspect of the thing, intervenes between it and ourselves, and would conceal its form from our eyes, were that form not already masked beneath the necessities that brought the word into existence. Not only external objects, but even our own mental states, are screened from us in their inmost, their personal aspect, in the original life they possess. When we feel love or hatred, when we are gay or sad, is it really the feeling itself that reaches our consciousness with those innumerable fleeting shades of meaning and deep resounding echoes that make it something altogether our own? We should all, were it so, be novelists or poets or musicians. Mostly, however, we perceive nothing but the outward display of our mental state. We catch only the impersonal aspect of our feelings, that aspect which speech has set down once for all because it is almost the same, in the same conditions, for all men. Thus, even in our own individual, individuality escapes our ken. We move amidst generalities and symbols, as within a tilt-yard in which our force is effectively pitted against other forces; and fascinated by action, tempted by it, for our own good, on to the field it has selected, we live in a zone midway between things and ourselves, externally to things, externally also to ourselves. From time to time, however, in a fit of absentmindedness, nature raises up souls that are more detached from life. Not with that intentional, logical, systematical detachment—the result of reflection and philosophy—but rather with a natural detachment, one innate in the structure of sense or consciousness, which at once reveals itself by a virginal manner, so to speak, of seeing, hearing or thinking. Were this detachment complete, did the soul no longer cleave to action by any of it perceptions, it would be the soul of an artist such as the world has never yet seen. It would excel alike in every art at the same time; or rather, it would fuse them all into one. It would perceive all things in their native purity: the forms, colors, sounds of the physical world as well as the subtlest movement of the inner life. But this is asking too much of nature. Even for such of us as she made artists, it is by accident, and on one side only, that she has lifted the veil. In one direction only has she forgotten to rivet the perception to the need. And since each direction corresponds to

what we call a sense—through one of his senses, and through that sense alone, is the artist usually wedded to art. Hence, originally, the diversity of arts. Hence also the speciality of predispositions. This one applies himself to colors and forms, and since he loves color for color and form for form, since he perceives them for their sake and not for his own, it is the inner life of things that he sees appearing through their forms and colors. Little by little he insinuates it into our own perception, baffled though we may be at the outset. For a few moments at least, he diverts us from the prejudices of form and color that come between ourselves and reality. And thus he realizes the loftiest ambition of art, which here consists in revealing to us nature. Others, again, retire within themselves. Beneath the thousand rudimentary actions which are the outward and visible signs of an emotion, behind the commonplace, conventional expression that both reveals and conceals an individual mental state, it is the emotion, the original mood, to which they attain in its undefiled essence. And then, to induce us to make the same effort ourselves, they contrive to make us see something of what they have seen: by rhythmical arrangement of words, which thus become organized and animated with a life of their own, they tell us—or rather suggest—things that speech was not calculated to express. Others delve yet deeper still. Beneath these joys and sorrows which can, at a pinch, be translated into language, they grasp something that has nothing in common with language, certain rhythms of life and breath that are closer to man than his inmost feelings, being the living law—varying with each individual—of his enthusiasm and despair, his hopes and regrets. By setting free and emphasizing this music, they force it upon our attention; they compel us, willy-nilly, to fall in with it, like passers-by who join in a dance. And thus they impel us to set in motion, in the depths of our being, some secret chord which is only waiting to thrill. So art, whether it be painting or sculpture, poetry or music, has no other object than to brush aside the utilitarian symbols, the conventional and socially accepted generalities, in short, everything that veils reality from us, in order to bring us face to face with reality itself. It is from a misunderstanding on this point that the dispute between realism and idealism in art has arisen. Art is certainly only a more direct vision of reality. But this purity of perception implies a break with utilitarian convention, an innate and specially localized disinterestedness of sense or consciousness, in short, a certain immateriality of life, which is what has always been called idealism. So that we might say, without in any way playing upon the meaning of the words, that realism is in the work when idealism is in the soul, and that it is only through ideality that we can resume contact with reality.

1909

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Explain how you feel about art.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper discussing the various forms of art.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper defending the idea that the visual and literary arts should depict life as it is.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Bergson's use of cause and effect.

INVESTIGATIVE. Find a work of art that you respond to positively. Interview classmates and friends to find out how they respond to it. Report your findings in a paper.

The Theory of Evolution and Religion

RESEARCH. Write a research paper discussing the various forms of art.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper defending the idea that the visual and literary arts should depict life as it is.

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CHARLES DARWIN

I see no good reason why the views given in this volume should shock the religious feelings of any one. It is satisfactory, as showing how transient such impressions are, to remember that the greatest discovery ever made by man, namely, the law of the attraction of gravity, was also attacked by Leibnitz, "as subversive of natural, and inferentially of revealed, religion." A celebrated author and divine has written to me that "he has gradually learned to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that he created a few original forms, capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that he required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of his laws."

Why, it may be asked, until recently did nearly all the most eminent living naturalists and geologists disbelieve in the mutability of the species? It cannot be asserted that organic beings in a state of nature are subject to no variation; it cannot be proved that the amount of variation in the course of long ages is a limited quantity; no clear distinction has been, or can be, drawn between species and well-marked varieties. It cannot be maintained that species when intercrossed are invariably sterile, and varieties invariably fertile; or that sterility is a special endowment and sign of creation. The belief that species were immutable productions was almost unavoidable as long as the history of the world was thought to be of short duration; and now that we have acquired some idea of the lapse of time, we are too apt to assume, without proof, that the geological record is so perfect that it would have afforded us plain evidence of the mutation of species, if they had undergone mutation. . . .

Authors of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world

cies will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity. And of the species now living very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far distant futurity; for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped shows that the greater number of species in each genus, and all the species in many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can so far take a prophetic glance into futurity as to foretell that it will be the common and widely spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups within each class, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species. As all the living forms of life all the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Cambrian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look with some confidence to a secure future of great length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being growth and reproduction; inheritance, which is almost implied by reproduction; variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a ration of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as a consequence to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved.

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Explain how you feel about Darwinism.

RESEARCH. Write a research paper explaining the scientific disciplines involved in understanding the theory of evolution (i.e., geology, paleontology, anatomy, and genetics).

PERSUASIVE. Write a persuasive paper arguing that people with religious beliefs should try to incorporate scientific discoveries into their belief systems.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Darwin's use of examples.

INVESTIGATIVE. Find an argument that agrees with Darwin's argument and one that disagrees with it. Compare the two. Report your findings in a paper.

Scientific Civilization and Cultural Crisis

SUSANNE K. LANGER

Every human life has an undercurrent of feeling that is peculiar to it. Each individual expresses this continuous pattern of feeling in what we call his "personality," reflected in behavior, speech, voice, and even physical bearing (stance and walk) as his *individual style. On a larger* scale, every human society has its undercurrent of feeling which is not individual, but general. Every person shares in it to some degree, and develops his own life of feeling within the frame of the style prevailing in his country and his time.

Almost everywhere in the world today, the undercurrent of feeling is confused, uncertain, strained. There is much pride in it, but under the pride, fear; a great faith in science, and at the same time an irrationalism which betrays the shakiness of such faith; a growing sense of world society, human rights, and the equal dignity of all mankind, and yet a prevailing hostility and jealousy that makes the world's political pattern a protracted "cold war," in which every society eventually becomes involved. The basic feeling of most people today seems to be one of deep confusion in morals, aims, values, beliefs, and motives.

The reason for all this emotional instability is not hard to find. Our generation has seen the greatest, most spectacular change of the human scene that has ever been recorded in history. It started with the so-called "industrial revolution" in Europe—the invention of power-driven machines, to do the work that hands had always done, which led to mass production of goods. Mass production had the most dramatic effects on European civilization, making it boom into an entirely new way of life, and, spread the economy and the political sway of Europe, briefly at least, over oceans and continents, especially westward to America, so that today the two American continents are European in language and largely in population. When I speak of "modern civilization," therefore, I, mean this civilization which has emanated from Europe, and found little to stop it from establishing itself first in America, and gradually throughout the world. Whatever it found it usually swamped and sank, as past civilizations undoubtedly did in their day.

It is only rather recently that we are realizing what it has destroyed, and also the very grave fact that in its advance it is still destroying many things of undoubted and irreplaceable value—social orders of rank and status built up by a long national or local history, religious faith and its institutions, arts supported by solid and good traditions, ways of life in which people have long felt secure and useful. Such losses are not to be taken lightly.

There is no denying that the spearhead of this ruthless social revolution is something we all—at least in our present gathered company—honor and desire: science. Science is the source and the pacemaker of this modern civilization which is sweeping away a whole world of cultural values. It is with good reason that we are meeting here to discuss the role of science in civilization; I would like to carry the issue a little further, and talk about the effect of this scientific civilization on human culture throughout the contemporary world. For it is not only in countries on which it has impinged suddenly and dramatically, but also in the countries of its origin—in Europe and America—that the technological revolution, with its entirely new mental and material standards, has deeply disturbed local and even national cultures.

This observation has a certain air of paradox. How can civilization kill culture? Are not civilization and culture the same thing?

Wherever we encounter a paradox, we may look for a philosophical problem—that is, for a problem of meaning. Philosophy is the systematic study of meanings. Paradoxes are engendered by inexact or incomplete definitions, and a closer study of the concepts involved in them usually removes the paradoxes and reveals interesting distinctions among closely related processes and conditions instead. So the question which confronts us is essentially what we mean by culture and what by civilization. A more precise understanding of these two terms may serve to explain how, despite their intimate connection, a great strain may arise between a rapidly growing civilization and cultural values.

That civilization and culture are not the same thing is evident in the fact that there may be savage, or civilized cultures. "Savage civilization," however, is a contradiction in terms.

A culture is the symbolic expression of developed habitual ways of feeling. By "feeling" I do not mean particularly pleasure and displeasure, to which many psychologists limit the word, or just emotion and sensation, *but everything that can be felt.* We feel such elusive things as rhythms of attention and the strain of thought, bodily relaxation or tension that cannot be reduced to any particular sensation, attitudes of mind, the general activity of our imagination, confidence in the goodness of life, or fundamental annoyance, boredom, cynicism, or again the countless modes of humor. Humor is one of the most individual marks of a people. All such phenomena of sensibility and general emotivity I am subsuming here under the word "feeling," as well as the distinct emotions. By ways of feeling I mean the degree to which feelings are apt to go, their persistence or transience, the quickness of various responses, and their directedness to certain events rather than others.

Culture is the expression of this characteristic pattern of feeling, which sets one people off from another, in the pattern of their actions and the things involved in their actions—that is, specifically *their* things. Acts are generally purposive, and things useful, i.e., serving purposes; but both acts and artifacts go beyond practical needs in that they take on formal character, which is not efficacious, but expressive. Human movements are not only motivated

actions, but also gestures; human objects—from toothpicks to houses, cars, ships—have not only uses, but also *style*. The element of gesture in our actions is their gradual, unconscious, or deliberate and conscious formalization. This is most pronounced and detailed in ritual—religious, military, academic, or purely festive—especially, of course, religious, which is often quite intentionally symbolic of personal attitudes and aided by more permanent symbols, cult objects and images. Yet ritual is by no means the whole field of formalized action; some gestic value accrues to practically all social behavior as propriety, taste, good speech or coarse speech, good or bad manners, conformity or departure from unstated but familiar norms.

Such objective formal channels of personal expression are our social heritage; and as they lend our feelings and attitudes expression, they also shape and establish them. They are the public influences which acculturate our private lives, and guarantee the continuity of vital feeling that unifies a natural community. Morality, custom, and religion are, therefore, essentially conservative; and if they are left unshaken for very long periods they always harbor the danger of becoming ossified so that feeling is reduced and devitalized in their narrowing channels. A growing culture requires departure, change, novelty in expressive forms—in language and ideas, visible objects, ways of doing things. There has to be a creative advance at fairly brief intervals, if not all the time. Pioneering is the work of individuals, and a culture is doomed if it does not produce great nonconformists, who break the inherited molds of expression by the force of their own new ideas, which cut a channel for new elements of feeling and carve out a frame for new attitudes and moral sentiments.

Such personal innovations, however, may also be handed down from the very great to lesser men, or to younger people of genius as a cultural legacy. Culture is the entire treasure of achievement in a society. Its advance is somewhat like organic growth, slow, cumulative, changing, yet self-identical.

Civilization is a somewhat different phenomenon. It is always a product of a high culture; but instead of being the symbolic aspect of behavior, it is the pattern of the practical implementation of life—practical, not necessarily physical. Such arrangements as contracts, liabilities, legal regulations (e.g., traffic rules) are not physical instruments, but they are purely symbolic-pieces of paper, oystershell, metal, or what not. And their aim is to facilitate the conduct of life.

Civilization, as the word implies, comes with the rise of cities. It is essentially a product of city life, and spreads from urban centers to the country. As long as a population lives directly on the land, each family finds or raises its own food, builds its own domicile, and perhaps hands it on from one generation to another; public decisions are made by direct discussion, vote, declaration, command, or whatever the practice; goods are exchanged directly between interested parties. Custom usually suffices to determine people's duties and rights, and judges rely on it in deciding cases of wrongdoing or conflicts of interests. But when people cluster together in cities this ancient

pattern breaks down. They can no longer hunt or raise their own food; the countryside has to supply it, day by day. They cannot offer goods in exchange for it, because they have nothing to offer that the food raisers or gatherers require day by day, so a medium of exchange becomes necessary—money. With money, commerce becomes too complicated to be conducted on a basis of customary practices; besides, people in cities are often gathered from different communities, with various customs. This makes statute law necessary. An important *cultural* contribution of civic life is the close contact of people with each other, which steps up the exchange of ideas, the chance for each individual to learn things beyond his experience and ancestral background, the ferment of novelty contrasting with the quiet repetitiousness of country life. There is a change in mentality. Also, the city provides a goal of travel; communication and movement assume a new importance. Everything tends toward the historic phenomenon we call "civilization"—the practical organization of life, public and private.

The seeds of civilization are in every culture, but it is city life that brings them to fruition. Like every process of fruition, civilization strains and drains the life which engenders and supports it—the culture which reaches its height in this development. Civilized life establishes a new balance between conservative and progressive elements, and tips the scales of feeling toward the venturesome, personalistic pole and away from piety and decorum. Such a shift of balance does not take place, of course, without flagrant exhibits of complete imbalance—lives culturally lost, degenerated, the familiar "criminal elements" and irresponsible drifters of every big city in the world.

This in itself, however, would probably not throw a great and prosperous culture into crisis; even the growing adventurousness of urban mentality, which leads the community to aggression, wars of conquest, organized command, perhaps wide-flung empire, need not be fundamentally disturbing. Cultures have been built around war, and expressed themselves in feats and triumphs and trophies. The danger of civilization to cultural life, more acute in our own world than in any previous era, is something less awful-looking, but really more serious. It has changed the character and the very function of war itself.

It is simply the fact that civilization can be transplanted, and live apart from its cultural roots. It can be grafted on other cultures and thrive on them. The products of civilization are devices—things, which can be carried to other places, techniques, which can be learned. Every invention, every process, wherever it may originate, today spreads over the whole world, leaving its cultural foundations behind, and impinges on the lives of people for whom it has no familiar form, no associations, no relations to other products or acts—nothing but usefulness. Finally, civilization as a whole descends like an iron grill to crush the heritage of feeling and faith and the beauty of life.

Civilization—the practical structure of life—is like an outline tracing of the culture that begot it. As long as an outline lies on the painting from which it is made it takes special attention to abstract it; but moved away it appears

as a stark and empty form, and imposed on another painting it makes for confusion. Our modern technology, transferred to practically all countries in the world, has caused civilization everywhere to follow its lines, and to change the conduct of life so radically that actuality and tradition seem to have no contact with each other. Even religious practices become untenable in the new practical frame; and with any failure of religious support, individuals tend to lose their emotional and moral stability. The community of feeling disintegrates when institutions lose their sacredness and seem merely old-fashioned, not venerable.

It is easy enough to understand why a civilization engendered by one localized and rather young culture should confuse the rest of the world, but why does it affront and challenge the society that gave it birth? We, all feel the same insecurity in the face of our miraculous technological progress, which seems to race faster and faster toward complete control of the waters and fires on earth, the hidden powers of chemicals in the earth, the forces of light, air pressure, and the rotation of the globe itself, and even toward the conquest of interstellar space.

The fact is, I think, that scientific production has outrun our imagination, and the change in our civilization—in the practical means and techniques of life—has advanced with a gathered momentum of its own and outstripped the advance of our thinking. Our technological civilization, consequently, seems to overtake and overwhelm us as though it were something foreign coming in on us; it makes all our traditional institutions seem inadequate, so that we tend to abandon them. State religion, marriage, paternal authority, deference to the aged, piety toward the dead, holiness and rank and royalty—all these ancient values have lost their inviolable status and need to be defended against the iconoclastic "modern spirit." Sometimes, for all the defenses that the older generation can put up for them, a younger generation sweeps them away as relics of a superstitious, slavish, uncivilized past. But with them it sweeps away its own social symbols and the materials of its own world orientation; then personal life suddenly feels empty, and the civilization that shatters its spiritual comforts in the name of practical improvements seems to have come on it like a superimposed power from outside.

This is, I think, an inevitable transition which really marks one of the great crises in human history—the final emergence of world society from the long ages of self-sufficient cultural groups. For science, which is certainly the keynote of our era, is international. It is a human achievement, not a national one. The civilization which is sweeping the whole world, though it is expressed mainly in commerce and new kinds of industry, is a product of science. We are in a socially anomalous state between a world populated by societies with tribal religions and interests, and a world of global industrial organization, populated by a society with global interests but no symbols to express them, no religion to support the individual in this vast new theater of life.

Such disharmonies of growth are well known to every naturalist; and what can happen in biological evolution can happen in psychological and so-

cial evolution, too. That strange emergence of new forms which my late friend and revered teacher, Alfred North Whitehead, called, "the creative advance of nature," is not an orderly process. It is full of irregularities. According to the fossil record, some animals like the horse which attained great body size came near to extinction before some other trait—the development of the brain, for instance, or of feet to bear the added weight—caught up with the sudden increase. In the development of society there seems to be a similar unevenness, making for excess powers and cultural lags. When such transitional disproportions occur, strains are set up in the social organism which only time can even out. A new culture is probably in the making, which will catch up with the changed human environment that our runaway, freewheeling civilization has visited on us. But one cannot force the emergence of a real culture. It begins when imagination catches fire, and objects and actions become life symbols, and the new life symbols become motifs of art. Art, which formulates and fixes human ways of feeling, is always the spearhead of a new culture, for culture is the objective record of developed feeling.

What really fulfills and establishes a culture, however, is not art, but something that follows—the deeply and tacitly felt life of overt action, institutions, ways of living, things produced. Philosophy, law, exploration, marital virtues, religion—all have characterized various cultures in the past. We do not know what the driving force and the substance of the next cultural epoch will be, but I suspect that, as so often in nature, the same development which is breaking the old frame of our thinking will fashion the new one: namely, the development of science. My suspicion rests on several facts. One I just mentioned—that, as Pfluger said, "the cause of the need is the cause of the fulfillment of the need." The destructive force which shatters so many old cultures is really constructive of the new; the upheavals in the world are transitional functions. Another is the universal, global character of science. A culture that can embrace a worldwide civilization will probably be a global culture, encompassing all humanity. At present, scientific thinking is the only one of our great and prevailing activities which is universal in fact as well as in principle. We already claim the universality of art, and gradually come to appreciate other people's art, but it still starts by being exotic and often remains so even if we know and love it. Science is not native or exotic; it belongs to humanity and is the same wherever it is found. Only it is not likely to beget a culture unless, and until, a truly universal artistic imagination catches fire from its torch and serves without deliberate intent to give shape to a new feeling, such as generally initiates a new epoch of society. Then the intellectual growth of science will have a vanguard to follow up and a "line of growth" to establish.

This growth is not likely to make recognizable progress in our own days, but that does not mean that no progress is going on. The great movements of society, the characteristic achievements of whole ages, do not gather force and form quickly. A scientific mentality capable of engendering a world culture will have to go far beyond what we call by its name today; it will have to liberate and yet discipline a great imagination, encompass such subjects as mind,

growth, language, and history, and produce social concepts that have meaning for a humanity which inhabits the whole earth and reaches for other stars. That is no five-year plan; it is no plan at all, but will happen or not happen without our resolutions to have it thus or otherwise. But something has to happen, of course, to break the tensions that are still building up today. There are signs of it already, and the youngest of us may live to see the beginnings, probably in one or another of the arts, of a new feeling, destined to be the spearhead of a culture which will catch up with our runaway technological civilization, and overcome the outward violence and inward uncertainty which is the price of our first truly international possession—scientific thought.

1961

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Tell about an experience you have had studying science.

RESEARCH. Write a documented research paper about the characteristics of city life.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper defending the position that the amenities of urban life (e.g., technology, the arts, collaboration) should also be available in rural areas.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Langer's use of definitions.

INVESTIGATIVE. Interview classmates and friends to find out how they feel about living in cities. Analyze the reasons and report your findings in a paper.

Christianity and Zen

THOMAS MERTON

The immense variety of forms taken by thought, experience, worship, moral practice, in both Buddhism and Christianity make all comparisons haphazard, and in the end, when someone like the late Dr. Suzuki announced a study on *Mysticism: Christian and Buddhist,* it turned out to be, rather practically in fact, a comparison between Meister Eckhart and Zen. To narrow the field in this way is at least relevant, though to take Meister Eckhart as representative of Christian mysticism is hazardous. At the same time we must remark that Dr. Suzuki was much too convinced that Eckhart was unusual in his time, and that his statements must have shocked most of his contemporaries. Eckhart's condemnation was in fact due in some measure to rivalry between Dominicans and Franciscans, and his teaching, bold and in some points unable to

avoid condemnation, was nevertheless based on St. Thomas to a great extent and belonged to a mystical tradition that was very much alive and was, in fact, the most vital religious force in the Catholicism of his time. Yet to identify Christianity with Eckhart would be completely misleading. That was not what Suzuki intended. He was not comparing the *mystical theology* of Eckhart with the Buddhist philosophy of the Zen Masters, but the *experience* of Eckhart, ontologically and psychologically, with the experience of the Zen Masters. This is a reasonable enterprise, offering some small hope of interesting and valid results.

But can one distill from religious or mystical experience certain pure elements which are common everywhere in all religions? Or is the basic understanding of the nature and meaning of experience so determined by the variety of doctrines that a comparison of experiences involves us inevitably in a comparison of metaphysical or religious beliefs? This is no easy question either. If a Christian mystic has an experience which can be phenomenologically compared with a Zen experience, does it matter that the Christian in fact believes he is personally united with God and the Zen-man interprets his experience as *Sunyata* or the Void being aware of itself? In what sense can these two experiences be called "mystical"? Suppose that the Zen Masters forcefully repudiate any attempt on the part of Christians to grace them with the titles of "mystics"?

It must certainly be said that a certain type of concordist thought today too easily assumes as a basic dogma that "the mystics" in all religions are all experiencing the same thing and are all alike in their liberation from the various doctrines and explanations and creeds of their less fortunate co-religionists. All religions thus "meet at the top," and their various theologies and philosophies become irrelevant when we see that they were merely means for arriving at the same end, and all means are alike efficacious. This has never been demonstrated with any kind of rigor, and though it has been persuasively advanced by talented and experienced minds, we must say that a great deal of study and investigation must be done before much can be said on this very complex question which, once again, seems to imply a purely formalistic view of theological and philosophical doctrines, as if a fundamental belief were something that a mystic could throw off like a suit of clothes and as if his very experience itself were not in some sense modified by the fact that he held this belief.

At the same time, since the personal experience of the mystic remains inaccessible to us and can only be evaluated indirectly through texts and other testimonials—perhaps written and given by others—it is never easy to say with any security that what a Christian mystic and a Sufi and a Zen Master experience is really "the same thing." What does such a claim really mean? Can it be made at all, without implying (quite falsely) that these higher experiences are "experiences of something"? It therefore remains a very serious problem to distinguish in all these higher forms of religious and metaphysical consciousness what is "pure experience" and what is to some extent deter-

mined by language, symbol, or indeed by the "grace of a sacrament." We have hardly reached the point where we know enough about these different states of consciousness and about their metaphysical implications to compare them in accurate detail. But there are nevertheless certain analogies and correspondence which are evident even now, and which may perhaps point out the way to a better mutual understanding. Let us not rashly take them as "proofs" but only as significant clues.

Is it therefore possible to say that both Christians and Buddhists can equally well practice Zen? Yes, if by Zen we mean precisely the quest for direct and pure experience on a metaphysical level, liberated from verbal formulas and linguistic preconceptions. On the theological level the question becomes more complex. It will be touched on at the end of this essay.

The best we can say is that in certain religions, Buddhism for instance, the philosophical or religious framework is of a kind that *can* more easily be discarded, because it has in itself a built-in "ejector," so to speak, by which the meditator is at a certain point flung out from the conceptual apparatus into the Void. It is possible for a Zen Master to say nonchalantly to his disciple, "If you meet the Buddha, kill him!" But in Christian mysticism the question whether or not the mystic can get along without the human "form" *(Gestalt)* or the sacred Humanity of Christ is still hotly debated, with the majority opinion definitely maintaining the necessity for the Christ of faith to be present as ikon at the center of Christian contemplation. Here again, the question is confused by the failure to distinguish between the objective theology of Christian experience and the actual psychological facts of Christian mysticism in certain cases. And then one must ask, at what point do the abstract demands of theory take precedence over the psychological facts of experience? Or, to what extent does the theology of a theologian without experience claim to interpret correctly the "experienced theology" of the mystic who is perhaps not able to articulate the meaning of his experience in a satisfactory way?

We keep returning to one central question in two forms: the relation of objective doctrine to subjective mystic (or metaphysical) experience, and the difference in this relationship between Christianity and Zen. In Christianity the objective doctrine retains priority both in time and in eminence. In Zen the experience is always prior, not in time but in importance. This is because Christianity is based on supernatural revelation, and Zen, discarding all idea of any revelation and even taking a very independent view of sacred tradition (at least written), seeks to penetrate the natural ontological ground of being. Christianity is a religion of grace and divine gift, hence of total dependence on God. Zen is not easily classified as "a religion" (it is in fact easily separable from any religious matrix and can supposedly flourish in the soil either of non-Buddhist religions or no religion at all), and in any event it strives, like all Buddhism, to make man completely free and independent even in his striving for salvation and enlightenment. Independent of what? Of merely external supports and authorities which keep him from having access to and making use of the deep resources in his own nature and psyche. (Note that Chinese and

Japanese Zen both in fact flourished in extremely disciplined and authoritarian cultures. Hence their emphasis on "autonomy" meant in fact an ultimate and humble discovery of inner freedom after one had exhausted all the possibilities of an intensely strict and austere authoritarian training—as the methods of the Zen Masters make abundantly clear!)

On the other hand, let us repeat that we must not neglect the great importance of experience in Christianity. But Christian experience always has a special modality, due to the fact that it is inseparable from the mystery of Christ and the collective life of the Church, the Body of Christ. To experience the mystery of Christ mystically or otherwise is always to transcend the merely individual psychological level and to "experience theologically with the Church" (sent/re *cum Ecclesia).* In other words, this experience must always be in some way reducible to a theological form that can be shared by the rest of the Church or that shows that it is a sharing of what the rest of the Church experiences. There is therefore in the recording of Christian experiences a natural tendency to set them down in language and symbols that are easily accessible to other Christians. This may perhaps sometimes mean an unconscious translation of the inexpressible into familiar symbols that are always at hand ready for immediate use.

Zen on the other hand resolutely resists any temptation to be easily communicable, and a great deal of the paradox and violence of Zen teaching and practice is aimed at blasting the foundation of ready explanation and comforting symbol out from under the disciple's supposed "experience." The Christian experience is acceptable in so far as it accords with an established theological and symbolic pattern. The Zen experience is only acceptable on the basis of its absolute singularity, and yet it must be in some way communicable. How?

We cannot begin to understand how the Zen experience is manifested and communicated between master and disciple unless we realize *what* is communicated. If we do not know *what* is supposed to be signified, the strange method of signification will leave us totally disconcerted and more in the dark than we were when we started. Now in Zen, what is communicated is not a message. It is not simply a "word," even though it might be the "word of the Lord." It is not a "what." It does not bring "news" which the receiver did not already have, about something the one informed did not yet know. What Zen communicates is an awareness that is potentially already there but is not conscious of itself. Zen is then not Kerygma but realization, not revelation but consciousness, not news from the Father who sends His Son into this world, but awareness of the ontological ground of our own being here and now, right in the midst of the world. We will see later that the supernatural Kerygma and the metaphysical intuition of the ground of being are far from being incompatible. One may be said to prepare the way for the other. They can well complement each other, and for this reason Zen is perfectly compatible with Christian belief and indeed with Christian mysticism (if we understand Zen in its pure state, as metaphysical intuition).

WRITING ASSIGNMENTS

PERSONAL. Explain how you feel about religion.

RESEARCH. Write a paper discussing how mysticism is exhibited in different religious traditions. Document your sources.

PERSUASIVE. Write a paper defending or refuting the claim that everybody should follow a religious tradition.

ANALYTICAL. Write a paper analyzing Merton's use of comparison and contrast.

INVESTIGATIVE. Interview classmates and friends who consider themselves religious. Ask them to recount any mystical experiences they have had. How do their descriptions compare to Merton's. Report your findings in a paper.

(credits continued)

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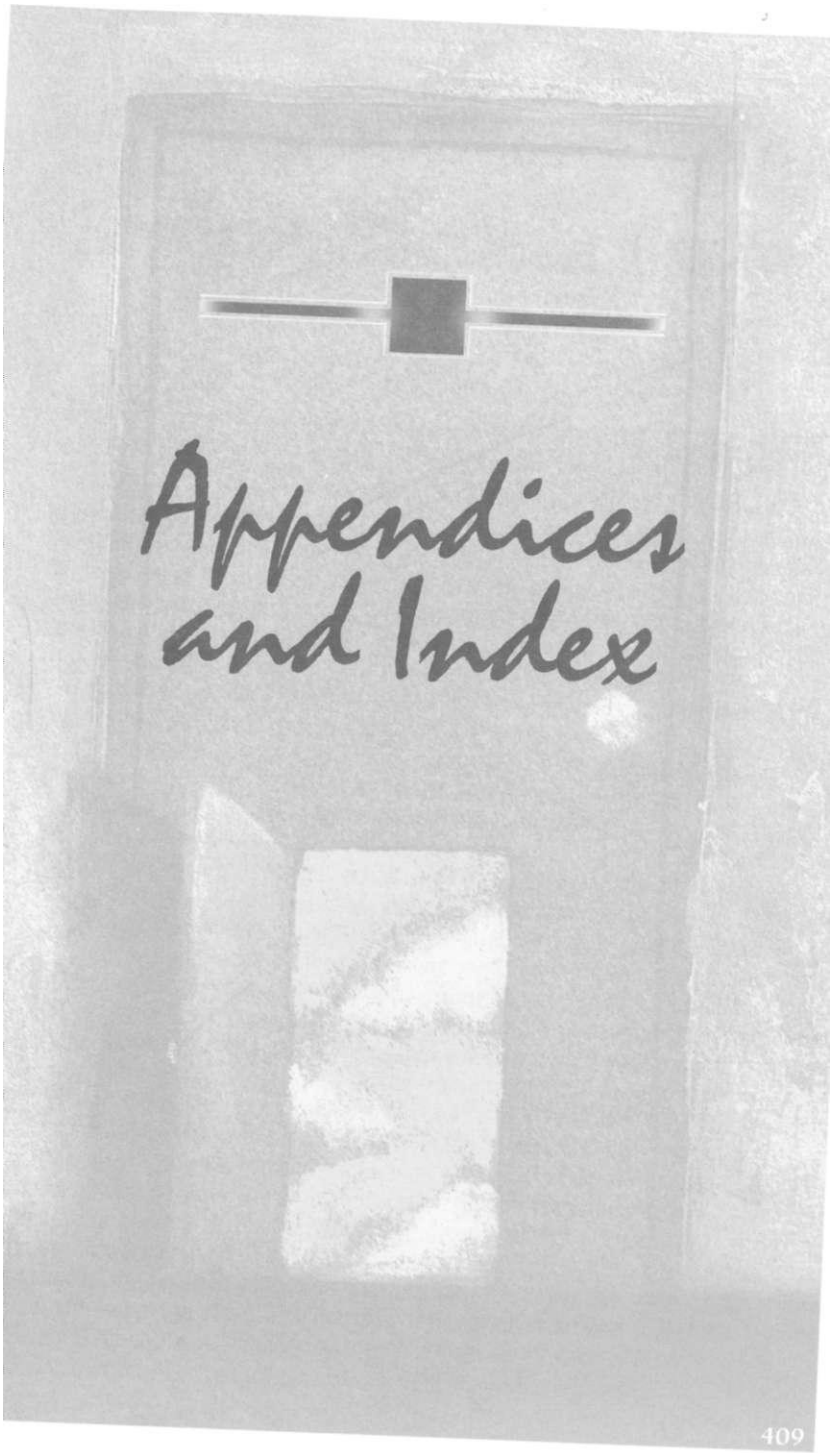
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Appendices
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1

Sample Student Essays

The House

KIM KRUPP PEPE

The house sits on the highest hill in the county, it's a big old two story structure of no discernable architectural style. It was built in stages over the last few centuries and is a series of styles from different times. The huge trees in the lawn cover the house and grass in dappled shade. The breeze constantly rolls over the emerald farmland and meets on the hilltop to make the sunlight dance and play over everything. It's a very pleasant place. My sisters and brother and I grew up there, and my memories still live here.

As I walk up the driveway, I glance at one of my old climbing trees. When I was little, I'd climb up into the giant maple to read. I'd lay myself on one of the massive branches and live many adventures in my mind. Sometimes I'd climb up the branches as high as I could and jump. The dizzying effect is something I can only compare to being pleasantly drunk, just for an instant. I still climb the tree when I go home to see if it feels the same. Of course it doesn't, and I jump down with a half sad smile on my face when I realize that those feelings and adventures are now just a memory.

As I look around, so many memories flood through my head. There's the big boulder that was unearthed one summer when the new septic system was laid. I used to give speeches standing on the top of this rock. Sometimes I'd be Lincoln at Gettysburg or Martin Luther King with a dream or I'd give a talk of my own contrivance about things that were very profound to my young mind. All the solutions seemed simple from the top of that rock. There's the path into the woods where my sister broke her leg one rainy day. The woods also contain a tree with branches very much like parallel bars. Here I was a world class gymnast on afternoons after school. On the far left side of the lawn is a hedge row broken by a tractor path that leads to the back fields, the old barn, and my childhood Shangri-la. Many mornings I remember running barefoot, always barefoot, breathlessly and ceaselessly through the dewy grass to the fields beyond. The sharpness of the newly cut wheat stalks would sometimes cut my feet, all unheeded. If the grain crops were still high, I could swim through them, holding my breath if I fell, as if I were actually in water.

The porch which surrounds the front of the house was the setting for many lazy summer afternoons—eating peaches and swatting flies—and freezing winter mornings waiting for the school bus to arrive. The porch was where my mother gave food to hoboes and then shooed them along before my father saw them. Under the porch I used to hide and secretly look at the world through the gingerbread trim. No one ever found me there.

All my childhood memories still live in that house and out in the fields and woods. When I visit now, many things are much the same, but nothing is exactly the same or nearly as big as I remember them. Now I'm always kind of torn between being sad because I feel like a child and yet knowing I am not and can never be again. Another part of me feels happy for having a place where all my past is stored and secreted away, always waiting for me to come back and make the little girl dance and laugh and run through the dewy grass.

The Ford

LAURA SCARBOROUGH

I saw my crazed, absent-minded aunt charging full speed in reverse coming straight towards us. I awaited the impact. .. . When metal hit metal, my mom and I were jerked a bit. Not bad. My aunt's sickly yellow, ugly Continental smashed into the side of our huge pickup truck. My aunt didn't bother to use her rearview mirror. Our truck received a smashed-in driver's side door. We never fixed it—my aunt didn't have insurance, it didn't seem worth the money, and it's not the right thing to sue a relative.

Our family pickup truck is a 1974 Ford. All black, red interior. It has this useless "customized" shelf built above the rearview mirror that matches the red design of the inside. It was bought by my father the same year I was born, 1974.1 was about eight years old when I started learning how to drive. I'd sit on my mom's lap and steer the truck down a gravel road while she operated the accelerator and brakes. The truck was basically the "second car." We only used it if the other car was in the shop, or if we needed to haul or move something (like picking up hay for the horse). Therefore, the truck stayed in pretty good condition, collected few miles, and ran well.

As I grew older, my fondness for the truck grew less and less. I was turning into a snot-head teenager with an attitude. To me the truck was too outdated, too big, too long, too noisy, too "redneck" looking. When I was nearing sixteen, I started bugging my parents about getting me a car. "Well," they said, "you can drive the truck." I started fuming and argued, "No way! It's ugly! It's a gas guzzler! It only has an AM radio! It's got a smashed door! I'll look stupid being a girl having to drive that big old monster around!"

So, like many parents, they wanted the nagging to cease and wanted to make their (bratty) daughter happy. They bought me a 1987 Nissan Sentra

hatchback in royal blue. It was sporty. It had a sunroof. It was soooooo coooool. I immediately had the windows tinted, put in new speakers and a nice tape deck, and spent all this money getting it fixed up "cool." I didn't spend much time or money for oil changes and putting water in. "Just gotta put gas in it," I thought.

Time went on and my teenage-snot-head self ragged out and abused that wimpy Japanese contraption until it finally overheated so badly (because of the lack of oil) that the engine warped and was destroyed. We spent $1300 to put another engine in it. Within two weeks it overheated, warped, and was destroyed. A couple months later we got the money together to put in engine #3. Eventually, that engine also overheated and warped. Mommy and Daddy finally realized—no more of this. The insurance was taken off, and the dead Nissan still sits under a tree in my parents' yard.

Being without a car for a year and a half taught me that one must respect the transportation they own. I also learned that Nissans are pieces of dookie even despite my bad maintenance. When I moved to South Austin six months ago, I was stuck. I had to persuade my boyfriend to be may chauffeur to and from school, or I had to take two hour bus trips (each way) to get to ACC. I whined and complained to my parents until they gave me the same offer: "You can drive the truck." So I did.

Now, I really appreciate and enjoy driving my baby (as I call it). It still has a smashed-in door and still guzzles gas. In fact, it only gets 8-10 miles per gallon, so I spend a fortune on gasoline. I deserve it, for wasting so much of my parents' money on that worthless Nissan.

I feel a bond with all the other early Ford truck drivers I see. They look at me and I look at them. Occasionally, some wave. It's weird. I get more looks from people at gas stations than I ever did driving a Nissan. People just don't expect a girl in a long flowery skirt and Dock Martins to jump out of a dented up, old Ford truck.

I'm not worried when I drive on the roads. I'm not an obvious cop magnet. I feel safe being surrounded by one ton of American-made steel. Other car owners know they would suffer a lot more than I would if we were to have a collision. So they stay away from me and my smelly pollutant exhaust.

I'm a good driver. Driving such a huge, long massive machine makes you a good driver. It's taught me to judge distances better. If I can parallel park in one try, I know I'm doing something admirable.

I've learned about car maintenance. I know that automobiles need gas, oil, water, brake fluid, etc. (gee, I'm a genius). Since I give the truck a lot of care and love, it has never failed to start since it's been with me in Austin. It's reliable, safe, and very special. I find it ironic that I'm the person it ended up with after all these years—especially since I had the worst attitude towards it in my high school daze. I'll be holding on to my baby for awhile because I'm happy with it and wouldn't really want anything else. So, if you see a girl cruising down Lamar in a big black Ford with a smashed-in driver's door, you know it's me.

Amsterdam

JAMES HENDERSON

Amsterdam is a world class city with some truly unique characteristics perhaps found nowhere else in the world. The city is extremely beautiful and historic. Having been built largely in the 1600s, Amsterdam was designed with a system of canals that traverse the city allowing for both commercial transport and leisure travel by boat. Often it has been referred to as the "Venice of the North." Located in the Netherlands, the city of Amsterdam has a government that invests extensively in its people while emphasizing personal freedoms, tolerance, and diversity to a level found nowhere on earth. This noble endeavor is reflected throughout society including its accommodations, entertainment, and especially, its people.

When visiting Amsterdam, a guest in the city has an extraordinary range of choices for accommodation. Like all major metropolitan areas, there are many hotels to choose from, and some of Amsterdam's are among the best I've seen. With European amenities and impeccable service, there is no lack of comfort. Many of these hotels are historic and the Dutch architecture offers an ambiance and atmosphere characteristic of the region.

Many tourists choose to stay in the city's wonderful canal homes. Often run as "bed and breakfasts," many of these houses are older than the hotels and, as a result, offer more insight into traditional Dutch life in Amsterdam. Generally, they are tall, thin buildings with ornate triangular upper facades. Perhaps the most unusual features of these homes are the staircases. Many of the stairs are so thin and curving that furniture is hoisted up and through the large windows that overlook the trees and canals. Individually, these homes cater to different kinds of tourists. Some have a family clientele, while others cater especially to young party people, business people, the elderly tourist, gay people, or people of various nationalities. The choices are unlimited.

Perhaps the most interesting choice of accommodation is staying on a canal boat. Waking in the morning, opening the cabin porthole and listening to the waves lap against the hull while watching other boats go by is an experience not soon forgotten.

Amsterdam provides an array of entertainment unmatched elsewhere. The city is full of historical sites ranging from the Royal Palace to the city's old churches, including Oude Kerk (Old Church), the city's oldest cathedral which was built in the 1300s. Monuments erected over the centuries are found everywhere as are some very ornate medieval clock towers. One of the best ways to take the sights in is to take the canal tour. Day or night, the canal tour offers spectacular sights, during the day, the architectural details and at night, the lighted facades.

For the traveler who wishes to be pampered, the European spas are a must. They offer seemingly every service imaginable to enhance the way people look and feel.

Nightlife in Amsterdam is extremely festive and draws people from around the world. Music and dancing in the clubs goes on until the early hours of the morning and the sense of abandon is possibly the most carefree anywhere. There are many theaters and music venues that attract acting troups and bands from all over Europe and the world.

The city seems to operate on the principle that there's a time and place for everything and that people can do what they want just as long as it doesn't hurt anybody. The red light district (absolutely legal) is a case in point. It even attracts sightseers who have no interest in participating in the activities associated with the area.

Of all of the wonders of Amsterdam, its greatest treasure is its people. Having traveled to a great many places, I've never been more warmly received than in Amsterdam. Perhaps the great diversity of the populous breeds tolerance and acceptance. Perhaps liberal politics that champions freedom breeds cohesion. Whatever the case, the genuine hospitality of the people of Amsterdam puts so many of the world's travel destinations to shame, making Amsterdam one of the world's greatest places to visit.

With so much to offer the tourist—accommodations, entertainment, and hospitality—its no wonder so many people visit Amsterdam each year. Its uniqueness makes it a refreshing stop in anyone's itinerary and one that will be remembered for many years. Amsterdam is certainly one of the best destinations for anyone visiting Europe.

An Outstanding Selection for Austin Area Landscapes

JM^C^Ct

JANECE FEATHER

Visiting Austin, Texas, or just driving along its streets, one can't help noticing the plethora of native plants growing in the area. Wildflowers boast exuberant colors while native shrubs and trees demonstrate incredible strength with their sturdy forms. The viewer gets a genuine "sense of place" when greeted and surrounded by these treasures. The citizens of Austin are fortunate in that there is a heightened awareness in the community of the value of native plants, possibly attributable to the fact that the Lady Byrd Johnson National Wildflower Center is located here. The public is increasingly better informed about plant choices and plant nurseries are stocked with more native plants for the buying public. In my years of gardening and perusing plant nurseries in the Austin area, one native plant has emerged as a clear favorite. Autumn sage *(Salvia greggii)* is known by other common names such as Gregg salvia, and cherry sage. It is a superb native plant for use in Austin area landscapes based on its adaptability to local soil and weather conditions, its ability to pro-

vide color and structure over several seasons, and its availability in local nurseries.

Autumn sage does extremely well in the soils around the Austin area. According to Sally and Andy Wasowski in *Native Texas Plants: Landscaping Region by Region,* its growing range includes the Edwards Plateau where "you can find caliche slopes, limestone escarpments, and thin clay soils barely covering caliche and rock" (41). Autumn sage reportedly does well also in sand and clay soils which are found in the Post Oak Savannah region of Austin (Wasowski 23) and the Blackland region (Wasowski 33), respectively. Autumn sage is suitable for weather conditions in Austin. It is winter-hardy here and thrives even in near-drought conditions. Anyone familiar with Austin's summer temperatures knows of the intense heat that we must endure here. Plants are no exception. I have about ten autumn sage plants in my own garden that have survived since being planted three or four years ago, despite two summers with drought-like conditions. Aside from rainfall, these plants have required minimal supplemental watering beyond the first few weeks after planting and rarely show signs of withering. Autumn sage thrives in both full sun and part shade.

Plants that provide color or structure in gardens through several seasons are welcomed by landscapers. Autumn sage is one such plant. Flower colors can be red, pink, white, or coral and usual bloom time is from spring to frost (Wasowski 260). As explained by Sally and Andy Wasowski, "although it is called autumn sage, Gregg salvia blooms as prolifically in the spring and summer as it does in the fall. If you keep snipping off the tips, it will bloom constantly from spring to frost" (260). My own regimen of cutting the plants back in January, May, and August, causes near-constant bloom, even in winter months. One thing that I especially appreciate about this plant is that it flowers even when located in partial shade. Plants that hold their leaves through winter months or have strong shapes or branch structures provide interest in gardens in colder months when many annual and perennial plants are dormant. Sydney Eddison in *The Unsung Season: Gardens and Gardeners in Winter,* discusses her efforts over thirty-odd years to have "something to look at in every season" (xi). Eddison says, "Garden pleasures don't stop when the leaves fall. Some of the most beautiful and startling effects result from this annual phenomenon" (xi). Sally and Andy Wasowski claim that autumn sage is almost evergreen (260). I was under the impression that autumn sage was fully evergreen as my own plants steadfastly provide structure with their green color every winter while other perennials slumber peacefully through the season. With its color and shrub-like structure, autumn sage also works well with other native plants in the landscape. A very popular combination is to pair the pink or red varieties with Mealy blue sage, a plant with "dark blue blooms on 3 to 9 inch spikes" (Wasowski 208).

It would be foolish to recommend a plant for area landscapes if that plant was difficult to acquire. Sally and Andy Wasowski claim that autumn sage "has become one of our most widely used natives" (260). That, coupled with the

public's growing knowledge and appreciation of native plants, has helped to ensure that stocks of autumn sage are plentiful and available. Three to four years ago, I had to go to one of the area nurseries that specializes in native plants to find an abundance of autumn sage specimens from which to choose. Trips to a nearby Home Depot nursery left me with little or no choice at all during spring planting months. I saw maybe one or two autumn sage plants in pot sizes too large for my needs and prices too high for my budget. During fall months, there may have been only a few plants of the size I needed and they were only available on one color. Trips to the same Home Depot nursery during this past spring, summer, and fall, showed that autumn sage plants are well-stocked there. I was delighted to find dozens of plants in at least three colors: red, pink, and white. These plants were available in my favorite size: one-gallon containers. Cost was about $3.99. Recent phone calls to some area native plant nurseries revealed that they, too, have stocks of autumn sage. Garden-Ville has one-gallon plants at a cost of $5.99 each. Barton Springs Nursery has one-gallon plants for $4.99 and 4-inch pots for $1.89 each. Residents can appreciate having these plants readily available throughout the Austin area in a variety of sizes and price ranges. The availability of autumn sage plants at the Home Depot nursery is beneficial to those like me who don't want to drive clear across town and pay extra money for their native plants.

Austin is a beautiful city with tree-covered hills, limestone cliffs, and prairie land, interspersed with winding rivers and creeks. It is made all the more beautiful with a vast array of native plants. It is encouraging to see more and more native plants being used on commercial properties and in homeowners' landscapes. An outstanding selection for area landscapes is autumn sage. It thrives in Austin soils and endures intense summertime heat and sporadic rainfall. It provides brilliant color and sturdy structure in gardens throughout all seasons and is found in plentiful supply at numerous garden centers for most of the year. When it comes to choosing plants for Austin area landscapes, autumn sage deserves a place at the top of anyone's list.

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Anne Green
Professor Polnac
English 1613
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Kinds of Wildernesses in the United States

The term wilderness brings to mind a vision of vast stretches of uninhabited land, perhaps covered by forests, mountains, or prairies, a land where wildly rushing rivers flow through a pristine environment. It is a vision that is consistent with the images of early America where Indians and mountain men and explorers roamed the untamed frontier. Indeed, that vision is part of what the idea of wilderness has come to mean in modern times. Such places have become the domain of the hunter, the angler, and the backpacker, those who have an interest in experiencing the world as it once was.

The etymology of the word wilderness reflects the idea of that kind of untouched region. Early Germanic people used the word will and willed to refer to the primitive forests, suggesting with the term the idea that those areas were "self-willed or uncontrollable." After willed changed to wild, "meaning lost or unruly," the Old English language added the suffix dior (animal) to suggest animals not controlled by people. So we can see from the origin of the term that

wild-deor-ness literally means "the place of wild beasts" (Kerasote).

The legal definition of the term is given in the Wilderness Act of 1964:

> A wilderness, in contrast with those areas where man and his own works dominate the landscape, is hereby recognized as an area where the earth and its community of life are untrammeled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain. An area of wilderness is further defined to mean in this Act as an area of undeveloped Federal land retaining its primeval character and influence without permanent improvement or human habitations, which is protected and managed so as to preserve its natural conditions and which:
>
> 1. generally appears to have been affected primarily by the forces of nature, with the imprint of man's work substantially unnoticeable;
>
> 2. has outstanding opportunities for solitude or a primitive and unconfined type of recreation;
>
> 3. has at least 5,000 acres of land or is of sufficient size as to make practicable

its preservation and use ***in*** an unimpaired condition; and

4. may also contain ecological, geological, or other features of scientific, educational, scenic, or historical value. (Wilderness Act)

In addition, wilderness can be defined by its geographical features. Based on that way of looking at wilderness, we can divide wildernesses into five different categories: forest, mountain, desert, coastline, and swamp. Each one has its own special appeal and fascination for the lover of the outdoors.

Forests and wooded areas are scattered throughout the United States. The kind of forest, obviously, is determined by the type of tree that grows in it. They range from hardwood forests to coniferous forests. In the East and Midwest a mixture of hardwood and coniferous forests abound, while in the southern and western areas of the country coniferous species more regularly dominate the landscape.

Regardless of the type of tree or where the forested areas are located, however, people are drawn to forests and woods as places of peace and tranquility. Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote, "Nature is the incarnation of thought. . . . In the woods we return to reason and faith" (24). Anyone who has had the experience of hiking in the woods and resting among the

trees and natural surroundings will surely recognize the truth and wisdom of Emerson's words.

Mountains provide very different wilderness experiences for nature lovers and in the United States mountains form three groups: the Appalachians, the Rockies, and the Sierras. The Appalachian range is located in the eastern and southeastern United States. The Rockies and the Sierras crowd the western portion of the country stretching from the southernmost regions to the northernmost.

Mountains in all parts of the country provide climbers and backpackers with the physical challenges of mastering steep grades and the mental satisfaction of achieving their much sought after solitude. However, within the same mountain ranges terrains exist that give less strenuously motivated individuals the opportunity to breathe clean mountain air, drink from clear, cool streams, hike through grassy meadows and photograph some of the most spectacular views known to nature sightseers anywhere in the world.

The great American Southwest holds our country's deserts and every year thousands of people go to these dry, delicately balanced habitats to see for themselves nature in perhaps her most extreme forms. U.S. deserts cover about five percent of the land area of North America. According to Lee Schrieber they can be divided into four groups. The Great Basin Desert,

covering much of Nevada and Utah, is a land of hot summers and cold winters. Sagebrush and saltbrush are the characteristic vegetation. South of the Great Basin the Mohave occupies much of southeastern California with summers that have some of the hottest temperatures on record. The Sonoran Desert, located in southern California and Arizona, has "winter and summer rainfalls, which make it the 'lushest' desert of the four." From Mexico the Chihuahuan Desert spills into the U.S. "with its spiny shrubs and cacti" (175).

The desert images of sun-bleached animal bones, exotic flowering cacti, and dramatic expanses of violet brushed sunrises set the desert wildernesses apart from all other reserves. For those who go there the allure of the regions exist in their continuous mystery and demanding environments.

In contrast to the deserts, coastline wildernesses include the seashores of the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific as well as the lakeshores of the Great Lakes. Viewing the coast as "a bright, dry-white world of sand," Mike Wyatt, writing for Backpacker magazine, reflects on coastline areas and notes that they have some of the same topographical characteristics as the desert. But, to ensure that we do not mistake his location, he also hastens to point out that a mere 50 yards from the dry, sand-blown shoreline is the majes-

tic presence of pounding surf and the lonely cries of the ever-present sea gulls (30).

According to Wyatt approximately 500 miles of U.S. coastline are dedicated to our 10 national seashore wildernesses. He makes clear in his article that these areas not only provide many urban-dwelling Americans with their only opportunity to escape the artificial confines of the city, but that the reserves also give a safe haven to "countless thousands of migratory birds" and other indigenous wildlife. Because of the rich diversity of coastline ecosystems, naturalists can observe many of the world's most unusual plant and animal species quite literally, as in the case of New York's Fire Island National Seashore, within a short drive from the city streets (31) .

The last category of wilderness to discuss is swamps or wetlands. Swamp wilderness reserves are located in the Southeast in Florida and Georgia with the Everglades National Park in Florida being perhaps the most well-known swamp area in the country. Robert Colwell notes that the park embraces "jungles, swamps, and savannahs" and "is a subtropical wilderness teeming with wildlife" (44). Massive environmental efforts are currently underway to save this national treasure from the ravages of industrial pollution brought in from estuary run-off and acid rain.

While millions of /Americans have passed through the Everglades in tour boats and guided hunts searching for reclusive alligators and the excitement of saltwater fishing junkets, most did not realize the fragility of this fabled "river of grass." Wetlands and swamps historically have been the least understood and appreciated of our reserved wildernesses. The importance of their role in the earth's ecological cycle is only now becoming apparent to both the curious wilderness traveler and research environmentalists alike.

As this brief overview of our country's various types of wilderness areas has shown, wildernesses are not only important to those of us who go there seeking solitude and natural beauty, but they are also an integral part of our nation's ecological balance and well-being. Like Sigurd Olson, what Americans are now beginning to recognize about our wildernesses is that "what we are trying to conserve is not scenery as much as the human spirit itself" (qtd. in Smith 179) . Laura and Guy Waterman in Backwoods Ethics comment on the importance of wilderness experience:

> When we use the phrase 'spirit of wildness,' we refer to a wide spectrum of loosely connected elements of the backcountry experience: to solitude, to difficulty and challenge, to that indefinable

> but intensely real feeling that grips the hiker buffeted by wind on the rocky heights, or held in fascination by the silence and greenness of deep woods. It is this spirit of wildness which civilization or man's tailor-made imitations of nature can never replace. It is irreplaceable, and to many it is essential to life's spirit. (12)

Those who have experienced the wilderness tell us of the importance of keeping such places wild. No matter what the differences in the kinds of wildernesses, they all have in common the ability to give to those who experience them a sense of the wonder of nature.

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2 Analytical Essays

An Analysis of "Higher Uneducation"

D. A. FULTZ

"Higher Uneducation" by Eldridge Cleaver is a work that gives the reader a rather disturbing insight into the personality and character of its author. The essay is an expressive reaction in which the author makes use of evaluation to condemn the injustices and inequalities he perceives to be present in a racially biased and therefore oppressive American society.

With an expressive purpose, Cleaver exposes his reader to his own attitudes regarding his being a Black, socially militant individual who embraces a value system that rejects the established precepts and goals of modern white, middle-class America. Cleaver defines himself as "a Negro" and "a rapist" who has "a Higher Uneducation." His writing clearly reveals the emotional responses of anger and resentment toward the "fat-assed American geeks," who are in control of the structure which oppresses and judges him. Cleaver writes in his own style of conversational slang when he expresses his desire to get as clean as, "an Esquire square with a Harlem touch," or a "Snicker" in "a pair of bib overalls" and in so doing, he attempts to create a feeling of familiarity and acceptance with his audience. At the end of the excerpt we see Cleaver expressing a personal need to achieve the goal of becoming a new Black leader by gaining his liberation from prison and returning to Berkeley to "frolic in that sty of funky revolution," and "look with roving eyes for a new John Brown, Eugene Debs," and "a blacker-meaner-keener Malcolm X." The excerpt ends with a kind of ritualistic, repetitive chant that engages the emotions of the reader at a different, perhaps more primitive level.

In the very first sentence of the selection, Cleaver challenges the prevailing white value system through his evaluation. He boldly states that he is "a rapist, and that" he has "a Higher Uneducation," but that he has never known "what significance" he is "supposed to attach to these factors." Instead of accepting the established value system prescribed for "'free-normal-educated' people," Cleaver creates his own criteria for social acceptance in a system which would excuse his criminal behavior, or at least find it forgivable, because he is a member of a social structure that accepted, participated in,

and promoted the atrocities of the Vietnam war. Cleaver writes that in his judgment, the Vietnamese people "have canceled all" of his "IOUs" to white society "through their sufferings" in a war where we decorated and made military heroes out of those people whose duty it was to "gas" the Vietnamese "burn them up, or blow away their humble pads in a hail of bombs."

This expressive evaluation certainly challenges the reader's own acceptance of and compliance toward our political and social structures. The essay is very effective in creating this challenge even though we may ultimately decide that Cleaver's value system, judgments, and goals for the future are outside the limits of those that we, as a functioning society, are willing to accept.

An Analysis of "Coyote"

$j»filyiA4> ^ "Coyote"

FRANK GRAY

In "Coyote," a literary essay, Mark Twain takes every opportunity to delight and entertain his audience by employing his own special talents for looking at ordinary events through the eye of a humorist. By using narration and description, Twain reveals the interactions between a dog and coyote involved in a chase out on the prairie. The interactions suggest the theme that overconfidence can lead to disappointment and embarrassment.

The work's literary purpose is apparent throughout. Twain uses graphic literal images to recreate the tranquil atmosphere of the prairie. He also uses personification to give the animals their human characteristics. Twain writes that the prairie has "fresh breezes" and "vast expanses of level greensward .. . utterly without visible human beings or human habitations." With personification, the author is so successful at giving human characteristics to the animals that at times we almost forget who or what is actually involved in the chase. Twain says, "The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudful smile over his shoulder," at the dog. Twain informs us that this behavior fills the dog "full of encouragement and worldly ambition." Once involved in the chase the dog becomes "aggravated" and "madder and madder" when he realizes that the coyote has goaded him into an unfair competition. Twain indulges himself so fully in his use of personification that he actually engages the animals in conversation and dialogue. The coyote "seems to say," to the dog that "'. . . I shall have to tear myself away from you, bub—business is business.'"

Twain creates conflict and tension between the animals when the coyote teases the dog into the chase knowing all along that he is the swifter and more cunning of the two. The dog raises to the challenge because he is self-confident. Twain says the dog has "a good opinion of himself," which is the result of his being "brought up to think he knows something about speed."

Twain uses description and first person narration to tell his story. He makes it fairly clear that he is fictionalizing an actual event he has observed

while out on the prairie. He recounts the different stages of the narrative using the first person pronouns of "I" and "we." He begins with the narrator's initial impressions of the day upon waking up in the morning, sighting the coyote "about an hour after breakfast," then describes the chase between the coyote and the dog. He finally resolves the episode by relating that "as much as a year after that" chase whenever the dog hears "a great hue and cry after a coyote," he decides "without emotion," not to get caught up in the game he has lost before.

We see description when Twain recalls the setting and the animals. He tells us that when he looked out over the prairie he could see "prairie-dog villages, the first antelope, and the first wolf," and states that the prairie was "the world-wide carpet about" him. In recreating the coyote for us he describes an animal that is "a long, slim, sick and sorry-looking skeleton," that "blends with the gray of the sage-brush."

It is, then, through literary description and narration that Twain recreates an episode from his own experience to provide his audience with a humorous look at the disappointing consequences of overconfidence. His effective use of personification allows the reader to identify with the animal characters in the narrative.

An Analysis of "The Rights of Women"

SALLY SMITH

Mary Wollstonecraft's "The Rights of Women," a persuasive evaluation of the role of women in a male-dominated society, makes a strong feminist statement about the destructiveness of conventional gender roles. In an effort to refute common female stereotypes and to make women "more respectable members of society," she uses carefully constructed, strong arguments and vows to "avoid flowery diction." "The Rights of Women" is her impassioned, yet logical defense of the true nature of women which is hidden by false perceptions.

She makes a persuasive claim that women ought "to endeavor to acquire strength. . . ." In trying to persuade both sexes to reject the social and cultural myths that women are inferior to men, she uses both rational and emotional appeals. Part of her support for the claim is the rational appeal created by the assertion that if women do not establish their own identities, then they become "ridiculous and useless when the short-lived bloom of beauty is over. . . ." Wollstonecraft uses emotional appeal when she refers to women's "slavish dependence," to women being "ridiculed and pitied," and to marriage creating the impression that women "are only fit for a seraglio" (a harem). She tries to validate her arguments by the general warrant that all human beings deserve equal treatment. This warrant is suggested by the statement "the first object of. . . ambition is to obtain a character as a human being," and

by the reference to the need to "educate a rational and immortal being for a nobler field of action."

The entire work is organized as an evaluation. She evaluates a number of subjects related to women's roles: women themselves, men, and the education of women. Her judgments of women are that they are seen as "weak beings," who are "in a state of perpetual childhood," and as "insignificant objects of desire" who are "mere propagators of fools." She sees men as condescending, and she thinks that women's education does not cultivate "their understandings. . . ." Throughout the work, the subject, women and their roles, is presented by using narration of process. Examples of her use of narration of process are contained in the references to how women spend "the first years of their lives," to marriage as "the only way women can rise in the world," and to "the strength of body and mind" being "sacrificed to libertine notions of beauty. . . ." In this argument evaluation is essential to the success of the persuasion. The argument that women need "to acquire strength" is based on the evaluation of women that reveals how they are weakened and suppressed by traditional roles and by traditional social institutions.

Mary Wollstonecraft's persuasive argument presents a powerful case for a change in the status of women. Her evaluation of the plight of women makes us aware of the repression of women in the eighteenth century and the need for equal rights. Her powerful message is still relevant, even after two centuries.

An Analysis of "The Roots of Altruism"

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KAY JONES

"The Roots of Altruism" by Rene Dubos is a referential interpretation of the origins of altruism, a term that means selfless behavior. He says that "altruism has become one of the absolute values by which humanity transcends animality." Further he suggests that the "philosophy of nonviolence," even though we associate it with great religious teachers like Jesus and Buddha, must be much older than that. Dubos contends that altruism was present even before the advent of modern civilization. The essay presents descriptions of the discoveries of prehistoric artifacts that suggest that Neanderthal and other Stone Age people exhibited "charity" and "attitudes of affection."

In this referential essay, Dubos puts forth the thesis that "the social attitudes" denoted by altruism and love existed in prehistoric times. He offers, as evidence of these attitudes, a number of examples of Neanderthalian and Stone Age skeletons found in Europe and in North America which suggest that those societies took special care of the young and the disabled. The thesis is an interpretation of this evidence, an inductive generalization from the evidence offered. The generalizations are consistent with the evidence

offered. Since the definition of the term *altruism* is central to his interpretation, he defines it using the synonyms "charity" and "self-sacrifice."

The evidence is presented with both description and narration. The details of the descriptions serve to support the thesis. The condition of the blind Neanderthalian adult male with an amputated arm strongly supports the thesis that the society must have exhibited altruism; otherwise the man would not have survived to the age of 40. The condition of the 50 year-old Neanderthal with arthritis leads to a similar conclusion. The descriptions of the other Stone Age sites in North American add more evidence to support the idea that attitudes toward children reflect feelings of love and affection. The narratives associated with these descriptions are incomplete. They are speculations about the probable circumstances and activities suggested by the artifacts. Dubos speculates that the Neanderthal with arthritis would "have been unable to hunt or to engage in other strenuous activities," and that the blind Neanderthal would "have been incapable of fending for himself.. . ." The entire essay is structured as a historical narrative that traces the existence of altruism from prehistoric to modern times.

Dubos' discussion is a compelling interpretation of the existence of altruism. His presentation of the evidence through description and narration is clear and logically consistent. The inductive generalization he makes based on that evidence is a valid one. The essay is an effective explanation of the origins of a complex social phenomenon.

An Analysis of "On Androgyny

SARAH TORRES

Virginia Woolf's "On Androgyny" is a referential, although personal, examination and analysis of human mental processes and the role of gender in the human psyche. Woolf relies on her own mental reactions to the scene of a man and woman coming to-gether in a street to demonstrate her viewpoints and explain her conclusions.

Woolf's primary purpose is referential because she purports to reveal certain innate characteristics of the human psyche by using herself as an example. She relates that "the ordinary sight of two people getting into a cab had the power to communicate something of their own seeming satisfaction," and that, "to think . . . of one sex as distinct from the other. . . interferes with the unity of the mind." She conveys detailed information as she deciphers human mental processes, and she reports each step of her mental journey to certain conclusions. Although she often expresses an idea as a personal "feeling," she merely uses this characterization as an initial vehicle for ultimately stating her viewpoints as acceptable and reliable information. For example, Woolf says, "Why do I feel that there are severances and oppositions in the

mind, as there are strains from obvious causes on the body?" Although here she expresses this idea as a subjective personal feeling, she proceeds to rely on this idea as established fact in her following statements. On another subject, she explains as a matter of fact that, "the mind has so great a power of concentrating at any point at any moment that it seems to have no single state of being. It can separate itself from the people in the street, for example. . . . Again if one is a woman one is often surprised by a sudden splitting off of consciousness, say in walking down Whitehall, when from being the natural inheritor of that civilisation, she becomes, on the contrary, outside of it, alien and critical." She also informs us, "Clearly the mind is always altering its focus, and bringing the world into different perspectives."

Woolf's secondary purpose is to persuade the reader that her viewpoints and conclusions are reliable and acceptable. First, she uses her personal mental reactions as a sort of primary source example to support the statements she makes about the human mind in general: "When I saw the couple get into the taxi-cab the mind felt as if, after being divided, it had come together again in a natural fusion. The obvious reason would be that it is natural for the sexes to cooperate." Second, she follows a methodical path of purportedly supporting logic. First attaching much significance to the natural mental reaction that occurs when she witnesses the man and woman, she notes, "The sight of two people coming down the street and meeting at the corner seems to ease the mind of some strain . . .," and from there begins to conclude, "Perhaps to think . . . of one sex as distinct from the other is an effort." She says that making this distinction "interferes with the unity of the mind." Woolf then uses the universal sense of "satisfaction" derived from the physical union of a man and woman to support her idea that each individual's satisfaction requires a mental union of the male and female genders: "in each of us two powers preside, one male, one female. . . ."

Woolf uses narration as her primary writing pattern. Beginning by describing the street scene she witnesses from her window, she tells a chronological story of how and when she came to think certain thoughts, have certain impressions, or conclude certain concepts: "The mind is certainly a very mysterious organ, I reflected. .. ." And later: "For certainly when I saw the couple get into the taxi-cab the mind felt as if, after being divided, it had come together again in a natural fusion." In her concluding sentences she says, "And I went on amateurishly to sketch a plan of the soul. . . ."

Within a narrative framework, Woolf organizes her information by classification. In explaining what she means by the "unity of the mind," she uses examples to categorizes the various types of mental states the mind can adopt which change one's perspective of the world: "[The mind] can separate itself from the people on the street... and think of itself as apart from them. . . .• Or it can think with other people spontaneously, as, for instance, in a crowd waiting to hear some piece of news read out. It can think back through its fathers or through its mothers...." She distinguishes two main types of mental states: "some of these states of mind seem . . . to be less comfortable than others," but "there may be some state of mind in which one could con-

tinue without effort... And this perhaps . . . is one of them." She also categorizes where male and female powers ought to reside within men as opposed to women: "two powers preside, one male, one female: and in the man's brain, the man predominates over the woman, and in the woman's brain, the woman predominates over the man . . . If one is a man, still the woman part of the brain must have effect; and a woman also must have intercourse with the man in her."

Woolf ultimately concludes that it is with the "fusion" of male and female "powers" within a single individual that the mind is "fully fertilised and uses all its faculties" and that "the normal and comfortable state of being is that when the two]powers] live in harmony together, spiritually cooperating." Using metaphorical symbols of the physical union of a man and a woman, she seems to say that as the unity of a man and woman succeeds, so succeeds the unity of mind in each individual—with the fusion of male and female powers. While the train of thought that leads Woolf to her conclusions is in a sense only as persuasive as the reader can relate to her experiences or accept her logic, and while in most cases Woolf's logical path seems heavily subject to her personal mental experiences and impressions, her intent seems to be merely to use what information is available to her by direct analysis of personal mental experiences to conclude certain truths about human nature. She appears to consider herself a reliable source at least for attempting to glean information about the human mind in general. Woolf's mental journey is intriguing because the reader is given a way to systematically examine ideas regarding male and female powers from a personal perspective and also because the reader is indirectly offered a deep window into the mind and philosophy of Virginia Woolf, however limited the topic, and often subtly given a uniquely sympathetic perspective of how she views herself in the world.

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